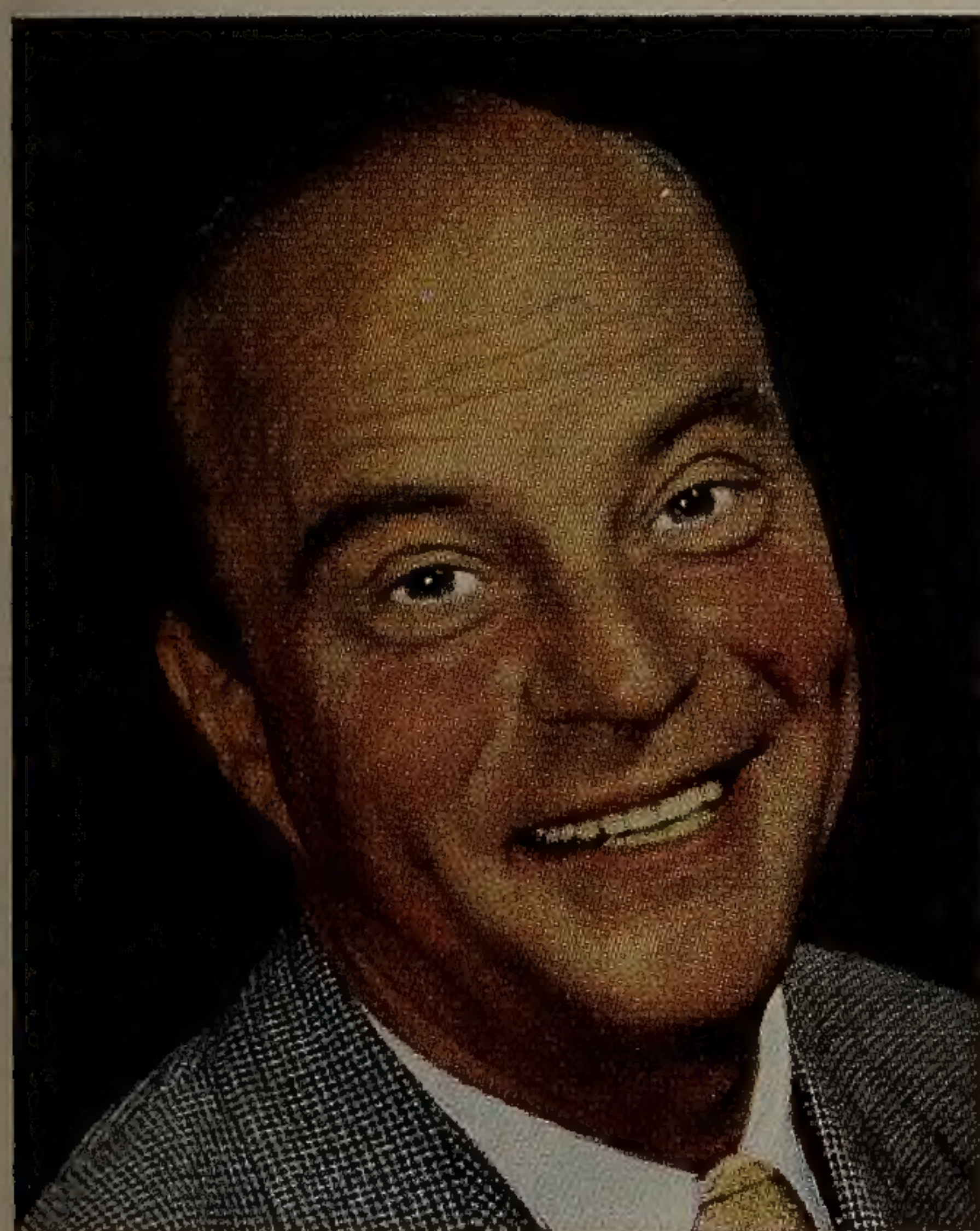


RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**SPECIAL
CBS ISSUE!**

OCTOBER 25¢



**THEY'RE BACK
ON THE AIR!**

*46 pages of
special stories —
color pictures
of your radio
and TV favorites*

**ADDED
ATTRactions:**
*Arthur Godfrey
Rosemary
Gene Autry
Morton Downey*



Show the world a lovelier complexion— with your very *first cake* of Camay!

Wonderful things happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And you can be lovelier with your *first cake* of Camay! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You'll have a fresher, clearer complexion—very soon!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?

It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—

Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very *first cake* brings a lovelier complexion!

SCENES FROM JANE'S ROMANCE

Courtship in Hipboots! A trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a complexion like Jane's! She says: "Camay is my best beauty aid. Camay's lather is so kind to my skin!"



Honeymoon on Wheels! Luray Caverns in Virginia was one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert's auto trip through the South. Camay went along in Jane's beauty kit! Her *first cake* of Camay brought new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!

Mrs. Albert Malekoff
the former Jane Kasmer of Union City, N. J.



Camay—the soap of beautiful women



You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles

both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you *must* fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight *gum troubles*, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums **BOTH**.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And

no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You’ll like Ipana’s wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

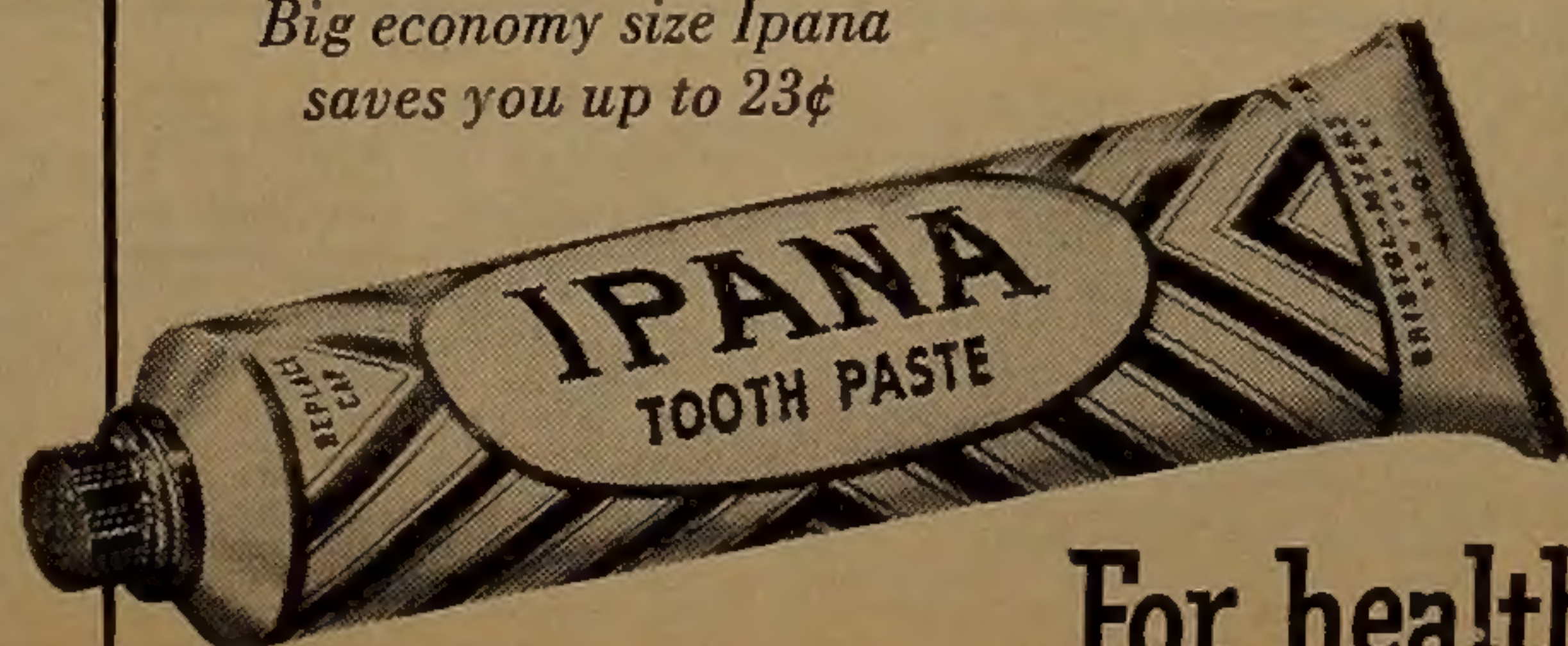
“I have confidence in Ipana . . . Bristol-Myers makes it,”

*says Bobbie Snow
of Woodside, N. Y.*

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

NEW!

*Big economy size Ipana
saves you up to 23¢*



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

for lasting PIN CURL BEAUTY...



DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling
to set this newest hair fashion. It's
a breeze with De Long bob pins.
Alluring, natural curls last longer,
for De Long's grip holds hair tighter.
Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry,
eminent New York hairdresser...
Set top hair in two rows, turning
first row toward face, next row
away from face. (Work with
even strands.) Pin two vertical
rows at left temple, the first row
toward face, second away.
Make circlets across the back to
right ear, in two clockwise rows.
Do right temple like left. To
comb out—brush hair up briskly,
then down into a soft halo.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins •
Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes •
Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

OCTOBER, 1950

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 34, NO. 5

KEYSTONE

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico.....	4
Best Answer to Nora Drake's Problem (Names of the Writers of the Five Next-Best Letters).....	11
Unique Newsman	19
Horace Heidt	20
Jack Curtis	26
Why An All-CBS Issue.....	27
"I Remember Arthur—".....by Mary B. Quigg	28
Many Milestones.....by Lowell Thomas	30
No Boss—Not Me!.....by Gladys Hall	32
My Father, Bob Crosby.....by Cathy Crosby	34
Do You Remember...? (Through the Years with CBS daytime serials)	36
Mrs. Burton Asks: "Is A Mother-In-Law Ever Justified In Taking Sides?"	44
My Two Generations of Downeys.....by Mrs. Elizabeth Cox Downey	48

INSIDE RADIO

Inside Radio	68
Information Booth.....	86

FOR BETTER LIVING

Heads Above The Crowd.....by Dorry Ellis	12
Traveler Of The Month.....by Tommy Bartlett	14
Come and Visit Marie Wilson.....by Viola Moore	40
Radio Mirror's Daytime Serial Fashions For You.....	42
Fine Food—Fine Friends (Favorite Recipes of Godfrey and Friends)....	46
This Is My Life.....by Aunt Jenny	60
Nonsense and Some-Sense.....by Art Linkletter	62
Poetry	71
When A Girl Marries.....by Joan Davis	72

TELEVISION

Home In The Hills.....	50
New Friends, Old Friends On CBS-TV.....	52
Jingle Jamboree Contest.....	57

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WCBS: A Way With Women.....	6
WBEN: Native Son.....	10
WTOP: It Pays To Be Educated.....	16
WPEN: Unbeatable Combination.....	22

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Radio's Own Life Story.....by Llewellyn Miller	8
A Woman Like Me (A Rosemary Story).....by Blanche Weatherbury	58
Daytime Diary	64

ON THE COVER: Identification of CBS stars on page 7

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



How could he treat her this way?

HER FIRST DATE with a most attractive man . . . and here she was, back home, and on the point of tears, by half-past ten. What had she said . . . what had she done to change his eagerness to indifference? She would never know . . . didn't even suspect!

Can You Be Sure?

How dare any woman assume that her breath is always beyond reproach?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a habit of cropping up when you least expect it . . . of putting you in the worst sort of light when you want to be at your best. And you, of course, may not know when you're guilty.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution?

You merely rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and always before any date and, lo! your breath becomes fresher and sweeter. Moreover, it stays that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

July
READER'S DIGEST*
 reports the same
 research which proves
 that brushing teeth
 right after eating with
**COLGATE
 DENTAL CREAM
 STOPS TOOTH
 DECAY BEST**

**Better Than Any Other Way of
 Preventing Tooth Decay According
 to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest for July reports on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
 Ammoniated or Not
 Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE
 COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
 YOUR BREATH WHILE
 YOU CLEAN YOUR
 TEETH - AND HELP
 STOP TOOTH DECAY!

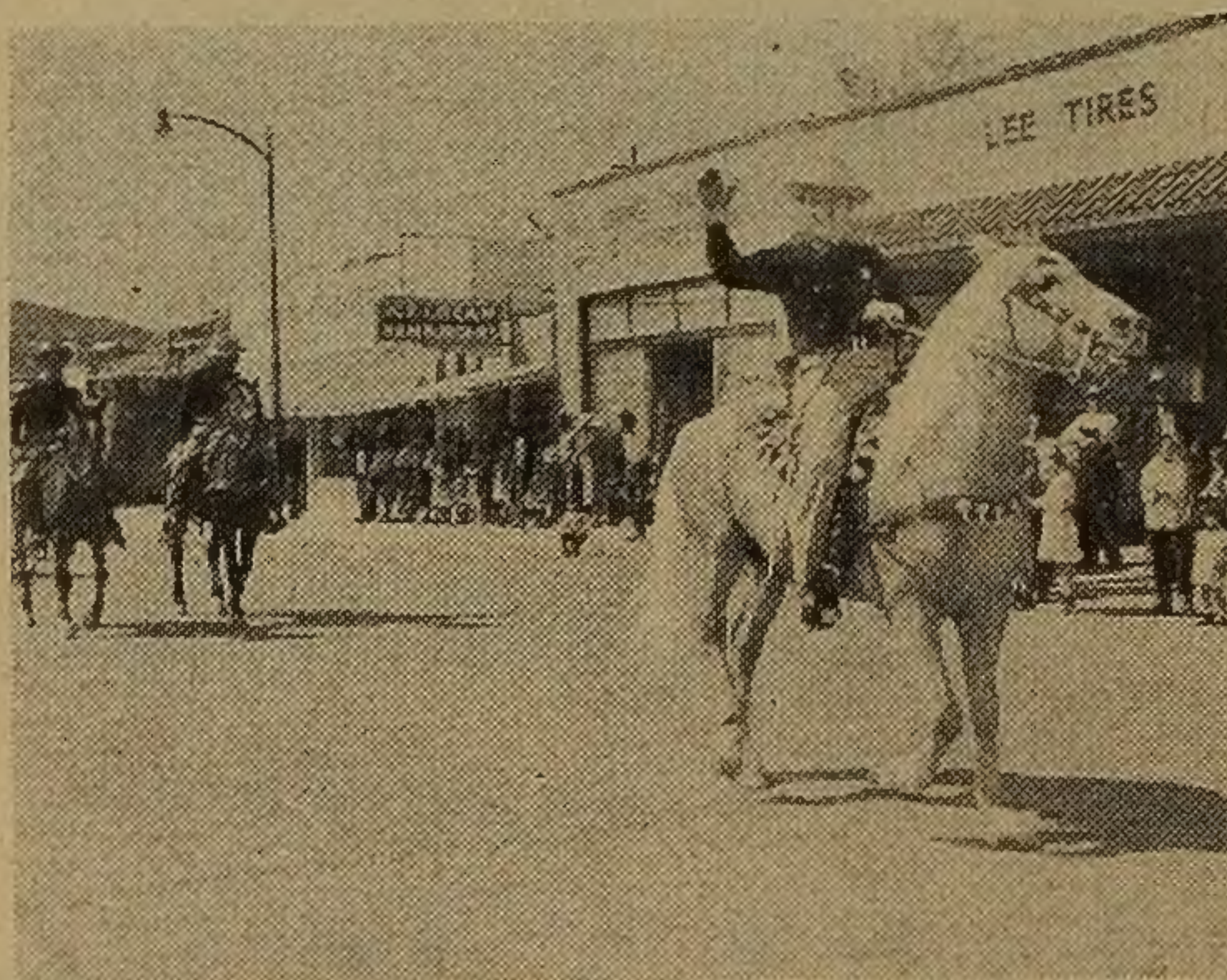


*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.



TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, NEW MEXICO

Once upon a time, the little town of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico was known as Hot Springs. But that was before its citizens, 8,000 of them, honored the radio show, Truth or Consequences, by giving its name to their town. Down to the-then Hot Springs came T. or C. emcee Ralph Edwards and his staff for the rechristening ceremonies and to broadcast T. or C.'s tenth anniversary show. (Truth or Consequences, on Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor: Philip Morris.)



Full-fledged honorary deputy sheriff Ralph Edwards leads the big parade at the name-changing ceremonies.



Members of the sheriff's posse swear in their honorary deputy, T. or C. emcee Ralph Edwards.



Two young citizens of Truth or Consequences get a look at the man whose show their town honored.



Ralph examines his namesake, Ralph Edwards Paffmoore, born during festivities to Mrs. Edward Paffmoore.

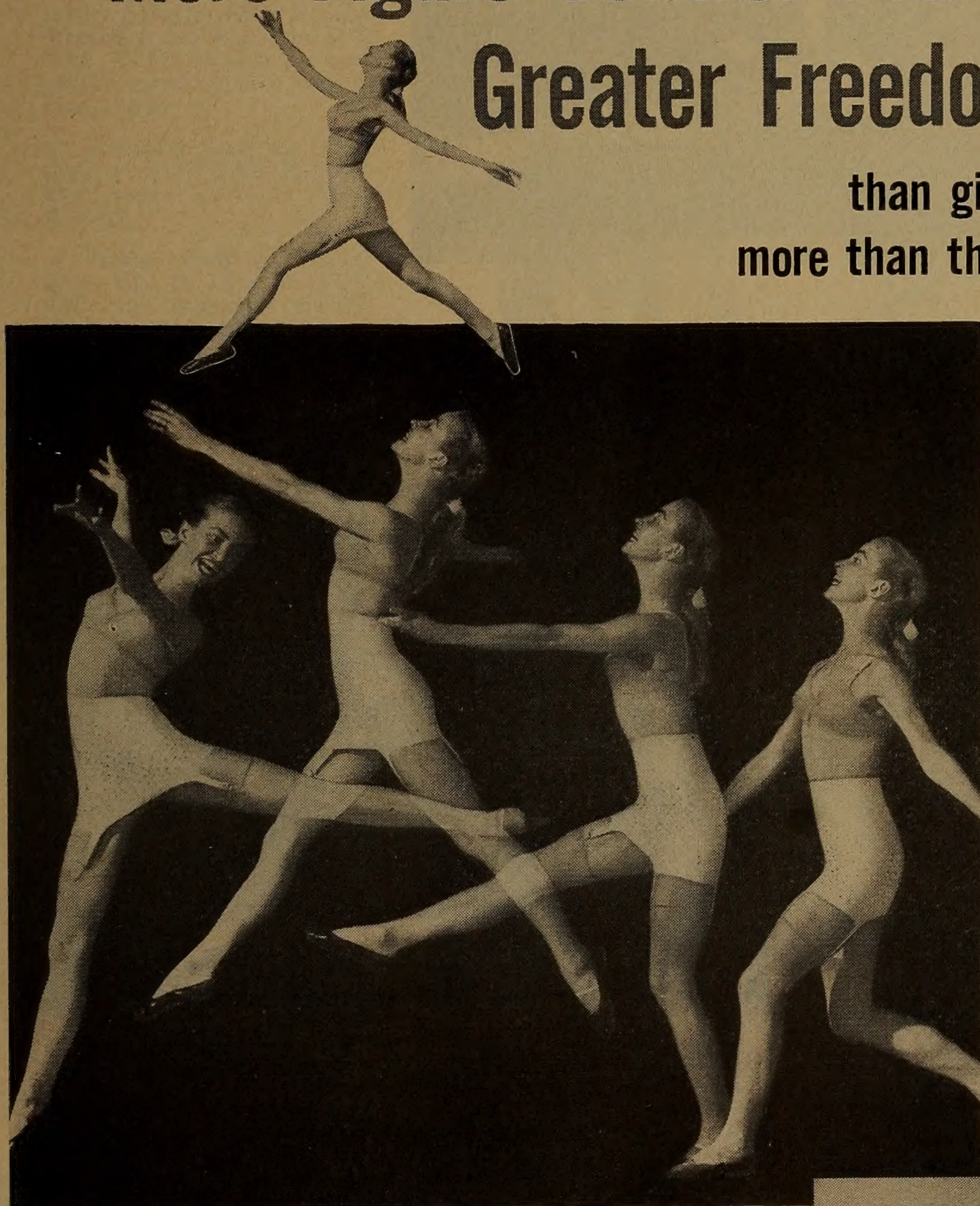
United States Testing Co. proves—

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® LIVING GIRDLE Gives

More Figure Control with

Greater Freedom of Action

than girdles costing
more than three times as much!



Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims without a seam, stitch or bone.
It fits invisibly under clothes, washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

No Wonder Leading French and
American Designers Acclaim PLAYTEX®!



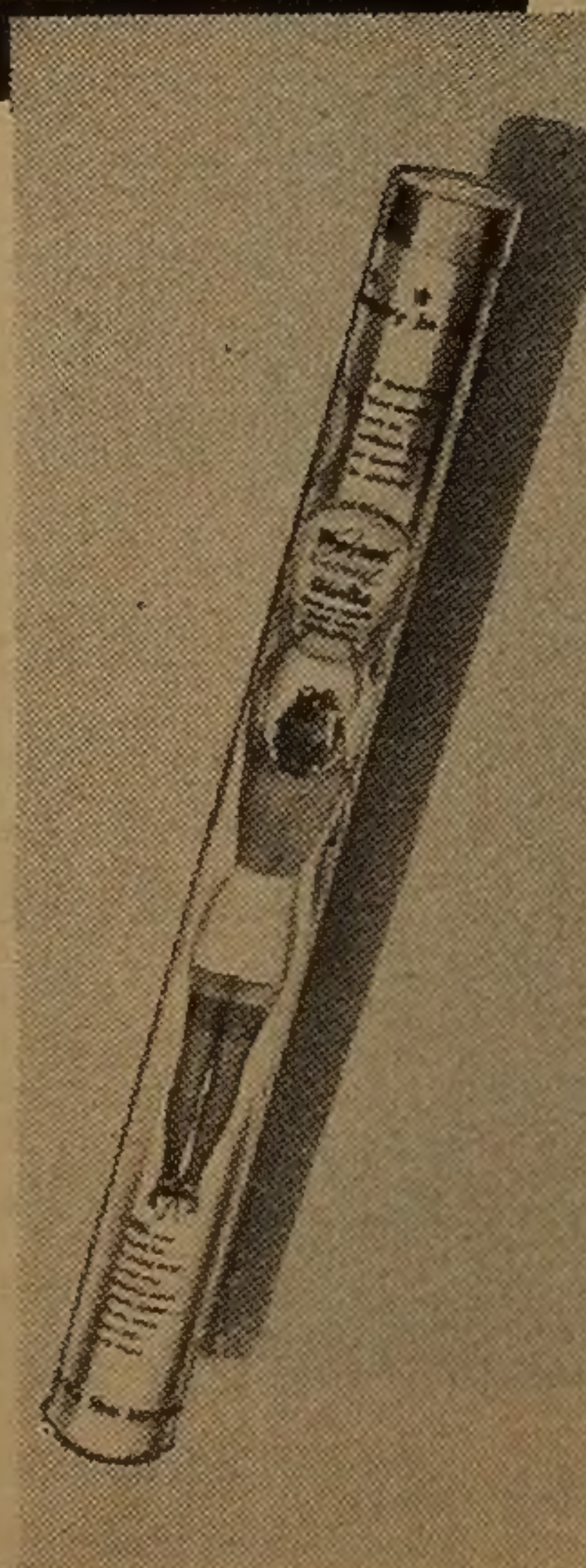
ANTHONY BLOTTA, New York originator: "Playtex gives a lithe silhouette, fits invisibly under the slimmest clothes."



PIERRE BALMAIN, Paris designer: "Playtex is perfect, it gives one the line, the slimness and above all the freedom."



ADELE SIMPSON, of New York City: "Playtex allows freedom of action, gives you grace as well as slenderness."



"You can't buy a better girdle for three times the price!" say the makers of Playtex. As proof, they authorized the U. S. Testing Company, Inc. to test this girdle against girdles costing up to \$15!

Six large New York department stores were asked by consumers to send a girdle, costing about \$15, which, in the stores' opinions, offered "the most figure-control." Each store sent a different girdle—ranging from \$14.09 to \$15.00.

Playtex—famous for amazing figure-slimming power—proved 40% lighter, demonstrated 60% greater freedom of action than the average of all other girdles tested. And Playtex was the *only* girdle you could wash in ten seconds, dry with a towel! It does more for you than any other girdle!

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . \$3.95 to \$4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.



IRENE, Hollywood designer: "When you wear Playtex your silhouette is slender and supple, with smooth youthful lines."



PAULINE TRIGERE, winner of Fashion Critics Award: "Every woman can have this lithe, slender silhouette with a Playtex."



Hits and Misses emcee
Harry Marble quizzes
RADIO MIRROR editors
Doris McFerran, Joan
Pollock, Jo Pearson.

A WAY WITH THE WOMEN



Six mornings a week, Marble shares the conversation with Margaret Arlen on her WCBS news and interview show designed for women.



Radio was responsible for this marriage: Marble and Doris met at WCAU, where she was organist and he was program director.

Harry Marble's first success in radio was at a desk job—but the lure of speaking over the air was too much for him, with the result that today he's a very busy fellow before the mike at WCBS, New York's key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mornings six days a week find Marble passing the chatter with Margaret Arlen; evenings, from 5:30 to 6:00 P.M., he emcees WCBS's cross-the-board quiz show, Hits and Misses. In addition, several other network assignments make him one of the airwaves' busiest, best-known and best-liked announcers.

Marble was born in Brownsville, Maine, January 11, 1905. The family moved to Lynn, Massachusetts, and Marble completed his schooling there. His acting in high school and amateur productions aroused a desire for a theatrical career, so, against the admonition of his parents who wanted him to enter college, he headed straight for the footlights.

Marble broke into radio as an announcer at a local Boston station in 1937 and only six months later he became a program director at WCAU, CBS's station in Philadelphia.

The monotony of a desk job kept haunting him, and in September, 1941, Marble left Philadelphia to come to CBS, New York, as an announcer.

The army took over his career in October, 1942. He was graduated from Officer Candidate School and was a second lieutenant when honorably discharged from service in November, 1943. Since that time he has been constantly in demand as a top-flight announcer.

ON THE COVER

CBS radio and TV stars in programs new and old. Watch for them, listen to them on your CBS station

1. **Edgar Bergen**, back with friends **Charlie** and **Mortimer** on Sundays at 8 P.M. EDT. Watch for announcement of his television show.

2. Keeping class on Sundays at 6:30 P.M. EDT is **Eve Arden** as **Our Miss Brooks**.

3. **Arthur Godfrey**: heard Mon.-Fri. 10:15 A.M. EDT with his friends; on TV Wed., 8 P.M. EDT. Talent Scouts is on both radio and TV, Mon. 8:30 P.M. EDT.

4. **Marie Wilson** as **My Friend Irma**, heard Mon. 10 P.M. EDT.

5. **Faye Emerson's** thrice weekly TV show, **Fifteen With Faye**, is on Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7:45 P.M. EDT.

6. **Fred Waring**: Sundays, 9 P.M. EDT on TV.

7. **Jo Stafford** sings on **Club 15**, Tues. and Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EDT and on the **Contented Hour**, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT.

8. **Horace Heidt Show**, Sun. 9:30 P.M. EDT.

9. **Julie Stevens** plays the title role in **The Romance of Helen Trent**, Mon.-Fri., 12:30 P.M. EDT.

10. **Bing Crosby's** show is on Wed., 9 P.M. EDT. Bing sings daily, Mon.-Fri. 10 A.M. EDT.

Good, Good, GOOD...this Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
OCTOBER 1944
SPECIAL CBS ISSUE!

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10

THEY'RE BACK ON THE AIR!
16 pages of special stories—color pictures of your radio and TV favorites

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:
Arthur Godfrey
Rosemary
Gene Autry
Morton Downey

"Henry! HENRY ALDRICH!" When Mother sent forth that call, Henry came—but quick. (Katharine Raht and Ezra Stone.)



Darling of the ladies was Breakfast In Hollywood's orchid-giving, hat-donning Tom Breneman. A parakeet is in this one.



RADIO'S



Part X: War news
filled the air, but
radio didn't forget
that its big job
was entertainment

By

LLEWELLYN

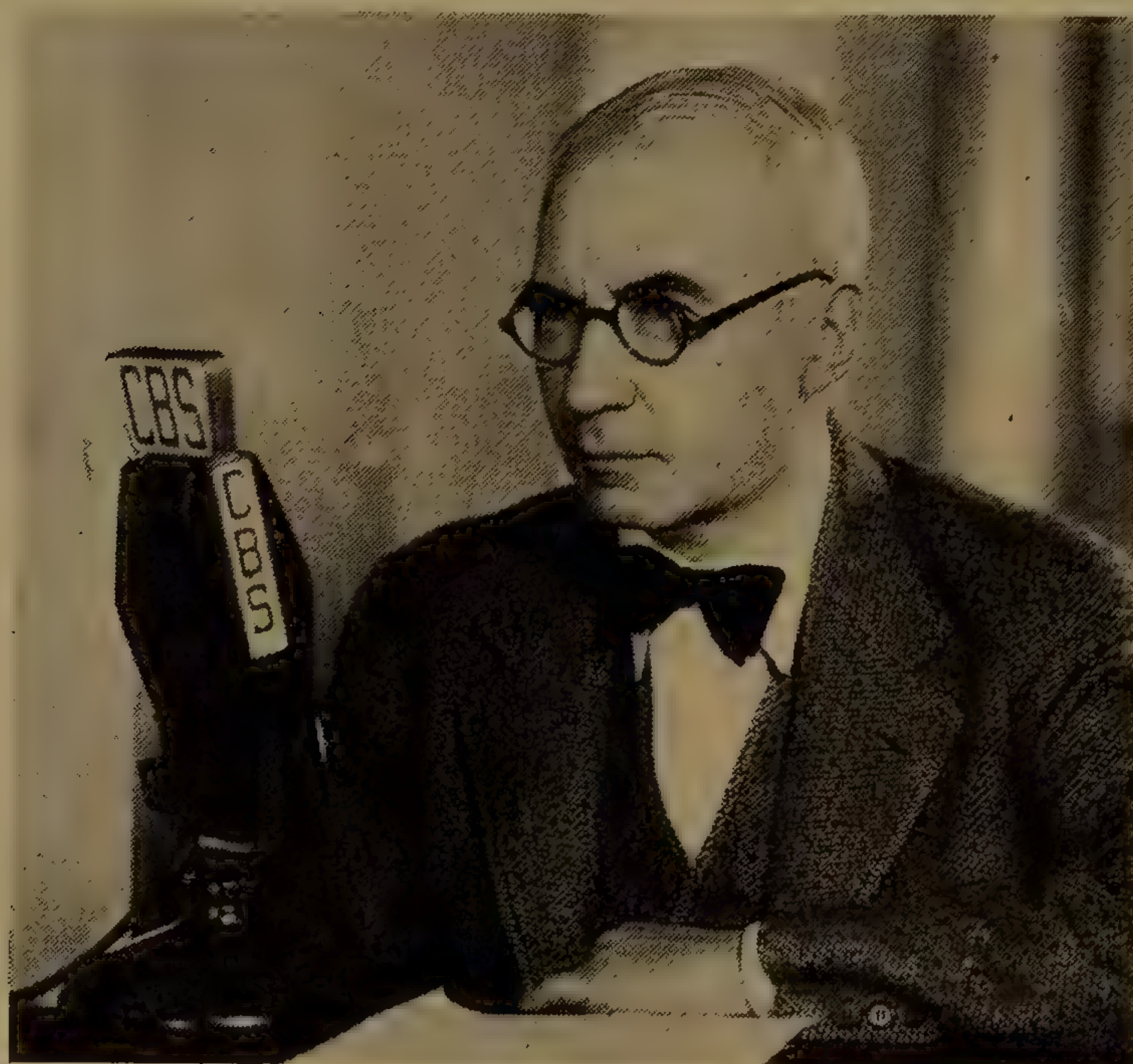
MILLER

R
M Precocity and charm have made the Quiz Kids an enduring attraction. Here the Kids and Joe Kelly, who emcees the ever-changing panel of high I.Q.'s, listen to Smiley Burnette.

The irresistible Archie and Miss Duffy of you-know-whose tavern sample some brew, but it's the kind known as coffee.



Radio, via news commentators like Elmer Davis, took on an increasingly important role when the world moved into war.



OWN LIFE STORY

1939:

Radio's big rival this year was the juke box which was turning up in neon-lighted splendor in bars, grills and soda fountains all over the country, grinding out "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Three Little Fishes." (Incidentally, juke got their name because in Florida slang "jook" means roadhouse where the automatic record changers first came into wide use as "jook organs.")

The long-awaited film, "Gone With the Wind," four hours long, had its premiere in Atlanta and was broadcast to the nation. Everybody was trying to be called "glamour girl" except Ann Sheridan whose studio brought a new word into the language, "Oooooomph." John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* was a best seller. So was a translation of *Mein Kampf*. Irving Berlin wrote "God Bless America." The King and Queen of England paid us a visit (the first time a British monarch had crossed the Atlantic) and there was hardly anything else on the radio for days. The World's Fair opened in New York. In the shadow of two curious structures called Trylon and Perisphere was a central mall, The Court of Peace. People strolling under the pretty, multi-colored floodlights noted uneasily that Germany was not represented and that Czechoslovakia's building was prophetically unfinished.

Through the first half of the year the war of nerves

went on and on in a dreadful electric lull before the storm. France waited behind the supposedly impregnable Maginot Line. Britain waited under quiet skies. Madrid fell to Franco and Spain's war was over. On August 29, Hitler signed a ten-year non-aggression pact with Russia. The next day he demanded Danzig and a Polish Corridor. At midnight, September 1, Germany marched and Hitler took the air to announce that he was a soldier and would wear the uniform of the Third Reich until the day of victory. On September 3, the world heard the first declaration of war ever made over the radio. It was Prime Minister Chamberlain's quiet, tired voice.

"This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed to the German government a final note stating that, unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were preparing at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been received and, in consequence, this country is at war with Germany."

With that, all that anybody listened to without fail was the news. Radio deserves high honor for the coverage it gave us during these days. It brought us hours of free news and commentary, sweeping commercial considerations aside. (Continued on page 18)



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ogilvie with Laurie Ann and Donald. The WBEN newscaster and emcee was chosen to announce a special Harvest of Stars show originating in Buffalo.



NATIVE SON

While in Detroit on business, a WBEN executive heard the voice of a young announcer over WJR. He contacted that young man for an interview and soon learned that Jack Ogilvie was a native Buffalonian.

A graduate of Lafayette High School where he played the clarinet and oboe in the school orchestra, Jack got his start in radio in 1941 as a staff announcer at a small station in Auburn, New York (WMBO). He later joined WBNY in Buffalo, where he remained until his induction into the Army Air Corps in January 1943.

While stationed in Florida with a Special Service unit, Jack did extensive radio and stage work, appearing in such plays as "The Eve of St. Mark" and the G. I. version of "Room Service."

In 1944, Jack served as a Chaplain's assistant and organist in California and later in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was while he was in California that he met and married a Michigan girl, the former Iris McBrayne.

After his discharge from the Air Corps in 1946,

he returned to WBNY as a newscaster, but his restlessness got the better of him and a year later he went to WJTN, Jamestown, as a newscaster and emcee.

It was in January of 1949 that he became a staff announcer and an all-night disc-jockey at WJR, Detroit and in September of that year he joined WBEN, where he now broadcasts the Esso News at 6 and 11 P.M. daily.

Jack also pilots the new daily quarter-hour Orchid Weekend show, during which he invites listeners to write in identifying the weekly mystery man and telling why they would like to spend an Orchid Weekend at the Statler.

Together with Joan Hetzelt, a Buffalo college girl, Jack co-emceed the originally half-hour five-day-a-week—later seventy-minute Saturday afternoon—Teen Time, a favorite show of local teensters who came to the studio to dance during the telecasts.

When not at home with his two children—Donald, five and Laurie Ann, two—he probably can be found enjoying a serious game of golf or tennis.

Should You HELP Others Even If You Hurt Yourself?



Nora Drake, heroine of *This Is Nora Drake*, heard M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—Toni Co.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Nora Drake, *This Is Nora Drake*, in July's daytime serial problem

In July RADIO MIRROR, readers-listeners were told in brief the story of Nora Drake, of the daytime drama, *This Is Nora Drake*, and were asked the question: "Should You Help Others—Even If You Hurt Yourself?" RADIO MIRROR editors have chosen the best answer from the numerous letters sent in, and checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to: Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Larkspur, California, for the following letter:

Helping at the expense of anyone's personal happiness is fair to no one. An individual's resourcefulness, independence and mental maturity are undermined when he is prevented from coping with life's troubles, disappointments and disasters.

To be sure, we all need encouragement and comfort—we often seek advice, but no character grows great without having faced—and conquered—tribulations. The "shield" who takes the sting of life's blows for another allows the "shielded" to gain nothing from experience, does him a grave injustice.

You cannot live another's life, you cannot fight another's battles without weakening him whom you seek to strengthen.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem has been sent to:

Miss Doris Dean
Denver, Colorado

Mrs. H. R. Lawrence
Port Clinton, Ohio

Mrs. George Morgan
Dallas, Texas

Miss Natalie L. Taylor
Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Martha DeKreko
St. Louis, Missouri

Are You As Popular As You Should Be?

SEE PAGE 25

Paid Notice

"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"



says **DEBORAH KERR**, co-starring with **STEWART GRANGER** in MGM's "KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Color by Technicolor

We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone... made my skin unbearably dry!



Acting thirsty took no talent. Even my skin was thirsty!

Even between scenes the African sun seared me.

But Jergens kept my hands soft for romantic scenes.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).



Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)



the *NEW* modern *Gayla* HAIR NET

GLAMOUR STYLED for the new "neat look"
SAVES WAVES thru work, sleep, dampness
TRU-COLOR hair shades blend perfectly
EASY to put on; strong, yet invisible



by the makers of
Gayla* HOLD-BOB*
America's best selling bobby pin

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
© 1950 G. P. I. *T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. CHICAGO, ILL.

Heads ABOVE THE



So that the hot TV lights don't rob her hair of its natural oils, Doris Brown always takes time to brush her hair and give it a cream dressing.

Success hasn't turned the pretty head of TV's Doris Brown. She thinks she's the luckiest girl in the world to have been chosen Mistress of Ceremonies for the puppets on the CBS Lucky Pup show.

There's no doubt, though, that the talented Doris deserves the part. In fact, Lucky Pup fans are so devoted to the sleek-haired young star that they violently object to even the slightest change in her appearance. They proved this last summer when she appeared on the TV screen with her hair tied behind her ears with a ribbon. Doris still hasn't forgotten all those listeners who wrote in to object and to tell her to go back to her usual straight bangs and smooth, short page-boy. She hasn't changed her hair since.

Because Doris spends a great deal of her life under hot television lights, she has to be very careful that the heat doesn't rob her hair of its natural

oils. She always allows herself a few extra minutes in her dressing room before the show to brush and treat her hair to a cream dressing. She pours the preparation into the palms of her hands, and gently smooths it over her hair. Doris is never too busy to include this treatment in her daily routine. It's no wonder she always looks so well-groomed.

Doris shampoos her hair once a week, and stimulates her scalp with a fingertip massage whenever she has the opportunity. Although her lovely chestnut-colored hair has an exquisite sheen of its own, Doris occasionally adds a rinse to the water to further accentuate the highlights. She feels that any woman who is not satisfied with the color of her hair should definitely do the same.

Of course, you don't have to worry about TV lights drying out the oils in your hair, but chances are it does need special "after-summer" care.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

CROWD

Daily brushing, with
a generous application of
elbow grease, is the
best beauty aid for shin-
ing, attractive hair

Learn to brush your hair and massage your scalp every day. Apply a good cream dressing for lubrication and a smooth finish. If you are faithful in your treatments, you will be able to see a definite difference in practically no time at all.

Once your hair is back in condition, concentrate on a new coiffure. Study pictures of various hair styles, and then adapt the one that seems to be the best for you. Consider both your face and your figure before you make any decision.

Pin curl your hair as often as is necessary between shampoos (give your hair a home permanent, if it needs it), and don't be discouraged if your hair doesn't look professionally set at first. The longer you practice, the more skilled you will become.

Won't you join Doris in her daily hair beauty routine? You can't afford to miss her advice, if you truly want to keep your head above the crowd.

By DORRY ELLIS



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

TRAVELER OF THE



Flame-Glo
keeps you
kissable

NEW 39¢
LONGFELLA
IN STREAMLINED
GOLD FINISH
CASE



now with
FASTENOL
.....
for long-lasting
color brilliance

Flame-Glo Longfella keeps you kissable for *hours* longer, with no fear of smudges, smears or blurry edges. What's more, it's *longer, stronger and better balanced* than any lipstick you've ever used! In a dozen flattering, seductive fashion shades, only 39¢. Also in regular 49¢, 25¢ & 10¢ sizes, with matching rouge 25¢.

POPULAR
25¢ SIZE
IN GOLD
FINISH
CASE

Flame-Glo
LIPSTICK



GET FLAME-GLO AT POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS



Mrs. Sankey, Tommy Bartlett, Joy Genunzio, Mrs. Remmert and Joy's mother celebrate the end of a series of operations Joy underwent at a Shrine hospital.

Joy Genunzio, a bright, pretty, twelve-year-old blonde, was undergoing her eighteenth operation when I first heard about her. Most of her traveling, from the time she was two years old, had been from home to hospitals and back again.

Joy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alen Genunzio of Racine, Wisconsin, had been born with webbed hands and misshapen feet and her parents had been having a series of misfortunes around the time of her birth. One of their problems, however, turned out to be the traditional blessing in disguise.

Because of a housing shortage, the John Remmerts of Racine had arranged to give the Genunzios a place to live in their home. And Mrs. Remmert, a kindly, good-natured, motherly type of person, had warmed instantly to little Joy. She cared for the baby while Mrs. Genunzio worked, and as her love for the child grew she became more and more indignant at injustice which would let such a sweet, attractive, intelligent baby face life at such a disadvantage.

Mrs. Remmert looks like a placid, easy-going woman, but she proved otherwise. She started a one-woman campaign to "do

something" about little Joy. Most people tried to discourage her, and a good many told her that she'd be better off to forget the child. But someone did remark that if anything could be done for Jo, one of the Shriners' hospitals for crippled children would be the logical source of help.

That was all Mrs. Remmert needed. She began contacting Shriners, and she got action. Joy made her first trip to the hospital when she was two years old. Doctors weren't too encouraging, but Mrs. Remmert felt that any chance was worth taking. Her spirit was contagious and the operations continued.

Despite all her surgery and convalescence, the child managed to keep up her school work, progressing right along with the children who started kindergarten with her. Every time she went to the hospital, her home room at school hoped and prayed that this would be the time when everything would be settled.

Joy was in the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children at Oak Park, Illinois, when Mrs. Alice Sankey of Racine stepped up to the NBC microphone as a Welcome Travelers guest. Mrs. Sankey a writer and newspaper

Tommy Bartlett emcees Welcome Travelers, Mon.-Fri., 10 A. M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor of the show is Procter and Gamble.

MONTH

By
TOMMY
BARTLETT

woman, was reticent about herself but voluble when it came to talking about Mrs. Remmert and Joy Genunzio.

When Mrs. Sankey told me that Joy would be released from the hospital in about a month, with full use of her hands and feet, the story sounded almost incredible. Careful questioning convinced me that Mrs. Sankey had the news reporter's high regard for accuracy, however, and that if her information was inaccurate it was because somebody was misleading her. I played it safe by telling Mrs. Sankey that if and when Joy left the hospital, we'd like to have a little party for her.

Joy had been in the hospital for five months when she showed up at Welcome Travelers, along with her mother, Mrs. Remmert, Mrs. Sankey and the president of Racine Shrine, Mr. Rell Barrett.

Her child-like beauty almost knocked me off my feet. She was excited, a little awed, but happy as a child can be. She spoke of skating and of riding a bicycle. She glowed as she paid tribute to the nurses at the hospital and she reached out to pat Mrs. Remmert's hand whenever she got a chance.

Mrs. Genunzio wanted to give full credit to the Shrine hospital for crippled children—to tell the world what a wonderful work the hospital does was the only thing that induced her to bring Joy to Welcome Travelers.

It was great fun to plan Joy's "coming out" party. We put a car and chauffeur at her disposal and sent her to one of Chicago's smartest restaurants for lunch. Then she went to the zoo, because she'd expressed a desire to see "Bushman," a gorilla. There was a theater party where Joy saw her first musical comedy and then a dinner.

We gave her a camera, because we found out that she had always wanted one. There were presents for her mother and for Mrs. Remmert and Mrs. Sankey, too.

But I don't know when I've been so pleased to present anyone with a gift as I was to give little Joy Genunzio the present that was proof of a miracle—a bicycle of her very own.

**How can you be sure
you're lovely?**

SEE PAGE 13

Paid Notice

Don't
**"JUST
WASH"**
your
hair...

Condition it
with **NEW DRENE** shampoo



The sure way to natural sheen, natural softness

Want to discover how naturally lovely your hair can be? Then use New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! This New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

You'll love the way your hair "manages" . . . it's so clean, so silky-soft, so responsive to your hands! No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Try New Drene right away!



- 1 Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- 2 Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
- 3 Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

NEW DRENE
*now with
Conditioning Action!*



WTOP announcer Lee Vickers prepares to take full-color motion pictures of the Washington, D. C., skyline from Jefferson Memorial.

IT PAYS TO BE

Educated

Although he hardly considers himself a prophet, WTOP announcer Lee Vickers for the past sixteen years or so has wisely kept his ear to the ground studying courses and pursuing hobbies according to what he's heard, and the results have been amazingly prophetic.

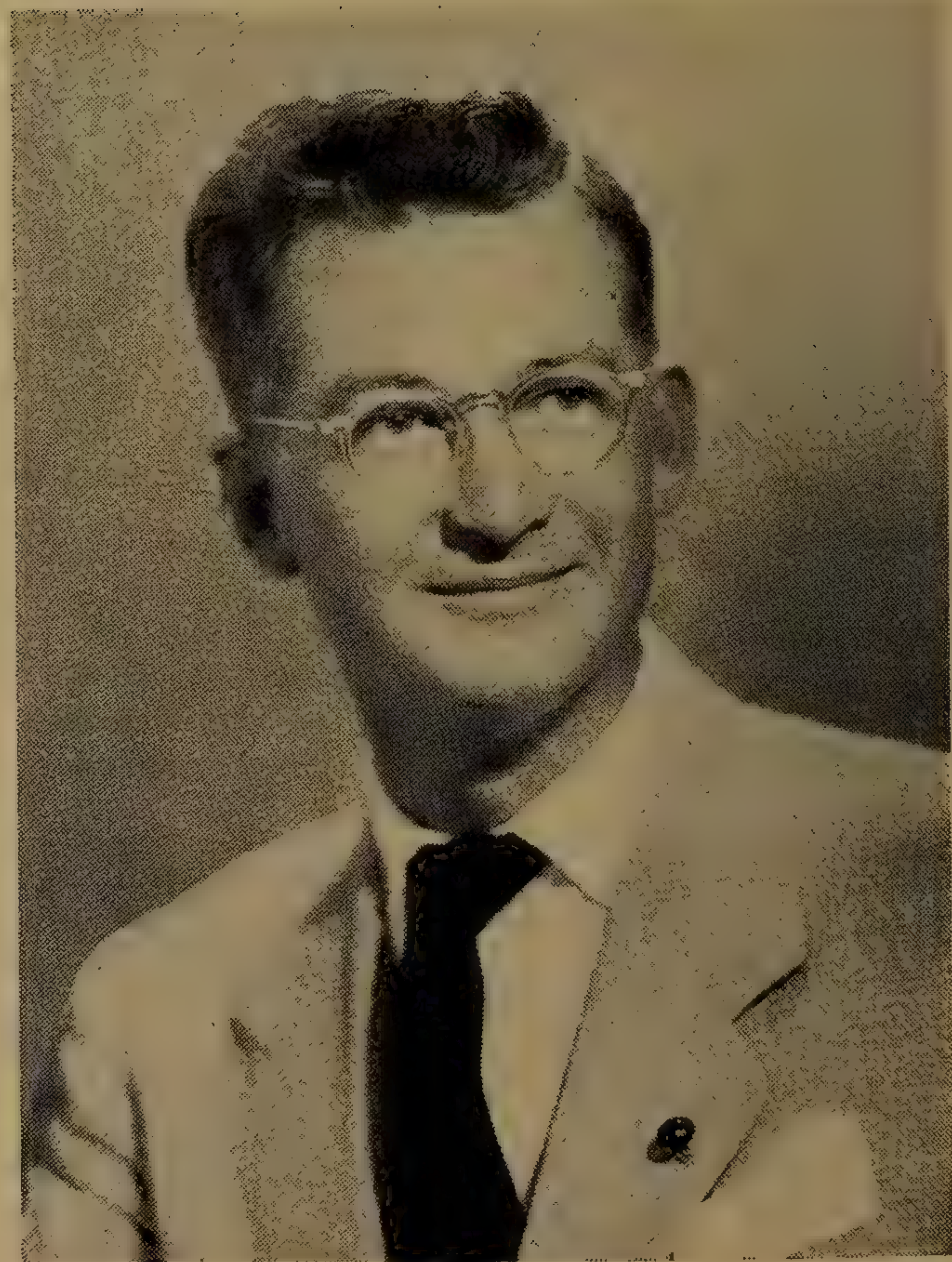
During his undergraduate days at Duke University near his home in Durham, North Carolina, Lee took extensive courses in languages, but his major was physics and he minored in mathematics. His more technical studies culminated in a postgraduate course in physical optics, something of a novelty, inasmuch as Vickers was still an undergraduate at the time.

Some months after graduation in 1933 he entered radio, not as a technician, but as an announcer for WDNC. Lee's background in physics stood him in good stead, for it didn't take him long to realize that he had a decided advantage over the ordinary announcer. He not only understood what happened in front of a mike; he also had a pretty good idea of what went on in the thousand and one "gadgets" that serve to keep a radio station on the air.

Leaving WDNC in 1938, Lee took up his announcing duties at Washington's present 50,000-watt CBS affiliate, WTOP. As his number one hobby, Lee chose a movie camera. With its intermittent sprockets and multiple high quality lenses, his sixteen millimeter camera incorporated and applied in a very practical way virtually all of the technical principles he had studied so avidly in college. This was a very interesting hobby, but seemingly had no connection with radio.

The coming of television, however, changed all that. With its principles of applied physical optics, television has combined his vocation and his avocation—announcing and filming motion pictures.

And the prophetic Vickers story still isn't over. When color television finally arrives on a commercial scale, Lee will be all set for that too: His thousands of feet of film are all in full color!



Lee is looking forward to color television, in which he will be able to combine his vocation, announcing, with his avocation, color movies.

Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath with Bath Size Palmolive Soap



IT'S EXQUISITE . . . It's economical. Big, *big* Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this long-lasting Bath Size smooths and softens your arms, back and shoulders . . . really

gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



- 1 **Leaves hair silken soft**, instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean**, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Better than a soap!
Better than a liquid!
Kay Daumit's cream shampoo
with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1.
Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

The refunds to advertisers were staggering. Later many of the analysts were sponsored, but at first the networks poured in time and talent at their own expense.

New names came up fast and so did a new style. Until this year, listeners could nearly always spot the beginning of the commercial by the unctuous, mellifluous tones of the professional announcer. Now, overnight, *what* was said, not *how*, was the important thing. The following built by Elmer Davis is an example. When that grainy voice took the air, it marked the end of the richly dulcet delivery so stylish to this time. There were a lot of new words on the air in those days: materiel, communique, terrain and jawcrackers like "procurement, activate and implement" for "buy", and "get" and "use." This fancy talk reached its full flower in the blackout signs, "Illumination is required to be extinguished on these premises, etc." So it is no wonder that radio called its authorities "commentators" rather than the simple and more logical "commentors."

No matter how they were labelled, the voices of Major George Fielding Elliott, Eric Sevareid, John B. Kennedy, Quincy Howe, Vandeventer, Gabriel Heatter, Raymond Gram Swing, Baukage and so many other brilliant men became an indispensable part of the daily life of the nation.

On the lighter side of radio, two novelties of the year were to change the whole aspect of air entertainment. One was the arrival of the first really mammoth give-away show, Pot O' Gold. The other was a little advertising jingle:

*Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel, too.
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you.*

The singing commercial had been known almost as long as radio, but this little rhyme turned it into a show in itself. Following the Pepsi-Cola jingle, scores of advertisers turned to what is known as the spot announcement—a minute or so on the air between shows sponsored by others.

The whole trend started one evening when two young men were pondering the problem, "How can we make an extra dollar?" One was Alan Kent, NBC announcer and devoted student of swing. The other was Austin Hubert Crome-Johnson, imported from England to supervise light music for NBC. Both were very well paid, but nonetheless ambitious for more.

"How shall we attract this extra dollar?" inquired Crome-Johnson.

"Let's look around for something that needs fixing, and fix it," said Kent.

"What do you think stinks, old boy?" said Crome-Johnson who was rapidly mastering American slang.

"Commercials," said Kent, adding darkly, "I know. I do them."

The upshot was the formation of a new firm, Kent-Johnson, Inc. They incorporated with the deadly purpose of writing commercials in rhyme and getting rich, both of which they promptly did. The Pepsi-Cola song was written in five minutes and sold for some thousands of dollars, though they were to spend days of labor on subsequent songs, weighing every word and note as in another of their trail-blazing compositions. (Continued on page 74)

UNIQUE NEWSMAN



Newsman Bob Nichols of CBS's Washington, D. C., outlet WTOP looks over the locks of the canal in front of the old lock house he and his wife are remaking into a picturesque home.

Ever hear the sound of termites busy at work—especially working at the White House? Or the call of an Emperor penguin? These sounds and many others of a similar unusual nature are the stock-in-trade of Robert E. Nichols, CBS-WTOP newsman.

Mr. Nichols first became acquainted with recording natural sounds via a tape recorder while covering Admiral Richard Byrd's U. S. Antarctic Expedition in 1946-47 for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Dr. Albert Hoyt Taylor Jr., working for the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D. C., was picking up the sounds of shrimp underwater, among his other experiments, using delicately sensitive electrical equipment. Mr. Nichols realized the value and effectiveness of getting the actual sounds on the spot not only for interviews, which is an old trick, but also for the sounds which may be described by radio, but never heard.

Using this technique, Mr. Nichols has been successful in pioneering "actuality" programs over WTOP, Washington's only 50,000-watt station. These have included Dear Mr. President, a documentary illustrating the little things in the life of the nation's capital which its first citizen, Mr. Truman, does not have time to investigate, and Potomac Panorama, a series which utilized the sounds of Washington on a variety of civic subjects.

When the story broke about the

repairs needed on the White House, Bob Nichols took a tape recorder to the presidential mansion and recorded the actual sounds of the timbers and plaster cracking and creaking. These sounds, magnified one thousand times via a delicate instrument loaned to WTOP by the Naval Research Laboratory, were spliced into a memorable and effective program.

Born at Daytona Beach, Florida, Mr. Nichols has lived the greater part of his life in California. He began his reporting career with the San Diego *Union*.

In July, 1945, he joined the Washington Bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, where he reported the reconversion of the many "alphabet" agencies. Following the trip to the Antarctic, Mr. Nichols was assigned the labor beat in Washington. He joined the capital news staff at CBS on September 27, 1948. His regular news programs include the Saturday editions of News of America, Story Behind the News and Washington Tonight, three nights a week.

Mr. Nichols and his wife, Peggy Joan, (whom he met when she was a night receptionist at WTOP) are spending all their spare time working on "re-constructing" an historic lock-house built on the old Georgetown Canal in 1827. Their main job is cleaning, painting, and refinishing and Mr. Nichols reports that some of the dust and dirt they are cleaning away has been there since 1827.

*Do your friends
a good turn*



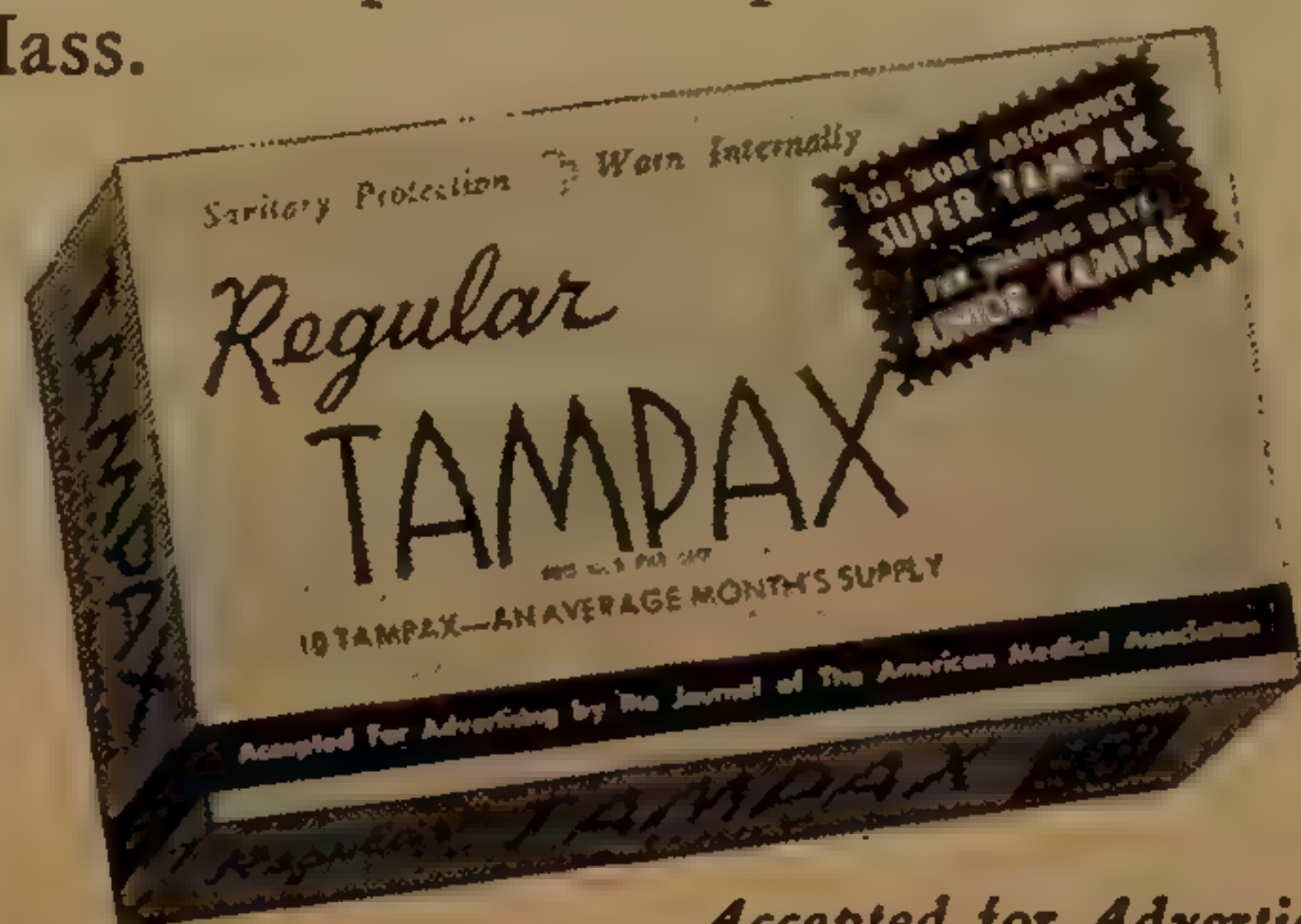
*—tell them
about Tampax*

You will get more thanks than you may imagine by helping some friend or relative to solve her "woman's problem" in a modern, stream-lined way. . . . Methods of monthly sanitary protection have advanced notably in recent years. Belts that bind, pins that stick, pads that chafe—all these are useless and unnecessary if you use *Tampax*!

Tampax (doctor-invented) puts the emphasis on neatness, comfort, compactness, lack of bulk, for Tampax is worn internally. Made entirely of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is inserted by means of patented disposable applicators. Your hands needn't touch the Tampax and actually you cannot feel it when in place. No odor, no chafing. Nothing to cause bumps, bulges or wrinkles under clothing.

You need not remove the Tampax during tub or shower bathing, nor while swimming. It is easily disposable, however, and so small that a whole month's supply will slip into one of today's purses. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Prepare now for the next need! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

R
M



While Johnny Philip Morris looks on, Colonel Allan Reed, commanding officer of the Weisbaden Military Post, greets Horace and Adaline Heidt at the start of the month's tour of Europe and North Africa during which the Heidt crew gave nineteen three-hour performances.



When the history of the post-war period is written, some rather hep scholars may put down one large footnote all about America's Second Army of Occupation. They will talk about a troupe instead of troops . . . and the name most mentioned will be Horace Heidt.

It all happened this spring when Horace and his sixty bouncy kids hit Europe and North Africa and captured the hearts of every American stationed overseas. It wasn't very difficult—although they have some of the world's greatest entertainment at their command in Europe, American GI's are still American GI's—and the desire for homegrown fun, music and even corn was just too much.

For the Heidt troupe the overseas entertainment engagement was a regular military movement. Sixty of the singers, dancers, musicians and acts Heidt discovered in his 100,000 mile tour through the United States piled into two C-54 Air Force planes in California one grey Saturday morning—and (Continued on page 24)

CBS's Horace Heidt Show, heard Sundays at 9:30 P.M. and seen on CBS-TV Monday nights at 9, is sponsored by Philip Morris.

Horace Heidt and his talented troupe of



Heidt troupers Jesse Owens, Stanley Mueller, Ralph Sigwald, Donald Spruance tour Tripoli.



In Berlin, Mrs. Heidt describes the sights to Pierce Knox as dancer Don Sky looks on.



Dorothy Shepard, entertainers' mother, accompanied the troupe and helped backstage.



Throughout the tour audiences acclaimed the artistry of blind xylophonist Pierce Knox.



Carla, the singing dog, sang to the accompaniment of owner Lieutenant George Alles.



In Burtonwood, England, Horace and his gang take time out for a snack at intermission.



Overseas, the entertainers performed in every type of theater—hangars, opera houses, former gambling casinos, desert tents and open air ball parks. This show, in the Azores, was done on two hours' notice without props, costumes or musical instruments other than a piano and accordion,

sixty: they came, they saw and they conquered the hearts of thousands of GI's in faraway lands

WPEN emcee Ed Hurst, Sarajane, his bride-to-be, and Pat Grady sing while co-emcee Joe Grady accompanies.



Unbeatable Combination



The 950 Club emcees need strength for their daily broadcasts to Philadelphia listeners.

WPEN's famed 950 Club got its start in May of 1945, and from the beginning it has constantly drawn large studio audiences and its listeners are growing steadily.

Even though the unbeatable combination of emcees Joe Grady and Ed Hurst slant their 950 Club to teenagers, their popularity is not restricted to these teenagers; a special survey showed that sixty-five percent of their listeners are adults.

Joe Grady, who graduated from Philadelphia's La Salle College, began his announcing career in 1934 at WDAS. From there he went to WHAT, where he was program director, and WIP. In March 1945 he came to WPEN. Even though he is thirty years old, teenagers still regard him as their pal.

Ed Hurst attended high school in Atlantic City where he announced for WFPG. Ed, who is now only twenty-two years old, embarked on his career in radio when he was sixteen. When he was graduated in 1943, this career was interrupted by the Navy. Following his discharge he returned to the WFPG staff as a disc jockey. Three months later, in January 1946, he joined the WPEN staff, and the team of Grady and Hurst was born.

Joe and Ed have certainly done their part in combating juvenile delinquency. With their personalities and gift of gab they keep youngsters off the streets by packing the studio every day from 2 to 5:30 P.M. with teenagers and adults.

The "950" team also makes guest appearances in schools all over Pennsylvania and New Jersey and in their WPEN studio, Joe and Ed give an annual Hallowe'en and Christmas party, where "their kids" have an opportunity to meet many famous personalities in the music world.

On the commercial side, Joe and Ed are known for making hit tunes. In 1948 they won first place in a disc jockey poll conducted by a national radio fan magazine and from time to time, various record distributors have also awarded honors to the boys for the great selling job their program has done.

Coming Next Month

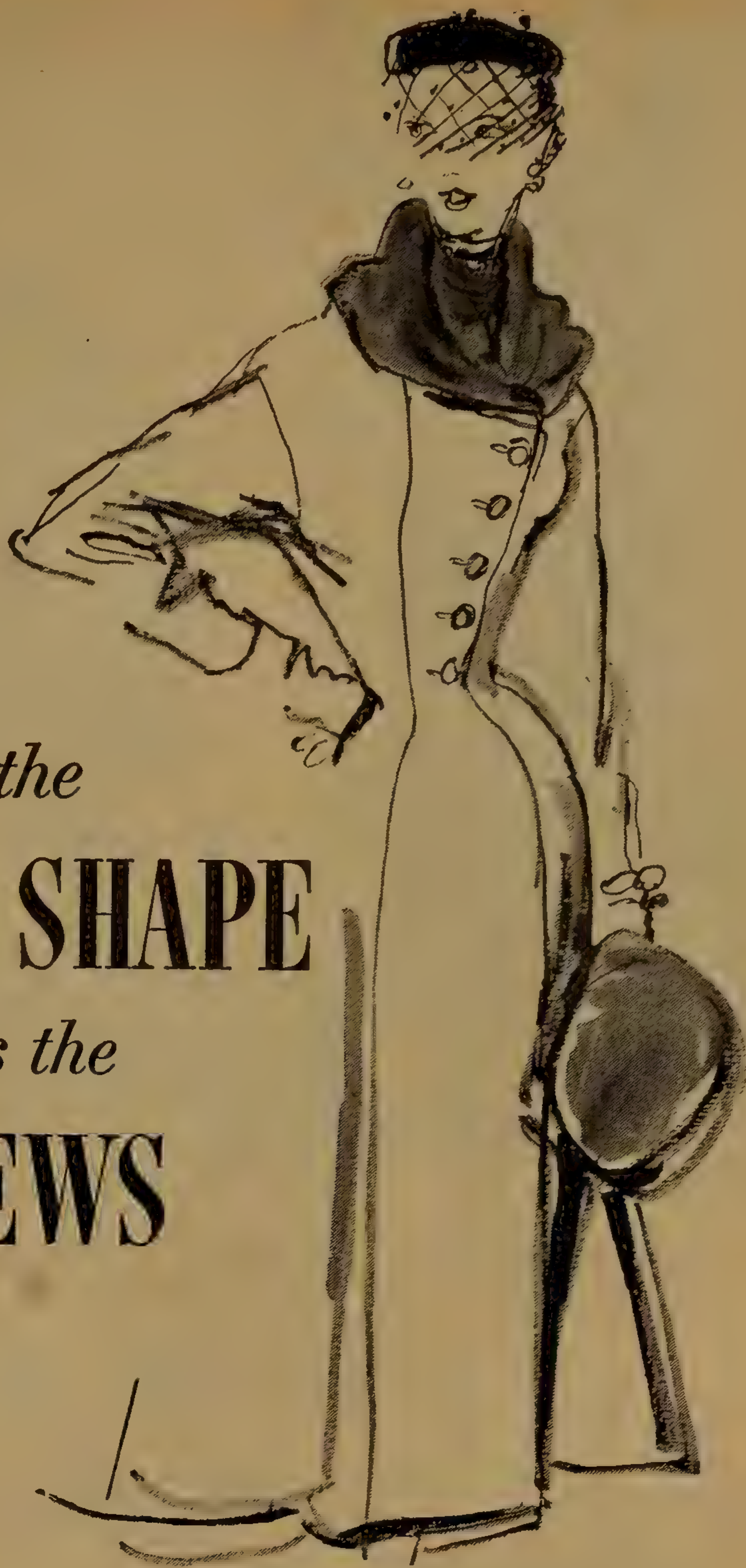


Louella Parsons—her life and times—in the November issue.

Jack Smith, One Man's Family, Victor Lindlahr, Louella Parsons, Dorothy and Dick Doan, Mindy Carson, Amos 'n' Andy, Art Linkletter, Nora Drake, Portia Manning, Mary Noble—these are the names heading the stunning array of features scheduled for the November issue of RADIO MIRROR. Taken one by one you'll find: A story, with color pictures, of Jack Smith and his wife at home. A color portrait, suitable for framing, of One Man's Family. Victor Lindlahr's Reducing Party with a diet designed to increase your energy and efficiency. And on the cover you'll find Mary Noble of the daytime drama, Backstage Wife. Mary will conduct a contest based on the question "Does Your Husband Still Love You?" This feature will include a quiz to help you rate your married happiness. Then you'll be asked to recall an incident from your own life which proved to you that your husband still loved you. There are cash prizes for the best letters. Look for the details about this interesting, rewarding contest in next month's issue. And don't forget to look for the star ballot for the 1950 RADIO MIRROR Awards. It's the one you'll need to vote for your favorites in the fourth annual Awards balloting.

Hollywood columnist-commentator, Louella Parsons, usually concerned with the lives of others, herself becomes the subject of a story—her life story. Also in November: Dorothy and Dick Doan at home; My Bosses, Amos 'n' Andy by Louisa Summa—look for all these features in the November issue, on sale, Wednesday, October 11.

the NEW SHAPE is the NEWS



The new-shape rounded coat—news because it keeps the new slim-silhouette. Yet is curved ever so subtly from collar to hem, to flatter your natural contour.

The new-shape Modess box—news because it, too, is designed with a *subtle* silhouette. The box is cleverly shaped to look like so many other kinds of boxes, you'd never guess it held Modess! Another discreet feature—Modess is now pre-wrapped even before reaching your store!

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super sizes.

*Only Modess comes
in the new-shape,*

secret-shape box . . . pre-wrapped!



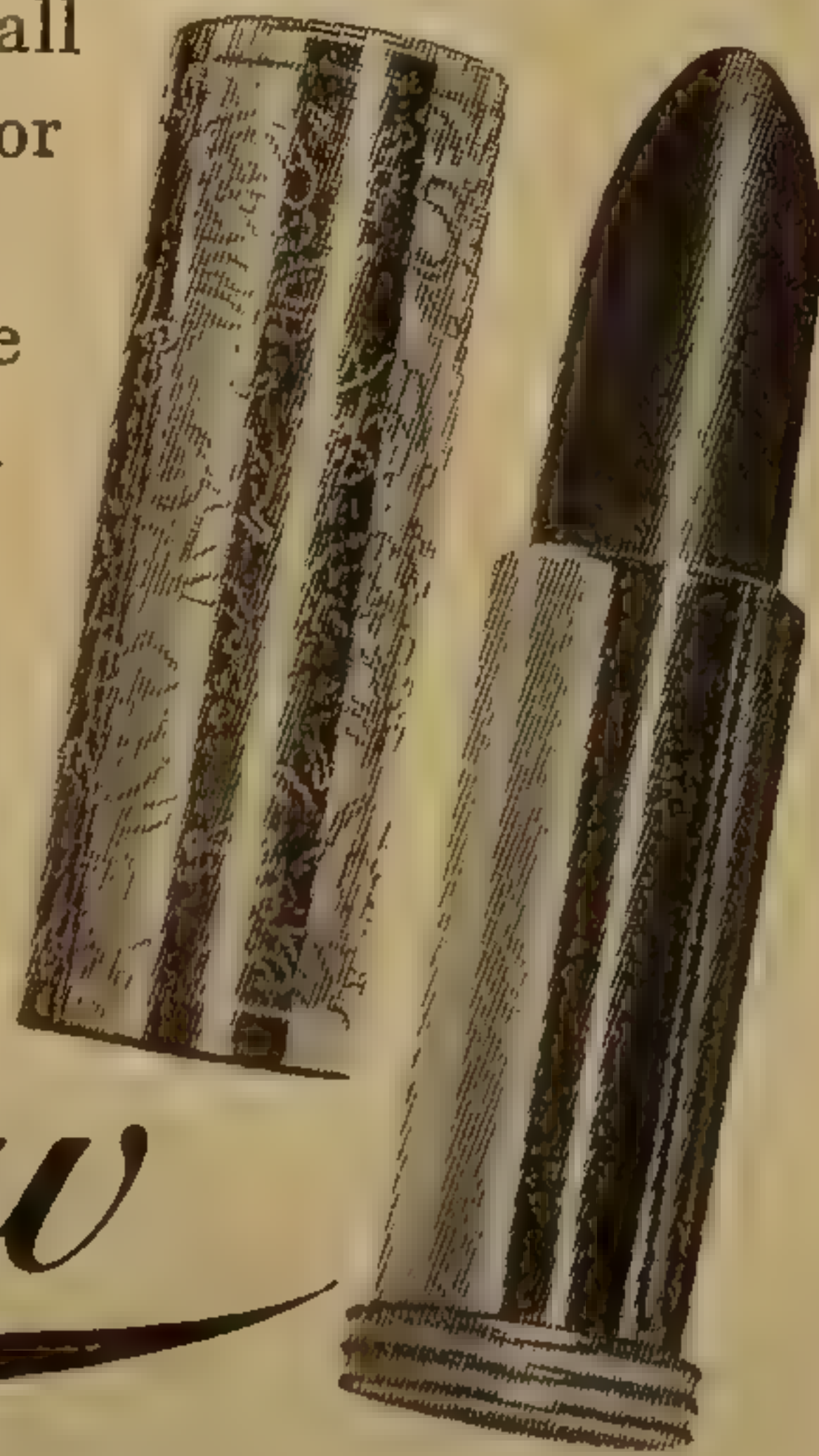


for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE
New
Tangee
LIP STICK

two days later, after touching Newfoundland and Shannon, Ireland, landed at Wiesbaden, Germany. All in all, the performers put on nineteen three-hour shows in a month before 65,000 GI's and their dependents and flew in that period, 23,000 miles... enough to have brought them around the world.

Names that seemed like something out of a book became common-place to the teenage performers... Frankfurt, Rhein Main, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Garmisch, Stuttgart, Paris, Tripoli, Burtonwood (England), the Azores and Bermuda... it was Gulliver's travel into strange and exciting lands.

And names that were familiar and fascinating to American audiences found popularity overseas—Ralph Sigwald, The Pepperettes, Jesse Owens, Jerry Singer, Bea Jay, Pierce Knox and Rudy and Lee, the harmonica duo.

Stars and Stripes called the show "the greatest ever to hit the European theatre." And the answer could be found in the zest with which the kids went onstage, the knowledge that this was not just any audience, but a special command performance. And the fact that Horace insisted on a full three-hour show for the GI's complete down to the last costume and last backdrop, the exact same show as presented stateside before thousands of American audiences in the last two years.

Some of the performers found the trip had more meaning than an ordinary junket. For pianist Conley Graves it was a return to his old stamping grounds. A veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, Conley knew his way around the German cities and knew every back alley and fighting position of the Wiesbaden and Frankfurt areas.

For Jerry Singer, a one-legged Marine who was injured at Okinawa, it stirred again wartime memories of an enemy conquered and occupied. Radio technician Don Wilson remembered beachheads at Anzio and Salerno when German Stukas and Messerschmidts laid down their bombing patterns.

But for all the entertainers, it was work, work, work and a whale of a good time. A daily schedule ran something like this: Breakfast, sightseeing trip, luncheon, rehearsal, dinner, show, reception until midnight or 1 A.M. five hours' sleep, breakfast on board a plane, fly a thousand miles, land at 4 P.M. clean up, eat, show and then another reception... and then another 6 A.M. departure. At the end of the month, the Heidt kids knew every hangar, airfield, enlisted man's and officers' club, hotel and tourist attraction in Europe.

They picked up a few other bits of knowledge... such as how to say good morning in six languages; how to bargain in four languages for a new purse or scarf; or how to get around drinking horrible coffee that they have in European restaurants (get some instant coffee and just order hot water in European restaurants). "Buon Giorno," "Bon Matin," "Gut Morgen" and just "allo" flowed off their tongues like natives.

But while the kids were taking and occupying Europe, they were being taken themselves in typical American tourist fashion. Although they could say "how much" in five languages and

could pay for something in the bales of marks, francs, schillings, groshen and pounds they carried, they still couldn't beat down the two-price system of European merchants—one price for the natives and another price (usually double or triple) for the tourist.

But with all the vim and vigor of American teen-agers they went at the purchasing routine with the only limits being the amount of money each one had. (At one point their salary advances ran three weeks ahead.) They loaded up with leather goods, cameras, 400-day clocks, postcards, scarves—and in Paris, perfume. Most of them just cleared the custom regulations by a hairline. In England it was coats and suits for the gals, shoes for the men. In France, gloves rated second to perfume.

While presenting one type of entertainment for the GI's, the members of the troupe also managed to get to see some of the very best European performers. In Paris, they saw the Bal-Tabarin show with its very lush production numbers. In Vienna, they saw one of the outstanding Ballet productions at the Stadtopera Theatre and in Germany, the famous nightclub acrobatic acts.

The Heidt show was the most extensive: and largest junket ever conducted by the Air Force. In addition to the two planes carrying the troupe and AF personnel, another C-47 hobbled along with the costumes, equipment and band instruments. Of the nineteen shows, three were broadcasts taped overseas and flown back to the States for airing over the CBS networks in Heidt's regular times, Sunday nights at 9:30 P.M., sponsored by Philip Morris.

The troupe's Paris performance, which won plaudits from a packed French audience, was for the benefit of the American Legion's fund which aids the Franco-American Society for Tubercular Children. Although the Heidt troupers used English throughout the show, the French knew only one post-performance expression—"Oo-la-la. Terrific!"

Before Heidt and the troupe ever touched Europe, three of his advance men—Jim Rankin, Art Thorsen and Bill Belcher—were auditioning hundreds of GI's at the overseas bases, looking for the best talent. When Heidt arrived, further auditions were carried out—and the broadcast programs scheduled for Wiesbaden, Berlin and Vienna.

The winner of the broadcasts, chosen by his buddies over the cream of the GI entertainers, was Corp. Emile Dyson, Negro baritone from Bogalusa, Louisiana. Dyson had studied music before the war—but enlisted in 1941. He served with valor in the European and African campaigns—and is still suffering from a disability incurred in North Africa. In addition to the regular \$250 prizes he won on each broadcast, Emile got the biggest GI prize of them all—a return trip to the States with Heidt on a special leave of absence.

The biggest headache of the whole trip was carried around by Jerry Bowne, Heidt's producer on the radio show. Jerry had to worry about flying the program's recordings back to the States. Not one to take chances Jerry did the following on the Wiesbaden

show: the program for the following Sunday night was finished about midnight, Wednesday. The following morning duplicate tapes and recordings were made and distributed on planes as follows: Pan-American; TWA; American Overseas Airlines; KLM; and Military Air Transport for stateside flights. And just to make sure that the program reached CBS in time, Jerry took it to Berlin where it was short-waved back to New York.

Not all the shows Heidt put on were originally scheduled. When the troupe arrived in Tripoli after a 1,000 mile flight from Paris, they found hundreds of GI's standing in line outside the base theatre four hours before show time . . . and the sad news that only half the base would be able to see the one scheduled show. Could they put the show on again the following night? Well, the following night happened to be one of the few nights off, a night and day they were going to spend sightseeing in London. Would the kids give it up for a second show in Tripoli? The curtain went up for that second show in Tripoli, even though it meant another day in the desert wastes, sand flies, bad plumbing and all.

The day wasn't wasted, however, for they visited the Casbah and to their great disappointment discovered it was much more romantic in the movies.

The second unscheduled show was put on in the Azores and the annals of the entertainment world rarely list a show put on under such strange circumstances. The planes were heading home from Burtonwood, England, with the first refueling stop scheduled at Iceland. A few hours out of England and word came that weather conditions forced a change in flight plans to the Azores. The Azores radioed a request for a show with a Lt. Colonel saying that "a show in May would be the nicest Xmas present you could give us." Heidt put the question to the troupe again—an extra show? The answer again—yes. On two hours' notice, the island prepared for the show—rigged a stage at the base theatre, rounded up the only available instruments—a broken down piano and an out-of-tune accordion. No props or costumes were available because the third plane was late. And the island's only radio station was closed down to give Heidt and his crew the best microphone. The planes landed and the troupe proceeded to the theatre where every American on Lagens, including the hospital patients were packed into the tiny theatre. In high heels, moccasins, and assorted "civilian" traveling clothes, the kids gave one of the great performances of their lives, with the piano and accordion their only music—and during the dance numbers Heidt turned the mike near his heels and beat out time.

Immediately after the show, the planes took off . . . returning the troupe intact to the States. All of which was no mean accomplishment for the air force, especially in view of the number of people involved. But not a Heidt troupier was stranded in Vienna or Germany; nary a one had to run down a runaway after a plane soaring aloft; not a one landed in the brig or in the arms of the local gendarmerie. In fact the only mishap was the loss of Al Tirt's trumpet in Tripoli—and he is sure some local Arab kid is making like Gabriel under a palm tree playing a GI's song in praise of the Heidt troupe and the way they took Europe and North Africa.

"ONE DANCE was enough for me"



Don't let DEODORANT FAILURE spoil your good times . . .

Use *Heed*® . . . new spray
deodorant . . . stops perspiration

ONE SPRAY
IS WORTH A
DOZEN DABS



There's a big reason why millions of women are switching to new, spray-on HEED in the flexible, squeeze bottle. It *really* stops perspiration . . . prevents underarm odor all the live-long day. HEED's so easy, so dainty to use, too. No more messy fingers. There's not another type deodorant...cream or old-fashioned liquid...that gives such long-lasting protection so quickly. So don't risk unhappiness. Get HEED today. At all cosmetic counters, 49¢. Lasts many months.



Never be *Heed*-less
and you'll always be safe!

"Seven Keys to Loveliness"

17-page complete new beauty plan
in October

True Story M A G A Z I N E

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exclusively featured in the following drug chains:

NORTH ATLANTIC

Sun Drug.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Key Drug Co....Rochester, N. Y.
Liggetts Drugs....Boston, Mass.
and all of New England
Harvey & Carey
Drugs.....Buffalo, N. Y.
Eckerd Drugs.....Erie, Pa.
Central Drugs, New Kensington, Pa.
Liggett-Rexall—New York City,
Westchester, New Jersey, Con-
necticut
Sun Ray Drug Co.—
Philadelphia, Eastern Penn-
sylvania; Southern and Central
New Jersey

SOUTH ATLANTIC

Read Drugs.....Baltimore, Md.
Cohen Drugs..Charleston, W. Va.
Garland's Drugs...Roanoke, Va.
Lane Rexall Drugs..Atlanta, Ga.
Patterson Drugs..Lynchburg, Va.
Ace Pharmacies....Norfolk, Va.
Standard Drugs..Richmond, Va.
Eckerd Drugs...Charlotte, N. C.

NORTH CENTRAL

H. A. Woods Drugs, Evansville, Ind.
Snyder's Drug, Minneapolis, Minn.
Reed Drugs....Milwaukee, Wisc.
and surrounding area
Gillis Drugs...Terre Haute, Ind.
Gasen Drugs.....St. Louis, Mo.
Meyer Bros.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Thrifty Drugs.....Alton, Ill.
Peck Drugs....Gr. Rapids, Mich.
Judd's Drugs.....Elkhart, Ind.
Cunningham Drugs, Detroit, Mich.
Dockum Drugs...Wichita, Kansas
Schlegel Drugs...Davenport, Ia.
Gallaher Drugs...Dayton, Ohio
Katz Drugs....Kansas City, Mo.
Shreveport Drugs, Shreveport, La.
Marshall Drugs..Cleveland, Ohio

Hotel Drug Stores

Liberty Drug Stores—Alabama, Texas, Indiana, Louisiana, Nebraska,
South Carolina, Virginia

Affiliated National Hotels Drug Stores—Galveston, El Paso, Dallas
and Marlin, Texas

Independent Drug Stores and Michel Pharmacies

Indianapolis, Ind.
Gwinn's Drugs...Anderson, Ind.
Jones Pharmacies, Unionville, Mo.
Tam's Drugs....Elwood, Ind.
Ford Hopkins Drug Stores—
Chicago, Minnesota, Iowa, Wis-
consin, Indiana, Illinois.
Payless Drug Stores, Bloomington,
Ill.; South Bend, Ind.

SOUTH CENTRAL

Sommers Drug, San Antonio, Tex.
Taylor Drugs....Louisville, Ky.
Renfro Drugs....Austin, Texas
Mading Drugs...Houston, Texas
J. P. Brown Drugs, Nashville, Tenn.
Albright & Wood...Mobile, Ala.
Crown Drug Co....Tulsa, Okla.
Veazey Drugs, Okla. City, Okla.
Skillern Drugs....Dallas, Texas
Gunning-Casteel Drugs,
El Paso, Texas
Renfro-Rexall Drugs, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Economy Drugs, Little Rock, Ark.
Walgreen Drugs, New Orleans, La.
Pantaze Drugs..Memphis, Tenn.
Van Horn Drugs, Stillwater, Okla.
W. P. Pipkin Drugs, Waco, Texas
Thames Drugs, Beaumont, Texas

MOUNTAIN

Grove Drugs.....Pueblo, Colo.
Martin Drugs.....Tucson, Ariz.
Ryan-Evans Drugs, Phoenix, Ariz.
Republic Drugs...Denver, Colo.
Bi Rite Drugs, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Hales Drugs.....Reno, Nev.

PACIFIC

Fred Meyer, Inc., Portland, Ore.
Thrifty Drugs, Bremerton, Wash.
Bartell Drugs....Seattle, Wash.
Savon Drugs....Tacoma, Wash.
Densow's Drugs, Spokane, Wash.
Western Thrift....Eugene, Ore.
Whalen Drugs...Southern Calif.
Reliable Drugs, San Francisco, Cal.



JACK CURTIS

Jack F. Curtis, who does acting and announcing on all the networks and is staff announcer for New York's WQXR, is one young man who probably couldn't have avoided a theatrical career if he had wanted to. The "profession" has been a family business since his grandfather's day.

Jack's first radio part, calling for him to play an old man, came when he was sixteen. On one of his dramatic shows, the local recruit for the part of Hitler couldn't read the lines without a Southern accent, so Jack had to take over that part as well as playing on the same script the parts of Anthony Eden, a Russian scientist, a Japanese officer—and do the narration besides.

Once, Jack appeared in an NBC television production of Abe Lincoln in Illinois, wearing nineteenth century sideburns and a Dorian Gray type costume. Just before air-time, the cast went down for a last minute cup of coffee in the RCA building, where the restaurant staff promptly mistook Jack for Hurd Hatfield of the movies. From that time on Jack was treated like royalty—getting two creams for his coffee and extra large portions. This went on until Jack ran out of answers to the restaurant staff's questions about life in Hollywood, where he has never been, and the end came when he was asked for his autograph and signed his own name. Now he finds it pleasanter to eat at the drug store around the corner.

Jack was only twenty-one when he was offered a job on the WOR-MBS announcing staff and he added four years to his age for he had been turned down once because of his youth. The deception worked—one of his first assignments was substituting as an "authoritative" news commentator for senior newsmen William L. Shirer.

another year...

a BETTER year



Last October, for the first time in its sixteen-year history, this magazine devoted an entire issue to the entertainment provided by a single network—the Columbia Broadcasting System. What was apparent last year—that CBS, with its multitude of top-ranking stars and excellent variety in programming, was presenting quality as well as quantity on the air—still holds true. RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR again salutes the network's excellent fall line-up of stars and shows with this second CBS issue.

Much has happened in the intervening months. Last year, for example, television was a lusty infant; today it might well be said to have attained its adolescence. There has been, too, much speculation on the future of radio—a great deal of it in tones of gloomy foreboding. “They say” that many listeners have switched permanent allegiance to TV, that radio is dying. Fortunately, those rumors have no more basis in fact than most other “they say” statements. True, television has grown tremendously. True, it has gained many watchers. But take New York City for example, a metropolitan area where TV conditions are ideal and the best TV programs are available. Television viewing has gained almost unbelievably, especially during evening hours. But *radio listening has not fallen off*, gloom-mongers to the contrary. It becomes increasingly apparent that there is plenty of room for both radio and TV; that they can grow and prosper side by side, friends rather than enemies.

CBS has much to offer you, on both radio and TV. You'll find a foretaste of that excellent listening and viewing in this CBS issue.

The Editors

"I Remember



Reunion in Connecticut: Miss Quigg meets her most famous pupil.

BY MARY B. QUIGG

"Why don't you write a story about me, Miss Quigg? You know more about me than anyone."
Arthur Godfrey's eighth grade teacher fondly recalls memories of the redhead as a boy

I first met Arthur Godfrey when he was five years old and in the kindergarten. He was a cute youngster with a shock of red hair and the same winning smile that he has today. I was a teacher in the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey at the time and I had been invited to attend a party the kindergarten teacher was giving for the children.

Arthur was dressed in his best for the occasion, and occasion it was, for it marked his debut as a singer. He sat in a little chair, holding a daisy and picking off the petals, singing, "One I love, two I love, three I love, I say."

That was my first introduction to the little boy and because he seemed outstanding even then, I became interested in him and watched his progress through the grades.

When he reached the eighth grade I met him again, this time as his teacher. I remember that Arthur was especially good in mathematics all through school, but English, the subject I taught, was a trial to him, especially if written work was required. His argument, when a paper was due, was "Why can't I tell you about it? I know it. It seems a waste of time to write that all out." That was one thing on which we did not agree.

But he was right about being able to talk. He always could do that quite well. He was especially fine in debates and his side usually won. This is not to say that he couldn't put words together. He could. He wrote very well, in fact, but usually he didn't have the patience to put down on paper what he would rather have talked about anyway.

There was one memorable exception, however, and Arthur remembers it as vividly as I do. He described it in a letter I received from him a few years back:

Dear, dear Miss Quigg:

It was so grand to hear from you last spring. I was delighted to know that you listen occasionally.

I often tell a great story on myself about an incident which happened when I was one of your duller pupils in the 8th grade at dear old Franklin.

It's about the time in a history exam when you called for an essay on a current event and I wrote ten or twelve classic pages which described in minute detail the voyage of Columbus!

*Best to you,
Arthur Godfrey*

(Continued on page 90)

Arthur —



You've probably already spotted Arthur as the wistful boy in the white suit. He was fourteen then and—despite the expression—the most entertaining boy in the eighth grade at the Franklin School. "He hasn't changed a bit since," says Miss Quigg.



This is the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, which Arthur attended from kindergarten thru the eighth grade.



And this is where Arthur lived as a boy. Born in New York, he was brought to the Heights by his family when he was a baby.



The young Lowell Thomas saw the world as a mighty serious place.



From adventures in Arabia came his book on fabulous Lawrence.



Lowell did a switch on Kipling at the Bay of Bengal in 1938.



BY LOWELL THOMAS

*Radio's best known
news commentator recalls
the outstanding
events of his twenty
years on the air*

MANY

Twenty years of broadcasting—nearly seven thousand reports on living history—more than twenty million words on the air. If I listed only the outstanding events that have packed my scripts, this magazine would be filled from cover to cover with nothing but names and dates, so I give you instead one highly personal memory from each year—the first that comes to mind as I look back over the cavalcade of the news.

In 1930, the last thing I intended to do was go back to speaking in any field. My wife and I had just finished ten years of non-stop wandering all over the world. Four million people had heard my talks. I had told the tale of high adventure, "With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia" three thousand times. I was fed up with public appearances, with travel, with talk. I decided never to appear before an audience again, bought a farm on Quaker Hill near Pawling, New York, and settled down to write. One telephone call changed all that. A friend at CBS said, "As an extremely important personal favor to me, will you come in to make a short talk without asking any questions?" He was a friend. I said, "Yes."

He took me to a studio, said, "Here's a mike. Talk about any subject you like but don't stop for fifteen minutes." Without preparation or a script, I spoke about some of my adventures in Asia. When it was over, I discovered that I had been trapped into an audition for twenty of the executives of *The Literary Digest*, gathered in the board room to hear me—the hundredth speaker they had tested for their news program. That was the beginning. I have been on the air ever since, but I still have managed to expand my shelf of books to forty-two! (Continued on page 93)



Under the Singapore sun with Mrs. Thomas on a far-flung trip.



Arctic explorer Donald MacMillan, Lowell, author Richard Hallet.



Nelson Case announces for Lowell on his five-a-week newscasts.

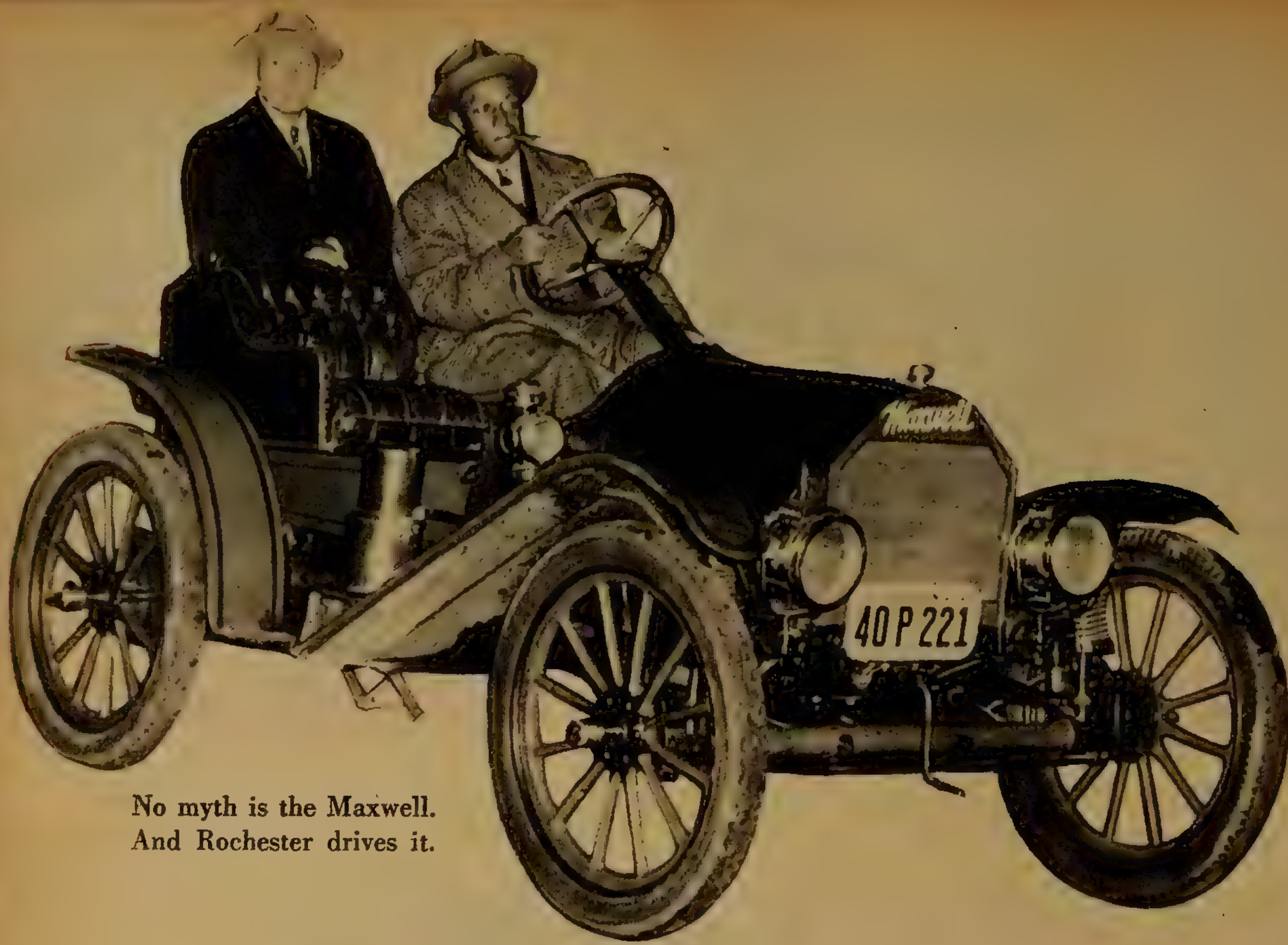
MILESTONES



Lowell, Jr., always a close companion to his dad, accompanied him to Tibet last year. Now twenty-six, he's a recent bridegroom.

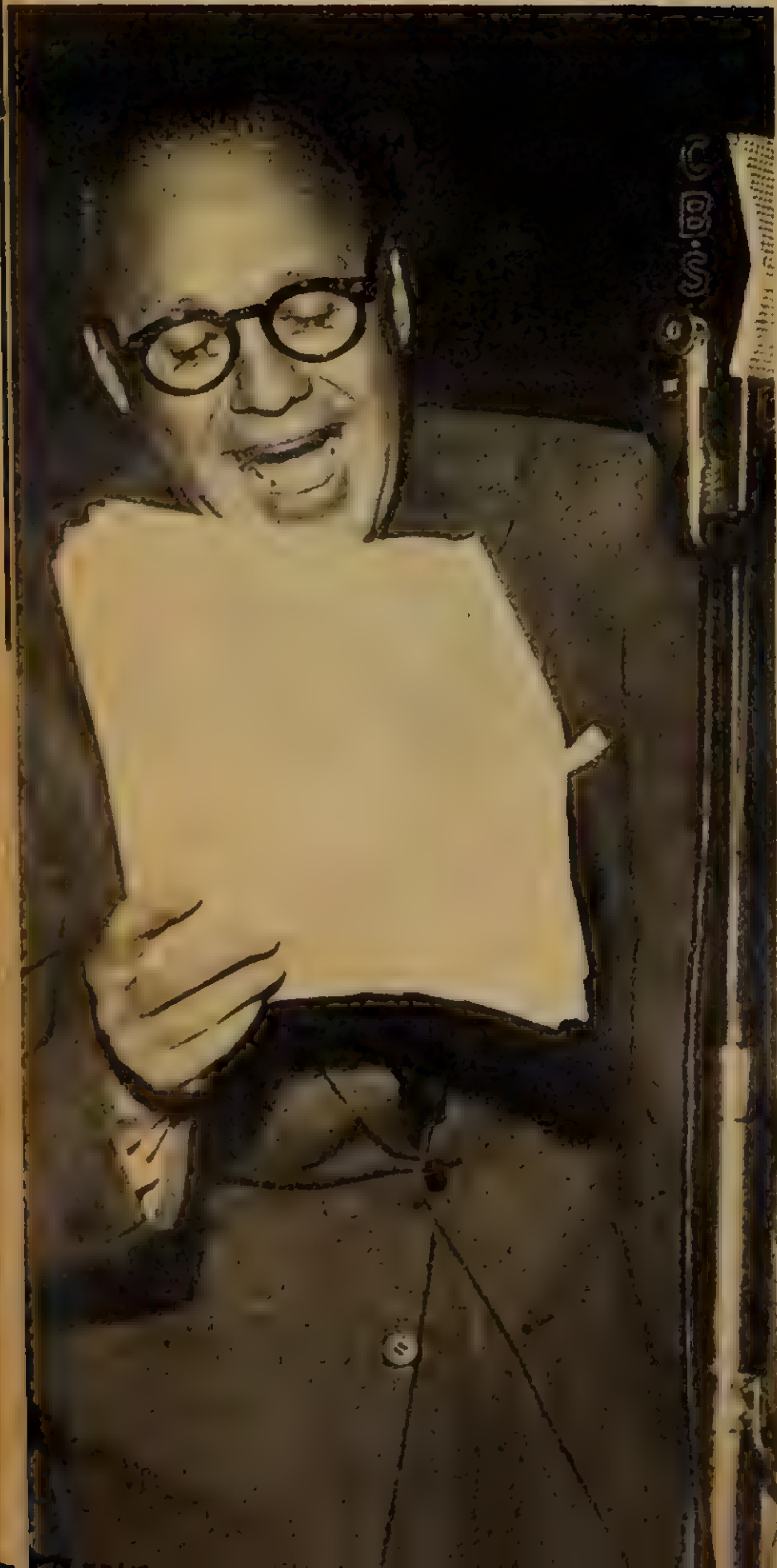


The late Col. Stoopnagle was one of Nine Old Men, Lowell's softball team, more distinguished for its players than its playing.



No myth is the Maxwell.
And Rochester drives it.

NO BOSS—NOT ME!



The toupee, "The Bee", the perpetual age of thirty-nine, the Rochester brushes away the moths and takes you into the vault
as told to GLADYS HALL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What's the real story behind Jack Benny? Where does myth leave off and man begin? Millions of Benny fans want to know—the editors of RADIO MIRROR decided to find out. The logical person to ask, of course, was Benny's man Rochester. And the logical person to send was ace interviewer, Gladys Hall. Such a collaboration was bound to reveal one thing, and here it is—the real story behind Jack Benny.*

Coming out of a restaurant one day, Jack Benny handed the hat-check girl a dollar bill. But she handed it right back to him, saying, "Please, Mr. Benny, leave me some illusions!"

Benny's man Rochester feels the same way.

"I like the Boss stingy," says he. "I like him the way he is on his radio show, all the way. If the Boss just suddenly became generous overnight, I'd be out of business!"

Bearing this in mind, Rochester has a lot of fun telling fibs about the Boss. He lets people think that Jack really is the character he plays on the air.

"When I'm asked—and I often am—whether Mr. Benny is really cheap, I say, 'Well, he's never hurt his arm throwing money away!' When a fan wants to know whether Mr. Benny collects anything, like stamps, for instance, or first editions, or antique firearms, I say

Laugh at his own joke? Not Jack Benny. It must be someone else's.

Jack Benny Show is heard Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EDT



Rochester's silent but eloquent plea gets the usual rejection from Jack—but only on the air!

Maxwell—put them all' together, they spell Jack Benny. Here to show you what's truth, what's fiction concerning his boss

'Money. The Boss does very well collecting money.'

"Believe it or not, I've even been asked whether it's true that poor Dennis Day gets only twelve dollars a week for the radio show and, in addition, has to mow Mr. Benny's lawn. But I never let on that Dennis makes enough to hire a staff of gardeners and never lays hand to a lawnmower on his own place, let alone Mr. Benny's."

Rochester travels around the country with the Boss—to Waukegan which, as everyone knows, is Jack's home, to Plainfield, which is Mary Livingstone's home town and to the big cities for personal appearance tours.

"I meet hundreds and hundreds of people and most of them seem serious in believing that the Boss, in real life, is the same as the character they listen to over CBS every Sunday night at seven. And with all the work he's done building this character in the mind of the public, I feel he should stay with it. I believe his fans feel likewise.

"I know that when people ask me is there really a Maxwell, they get a kick when I tell them there sure enough is that claptrap old vintage '24 Maxwell, that I drive Mr. Benny around in that old creak, park it alongside all those Cadillacs in Hollywood, and the parking attendant wants to know is the Joad family back in town. It doesn't seem necessary to me to mention the Packard job the Boss really drives.

"And when I'm asked is there sure enough (Continued on page 91)





Captured: Desperate Robert Crosby, by those courageous defenders of law and order, Cathy, Chris, Steve and Bobby. Bob's as young as the others!



The only fault, according to Cathy, of the pretty, red-headed mother of the Crosby brood, is her failure to provide Cathy with a sister. Always boys!

Bob Crosby can be heard on Club 15, Monday through Friday evenings at 7:30, EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System stations; his sponsor is Campbell's Soups.

My Father

By CATHY CROSBY

One girl in the midst of three brothers—
not to mention four cousins—constitutes
Cathy a real authority on male Crosbys

I guess I don't have to tell anybody that my father, Bob Crosby, is a wonderful man, and a wonderful singer.

As his oldest child, though, and his *only* daughter, I think I have a pretty special place in his life. Of course I have to share him with my three brothers, Chris, Bobby and Steve, but they're just children and I'm practically eleven and a half.

I miss him when he's gone, hopping back and forth across the country to do his Club 15 broadcasts, but it's always so exciting when he comes home. He always brings surprises. My closet's so full, I have to put things under the bed. Mommy says it's really not nice to stack things under the bed, but I can't think of any other place. Besides, who looks under a bed?

Anyway, I guess I've got one of the nicest Daddies in the whole world and I wouldn't trade him for any other. Of course this doesn't mean that Daddy and I agree about every single little thing. After all we're a whole generation apart! But there is one thing we disagree on which wouldn't be too important, if it weren't the *most* important thing of all.

What we disagree about is this: I want to sing. What I mean is I *do* sing—everybody knows the Crosbys all sing—but I want to sing well, to be as good a singer as I possibly can, as good as Daddy, as my Uncle Bing, as good as Gary, as good as anybody.

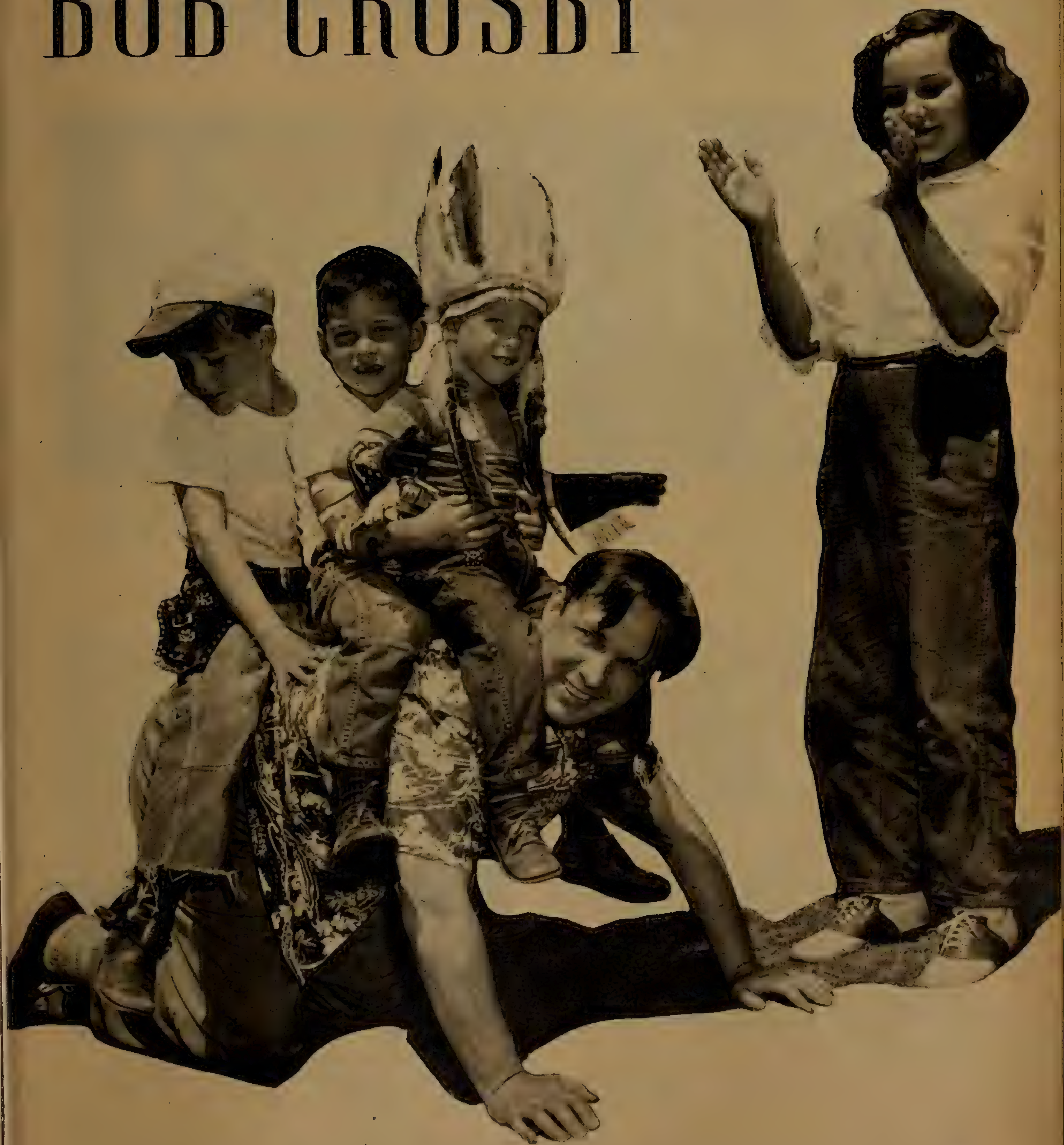
And that means, I think, that I have to start now, before I'm too old, to study, to practice, to find a style of my own. I think I ought to take lessons, lots of lessons, right away, and spend all my time learning all there is to know about music. I'd skip school if they'd let me, I'd give up summer camp, I'd even give up my holidays with the family, if *only* Daddy would agree to it.

But what does he say?

"You're only eleven, Cathy. You have lots of time."
Eleven is a lot.

(Continued on page 96)

BOB CROSBY



Of her Daddy, Cathy says: "When he gets home from one of his trips, he says he just wants to stay home and play with us kids."

Take a backward look at years of enjoyment—CBS daytime serials **DO YOU**



1936: Big Sister went on the air. Alice Frost was Ruth, then, and Martin Gabel her groom, Dr. Wayne.



Myrt and Marge—Myrtle Vail, Donna Damerel—were mother and daughter both on the air and in real life.



Sixteen years ago Shuffle Shober was helping Ma Perkins run the lumber yard just as he is today.

If you're a long-time listener to day-time drama, the pictures on the pages may bring to mind vivid recollections of yesterday's favorites—some of which remain today's favorites as well. Many of these serials are still heard on CBS; in some of them, new faces have replaced those you'll see in these pictures. Other dramas have left the air, remain alive only in the memories of the listeners who enjoyed them, who shared the fortunes of the characters in the stories.

There were many more than these, of course. Do you remember Second Husband? Or Follow the Moon . . . My Son and I . . . Wilderness Road . . . Bright Horizon . . . the series called "By Kathleen Norris"? Do you recall others which have slipped the memories of the editors of this magazine?

It's always fun to reminisce. Perhaps, in recollecting these old favorites of yours, you'll remember, too, incidents in your own life at the time, brought back to mind by these pictures. . .



When Bachelor's Children left the air listeners mourned the loss of dear, long-time friends. The family included Ruth Ann and Dr. Bob, Janet and Sam, Ellen.

REMEMBER...?



Amanda (Joy Hathaway) of Honeymoon Hill left her valley home to marry Edward Leighton (Boyd Crawford), resented by her people because he was an "outsider."



Mary Marlin—story of adventure and politics. Michael (Francis X. Bushman), Nora (Isobel Randolph), Joe Marlin (Art Jacobsen), Mary (Joan Blaine), Mac (John Daly).



First leader of the Guiding Light community of Five Points was Dr. Ruthledge (Arthur Peterson)—minister and friend to his underprivileged parishioners.



Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, told of the parallel experiences of Joyce as a woman and a physician. Ann Shepard, right on couch, played Dr. Jordan.

For tune-in times of most of these radio shows, please consult Daytime Diary.



DO YOU



Hilltop House—on the air in 1937, with Bess Johnson, Joseph Curtin.



Valiant Lady: Bart Robinson was Dr. Scott, Joan Blaine his wife.



1936—Rich Man's Darling, with Karl Swenson and Peggy Allenby.



1947—Nora Drake went on the air, Charlotte Holland the first Nora.



1932—Helen Trent, one of the first serials; Virginia Clark played Helen.



1937—Our Gal Sunday (Dorothy Lowell) was happy with simple life . . .



The O'Neills' ups and downs of everyday living kept them at top of listening-favorite lists for years.



Wendy Warren—on the air in 1947 with combination of story and news. (Florence Freeman, Les Tremayne.)

REMEMBER...?



Alan Bunce was Young Dr. Malone in 1941; Elizabeth Reller, Ann.



The setting of Lone Journey was Montana. Reese Taylor played Wolfe Bennett, Laurette Fillbrant was Sydney MacKenzie.



... Lord Henry (Karl Swenson) came along; Sunday's romance with home boy (Carleton Young) was over.



In 1947, John Larkin played a minor role on Perry Mason. Today, he's lawyer-detective Mason himself.



1944: Rosemary (Betty Winkler) went on the air; a few months later she married Bill (George Keane).



Then, Terry—and Stan and Brad—were expecting a baby. Now, Wendy's a part of the Burton family.



Marie solved her housing problem neatly with twin cottages. Although there's a connecting roof, she and Allan have their own quarters. At the same time, her family is comfortably nearby.

*Husband, family,
friends . . . there's
room for everyone
in Marie's home—
in her heart, too*

BY VIOLA MOORE



Marie's cherished Georgian silver service set is used often—even at breakfast time.



The Brown Derby cookbook plus Mary's skill insures excellent food at Marie's parties.

and Visit MARIE WILSON

Things were getting a bit too crowded in her home, Marie Wilson reluctantly decided. Since her marriage to Allan Nixon, the family had gradually increased until it consisted of grandpa, stepfather, mother, two half-brothers and two visiting sisters. Marie realized that she and Allan just *had* to have a measure of privacy, and yet she was so devoted to her whole tribe of relations she wanted them with her. (So, strangely enough, did Allan!)

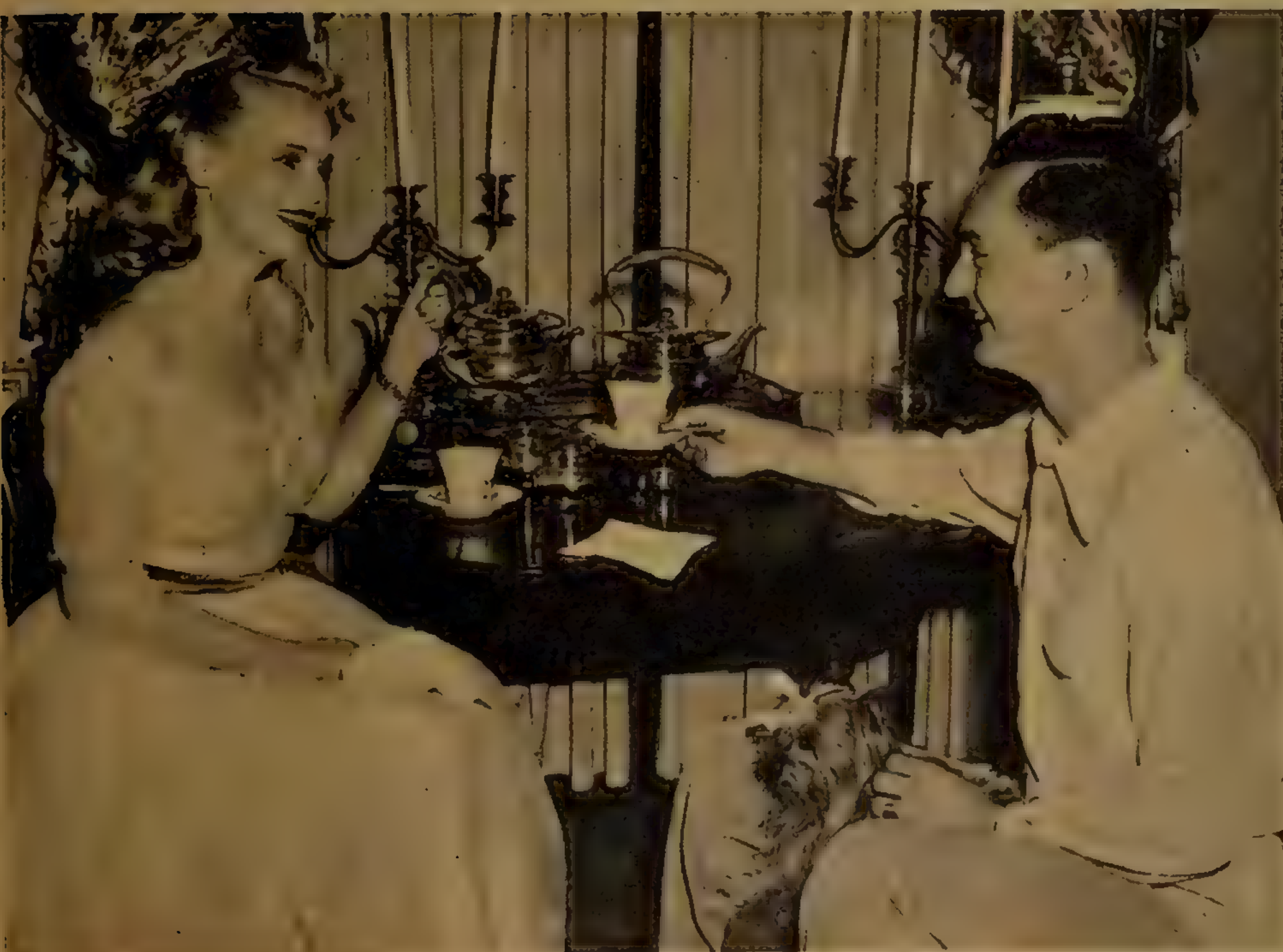
Marie's mother agreed with them that newlyweds should have a home of their own, and one day she and Marie climbed into Marie's new yellow convertible and started combing the Hollywood hills for a place to live.

That was four years ago. Now, the housing problem for this multiple family is solved in a compact and original manner that causes clamorous comment from all who come calling on "My Friend Irma." For Marie and her mother were lucky enough to find two tiny houses facing a communal driveway, and with a communal backyard. Two little Normandy cottages, they are, joined together by an archway. These small stucco houses are so small they look like doll houses, and remind you, with their chocolate brown curving roofs and tiny windows, of the gingerbread houses of storybook fame.

Allan and Marie live in one cottage, the rest of the family in the other. Now that her grandfather and stepfather are dead, and her sisters (*Continued on page 87*)



This French doll, once owned by 'President McKinley, is the prize of Marie's collection.



At tea time, some member of the family usually drops by for an exchange of news. Here Marie and brother Frank were joined by the ubiquitous Mr. Hobbs.



Miserable moment for Mr. Hobbs. But he doesn't hold it against his mistress—for long!

Fashions for You

Beginning: a series of up-to-the-minute fashions chosen by your daytime serial favorites, styled for you—and for your budget!



Nearly every woman, when she thinks of fall clothes, trends her first thoughts toward a suit—to be worn early without a wrap, later under a coat. The one on the opposite page, by Sacony, is bright windowpane plaid, blended wool fabric. The four-button fitted jacket is styled with twin breast pockets, cuffed sleeve, the slim skirt with back kick pleat. Also in grey, dark royal, and olive green, each with black. Sizes 10-20, \$39.95. Available in New York, N. Y., at Bloomingdale's. Calf bag by Garay, \$7.95 plus tax.

Sophisticated but youthful is the suit by Bobby Brooks. Its modified box jacket is unlined, waist-length, has a soft roll collar, straight sleeve. In banker or men's-wear grey flannel, one hundred per cent wool, sizes 7-15, \$17.95. Available at Franklin Simon's, New York. Madcaps helmet provides the touch of velvet everyone wants.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 96.

Backbone of a fall and winter wardrobe—grey flannel suit that can be dressed up, dressed down. Joan says it'll be perfect for broadcasts.



Joan Alexander, who is Della Street on the Perry Mason program, has chosen this Sacony suit in vivid window-pane plaid, for herself—and for you. Perry Mason is heard Monday through Friday at 2:15 P.M., EDT on CBS stations, sponsored by Tide.

Mrs. Burton asks:

IS A MOTHER-IN-LAW

Stan Burton has been married for several years to Terry his second wife. With Stan and Terry, in the pleasant little city of Dickston, live Brad, Stan's teen-age son of his former marriage, and Wendy, Terry and Stan's baby daughter.

Stan and Terry are happy, love their children, their life in Dickston. But Stan's mother causes friction. Mother Burton isn't the sort to provoke outright argument. She is a pleasant, gracious woman—and an intelligent one. And she realizes that Stan—although he knows that her intentions are the best—would not tolerate direct interference in his life. Mother Burton does, however, make Terry feel inadequate; and this, of course, puts Terry on the defensive. If there are—and there always are, in the happiest of marriages—differences of opinion between Stan and Terry, it's only to be expected that Mother Burton would side with Stan, her own son, and she does. Unfortunately, being a confirmed pessimist, she has a way of taking the joy out of life, whether the problem at hand is an important or an unimportant one. It's Mother Burton's belief that if it were not for Terry, Stan would be more successful in business—a point impossible to prove either way. She differs with her daughter-in-law on the handling of the children. But Mother Burton does not intend to interfere merely for the sake of interfering; she has honest opinions, makes them known. And it may well be that, in some cases, she is right. Both Stan and Terry realize that she means well. But right or wrong, should she express her opinions, or let Stan and Terry get along in their own way, let them make their own mistakes, if they will, and rectify them in their own way, without her help?

Each month, RADIO MIRROR asks reader-listeners to offer advice to their daytime serial favorites. This month's problem is a broad statement of the one now confronting the Burtons. Is a mother ever justified—whether she uses direct or subtle methods—in siding with her son against her son's wife, with her daughter against her daughter's husband? Perhaps experiences of your own, or of friends or neighbors, will aid you in giving a helpful answer to this question.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question: "Is A Mother-in-Law Ever Justified in Taking Sides?" Writer of best answer will be paid \$25.00; writers of the five next-best, \$5.00 each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Second Mrs. Burton, c/o RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot undertake to enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Oct. 1, 1950. This notice should accompany your letter.

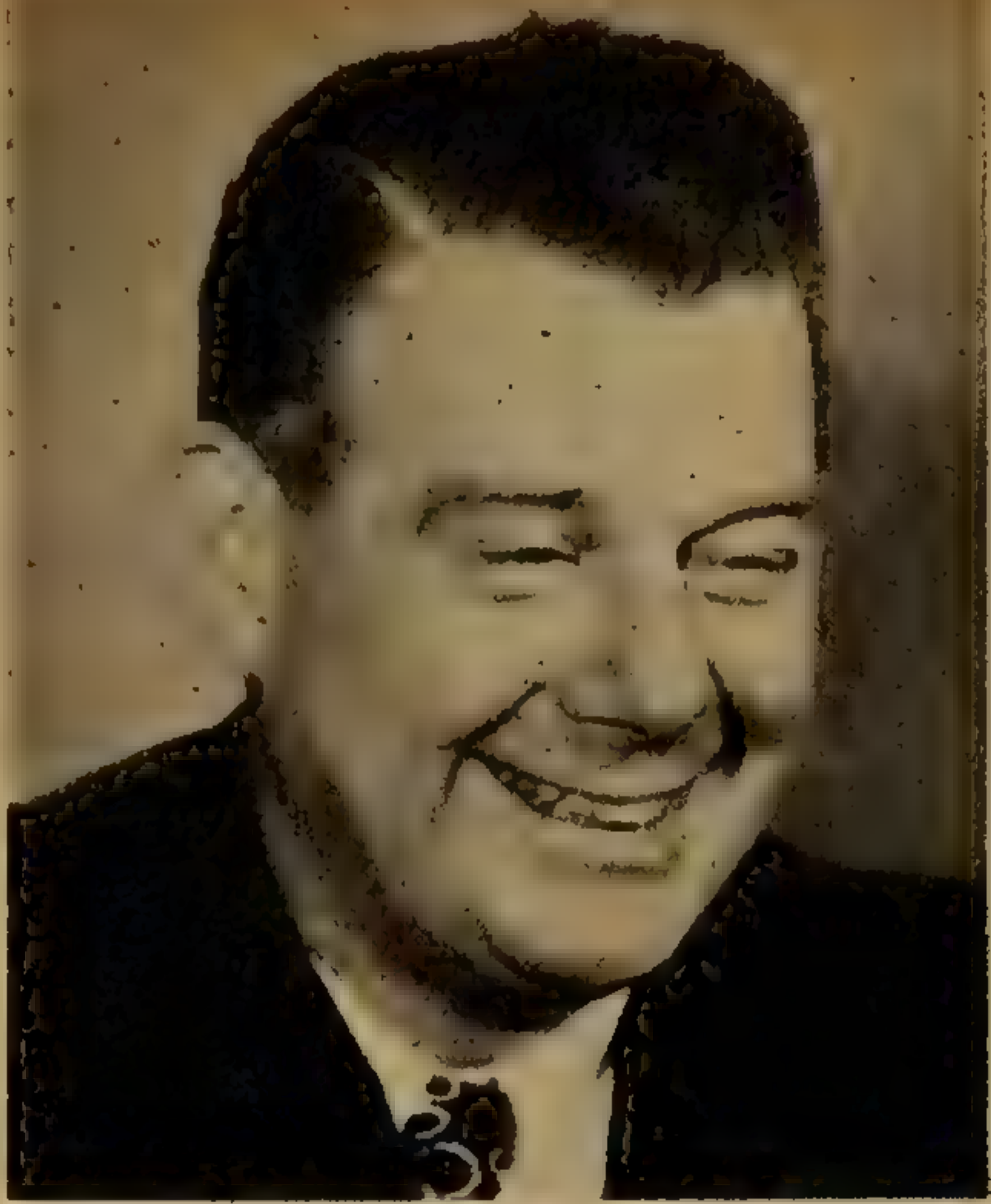
*As a woman, she has
a right to her opinions—
but has she the
right, as a mother-in-law,
to air her views in family
discussions of children,
home or business problems?*

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M-F at 2 P.M., EDT, over CBS network stations, sponsored by Swansdown Cake Mixes.

EVER JUSTIFIED IN TAKING SIDES?



Stan and Terry feel they have their own life to live, should make their own decisions—right or wrong. It's normal to resent interference. But Mother Burton is older, has had more experience, has only their best interests at heart. Is she right in expressing her opinions?



ARTHUR GODFREY'S CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE

- 1 4-pound piece corned beef
- 1 onion
- 1 small cabbage
- 6 medium potatoes
- melted butter
- chopped parsley

Wash beef well. Place in a large pot. Cover with cold water. Cover, bring to a simmer and skim carefully. Add onion, cover and simmer until tender (about 3 hours). Twenty minutes before beef is done, add cabbage, cut in wedges. Remove beef, drain and slice against grain. Brush potatoes with butter; roll in parsley. Makes 6 servings.



MUG RICHARDSON'S CHOCOLATE COCONUT PIE

- 2 egg yolks
- 2 cups milk
- 1 package prepared chocolate pudding
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- dash salt
- 1 baked 9" pastry shell

Combine egg yolks and milk; stir into pudding mix and sugar in a saucepan. Stir over medium heat until mixture thickens. Cool slightly. Add butter and salt. Pour into baked 9-inch pie shell. Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, not dry. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Heap on filling. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 minutes or until delicately browned.

Fine Food-

The Godfrey gang knows what's good to eat, but pinning them down to favorite recipes was no easy matter. After much thought, these are the ones they chose



ARCHIE BLEYER'S LIME MERINGUE PIE

- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ cup cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups water
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon grated lime rind
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lime juice
- 1 baked 8-inch pastry shell

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in top of double boiler. Stir in water. Cook over low heat until thickened. Cover and cook over hot water 15 minutes. Stir a little of this mixture into egg yolks; add to remainder. Cook 2 minutes more stirring constantly. Add butter. Cool. Add lime rind and juice. Pour into shell. Top with meringue. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 4-5 minutes.

Arthur Godfrey And His Friends are heard M.-F., 10:15 A.M. EDT, CBS; on TV Wed. 8 P.M. EDT, CBS. Talent Scouts, with Arthur Godfrey, is heard Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, CBS on both radio and television at the same time.

Fine Friends!



BILL LAWRENCE'S SHRIMP SAUTÉ

- 1 pound shrimp
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup sherry
- ½ clove garlic, minced
- French bread or toast

Wash shrimp. Remove shell by splitting front to back and gently removing meat in one piece. Using a sharp knife, remove dark vein which runs along center back of shrimp. Bring water to boil; reduce heat to simmer. Add shrimp. Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Melt butter in skillet. Add garlic, drained shrimp and sherry. Cook over low heat 5 min. Cover; cook 5 min. more. Serve with French bread. Serves 3.



CHORDETTE'S DEEP DISH APPLE PIE

- 5 cups apples, peeled and sliced
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ recipe pastry

Mix sugar, flour, cinnamon and salt. Place a layer of apples in bottom of 8 inch baking dish; sprinkle with sugar mixture. Repeat until all ingredients are used. Dot with butter. Top with pastry. Prick well. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 to 40 minutes, until apples are tender. Before serving, top with ¼ pound sliced American cheese and place in moderate oven to soften cheese.



TONY MARVIN'S STEAK WITH ANISE SEED

- 3 medium onions
- 2 cloves garlic
- salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon celery salt
- 1½ teaspoons anise seed
- 1 beefsteak (about 2 pounds)

Chop onions and garlic; mash to pulp with a mallet. Add salt, pepper, celery salt and anise seed. Pound into a paste. Wipe steak with a clean damp cloth. Spread paste evenly over both sides of steak. Broil on hot barbecue. Or broil in a preheated broiler at 550° F. one or two inches from heat. Tony likes it slightly charred with inside still pink. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

JANETTE DAVIS' BROILED LIVERBURGERS



- 2 pounds ground beef
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ pound chicken livers, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic

Preheat broiler. Combine lightly beef, salt and pepper. Divide into 6 portions. Shape into patties handling as little as possible. Place on greased rack; broil 5 minutes, 3 inches from heat. Turn. Top with livers. Cut each garlic clove in half and place cut side down over livers. Broil 5 minutes more. Janette removes the garlic before serving. (For strong flavor, mince garlic.) Makes 6 servings.

(More recipes on page 81)



GENERATIONS of DOWNEYS

Raising five children leaves a woman with little time of her own. But Morton's mother took on five more, and she has time for everything—except regrets

By MRS. ELIZABETH COX DOWNEY

It's ten years, now, since my son Morton's five children—Michael, Sean, Lorelle, Tony and Kevin—came to live with me. What's it been like, raising a second generation of Downey young ones? Why, exactly the way it was raising my own five—just wonderful!

They've been busy, happy, crowded years, of course, because there's nothing like a houseful of children to make time pass in a hurry. It seems hardly more than a few years ago since Morton was a boy, giving me all the lessons any woman would ever need as preparation for raising a second brood.

To keep things straight, let's take my first generation of Downeys first. Lots of incidents from Morton's childhood come back to me, thinking about it now. From the time he could walk, almost, Morton sang day and night—started out singing, never stopped. But he always had a fine head for business, too. He wasn't more than five years old when he caught on that he could make an honest nickel by keeping quiet Sunday morning when the neighbors, who didn't go to early mass the way we did, weren't very appreciative of one of his solos at the crack of dawn.

Morton made his first real money using his voice—instead of keeping it quiet—when he was seven. He was paid five dollars for singing two nights at the Fireman's Annual Minstrel Show in Wallingford, Connecticut, where we lived then and still do. He was so little he fell asleep on the stage, but he made such a hit that five dollars was his price for one appearance from then on. That impressed him so much he stayed awake!

Morton was a good boy, but full of fun and high spirits. He couldn't resist playing tricks—still can't, for that matter. Morton was bright in school, but he was no student and he left before he finished high school. As a matter of fact, he left by request. After he put a pound of limburger cheese in the hot air furnace and closed the school for an unscheduled holiday, the principal was inclined to suspect him of a hand in most of the mischief that went on. (On that occasion Morton advanced the theory that the principal was burning his socks in the furnace. The principal didn't like this, and I can't say that I blame him.)

My husband was fire chief, and that made it worse because Morton was expected (Continued on page 83)

There's more than enough room in the Wallingford, Conn. home for the Downey family which includes Morton's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Downey and his sister, Helen, shown here with the younger Downey boys, Kevin and Tony. Upper left, a session in the backyard pool. Playing some of his father's records is Sean, who has a fine singing voice himself. That's Mike at the desk—he's a Notre Dame sophomore. Away from home at the time was Lorelle, the only Downey daughter. Morton was given legal custody of the children after his divorce from Barbara Bennett ten years ago.



Morton Downey will be heard Saturdays at 10:30 A.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—Coca-Cola.



Tucked away in the hills is Gene and Ina Autry's Hollywood home.



HOME

The new white house with green grillwork trim is only fifteen minutes from the busy heart of Hollywood, where Gene Autry's CBS studios and Columbia Pictures lot are located. But here you'll find only mountains and grass and trees. It's not a huge house, as Hollywood homes go, but the rooms are spacious, quite big enough to swing a lariat. Downstairs are living room, library and den, sun room, dining room, kitchen and servants' quarters. Upstairs are a master bedroom and two guest rooms, all with dressing rooms and baths.

Gene's den is decorated with an enormous panorama

TELEVISION SECTION

The Singing Cowboy of radio and rodeo finds two new abodes. One's a television show, the other's a handsome Hollywood home where he can relax when being just plain Gene Autry



Gene Autry: seen on Sundays, 7 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV; heard on Melody Ranch, Saturdays at 8 P.M., EDT on CBS. Sponsored by Wm. Wrigley Jr., Co.

in the HILLS

of the Old West and his collection of Western figurines, and one guest room has a bed with an old wagon wheel for headboard. The rest of the furnishings are mainly fine antiques collected by Ina Autry on the eighty-seven-city tours she has taken with her husband and his gang, culminating in the great Madison Square Garden rodeo in New York every fall. Living and dining rooms are carpeted in green, with bright drapes and rich upholstery. The kitchen sparkles with yellow brick walls ornamented with colored tiles. Outside is a big flagstone patio.

Gene's closets are something to see. One holds fifty

pairs of boots; another has rows of embroidered shirts, another has shelves piled with Stetson hats—white for his Columbia pictures ("Indian Territory" is the latest), and for his CBS television films, and blue or yellow for his radio program and rodeo appearances. There are wardrobes filled with cowboy suits, and a row of business suits, though he always wears Stetson and boots.

On a rise of ground in back of the house, and completed first, are stables for Champion and the rest of the horsey set. For like all good cowboys, Gene made his horses comfortable before himself!

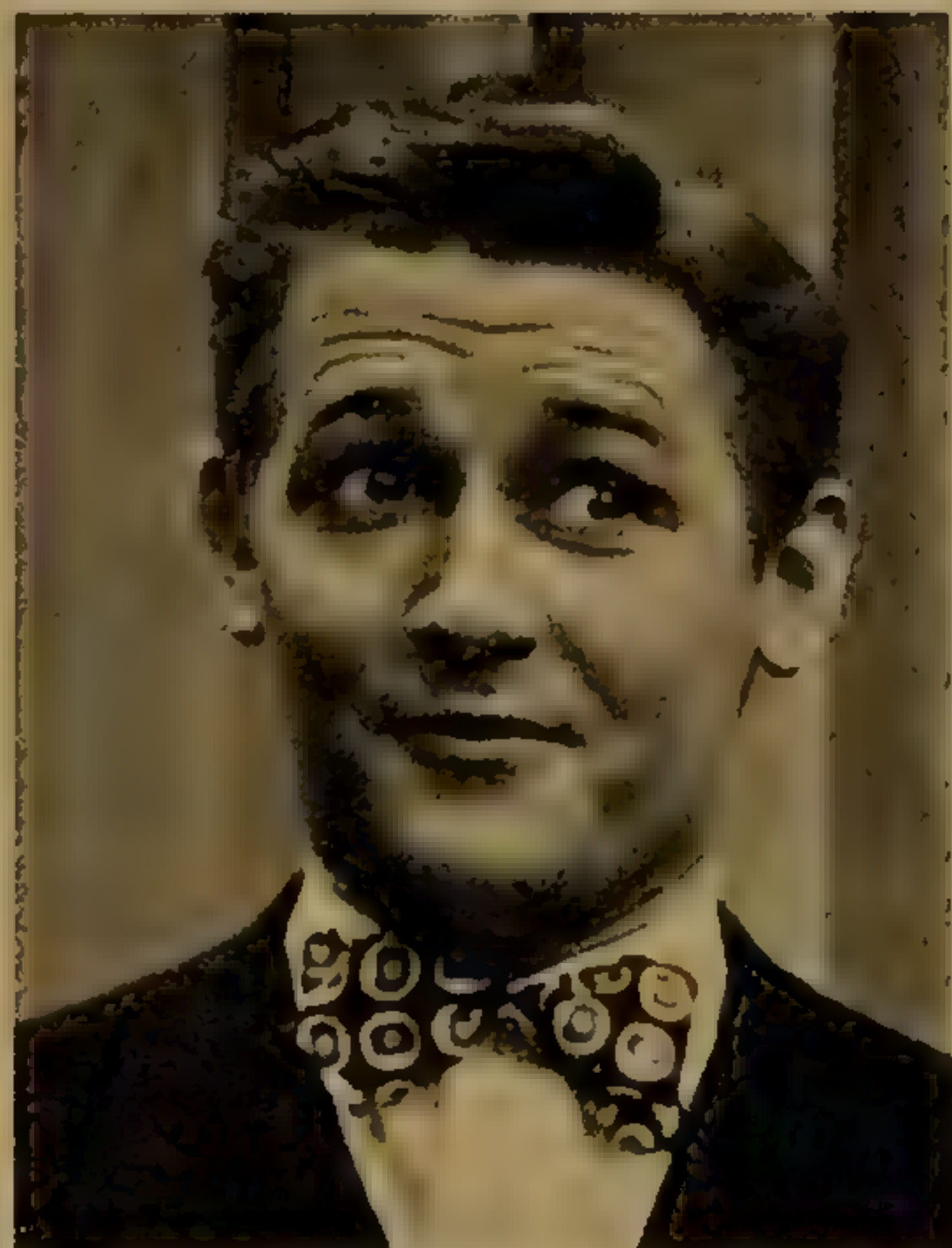
*Good
Looking*

NEW FRIENDS, OLD

Coming Into Your Parlor This Fall Via the CBS Channel Is a Parade of Talent With



Coming: Horace Heidt



Returning: Alan Young



Glamor: Faye Emerson



Songs: by Frank Sinatra



Fun for All: Garry Moore

Last year, when we did a CBS television round-up for you, we found it hard to fit in all the good things already on or scheduled. But if you want to know how amazingly television has grown, consider this season on CBS-TV. We can't begin to include, in the same space we had last year, all the famous names, the fine entertainers, the exciting programs that will be coming your way next winter. For instance, Jack Benny isn't pictured here, but he'll undoubtedly be on your set before the year is out. Bergen promises to bring at least one newcomer, that lovely lady Podine Puffington, to bolster Charlie and Mortimer's TV debuts. Horace Heidt brings his Youth Opportunity program to TV. Amos and Andy will be seen as well as heard. And of course there will be Arthur Godfrey with his uke and his Friends, Ed Sullivan with his Toast of the Town. And many, many others.



It's the Fred Waring Show, Sunday night musical treat



You'll see them: Who else but Lum and Abner



Coming: George and Gracie, here with the Burns kids.

FAVORITES on CBS-TV

Everything at Its Command. Best of All, It's at *Your* Command for Just the Flick of a Wrist



Entrepreneur: Robert Q.



Toast of Town's Sullivan



Back again: Elsa Maxwell



New on TV: Ralph Edwards



Back on TV: Ken Murray



Kaufman, Burrows and Fadiman, of This Is Show Business



Saturday's The Big Top, ringmastered by Jack Sterling



Stork Club TV hosts Hayes, Healy; real host Billingsley



TV Triple Threat: Bergen, McCarthy, Sned; more to come!

*Good
Looking*

NEW FRIENDS, OLD

Your seat is front row center for every CBS-TV drama, and the choice is wide. There are those loved family life stories, *The Goldbergs* and *Mama*. There's teen-ager Corliss Archer, from radio. There are mayhem and mystery in *Man Against Crime* and *Suspense*; comedy, romance and tragedy on *Studio One* and *Ford Theatre*. *Lux Theatre*, *Big Town*, *The Web*, *Sure as Fate*, *Magnavox Theatre*. All waiting on your CBS channel.



Molly Goldberg comes back to her window.



Suspense's production of *Steely, Steely Eyes*.



Ralph Bellamy is the *Man Against Crime*.



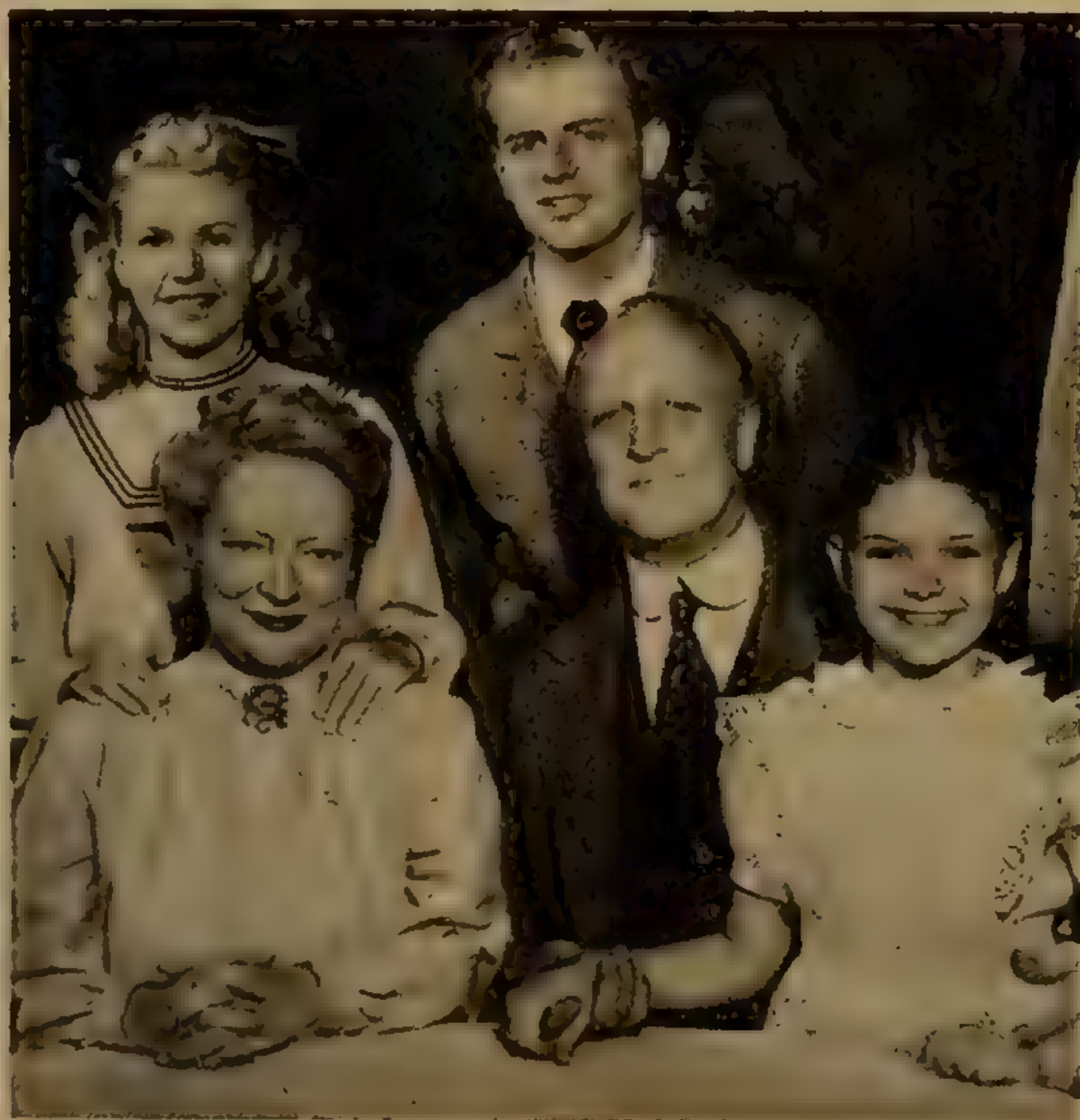
Studio One: Caesar in Modern dress.



Opera at home, complete and brilliant.



Ford Theatre's production of *Dear Brutus*.



Mama—and Papa, and the young Hansens.



Teen-ager Corliss Archer came from radio.



The Bunins pull

The child
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John Daly and guest on V



er Doug Edwards



Bargy: Blues



and makes the piano talk

TV JINGLE JAMBOREE



By
ED SULLIVAN

Ed Sullivan emcees Toast of the Town, Sun., 8 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsor: Lincoln-Mercury.

For those of you who missed seeing last month's issue, here's another chance to enter RADIO MIRROR'S TV Jingle Jamboree—a chance to win one of fifteen beautiful Sylvania radio and TV sets. Here's all you have to do: write a last line for the jingle printed in the next column, identify the personality pictured with it and write a statement, in 25 words or less, on why you'd like to win a TV set. For details see the contest rules printed on this page. And here's a sample jingle to guide you in writing your own last line:

A Man who's served up on Toast,
A CBS Sunday night boast—
Of the Town he's M.C.,
And he'll always be
The non-smilingest man, coast to coast.

LIST OF PRIZES

First Prize: (pictured above) Sylvania 19 inch television screen, combination TV-radio-phonograph with mahogany cabinet.

Second Prize: Sylvania TV console, 19 inch screen.

Third Prize: Sylvania combination radio, phonograph, television, 16 inch screen.

Fourth Prize: Sylvania television console, 16 inch screen; mahogany.

Fifth Prize: Sylvania television console, 16 inch screen.

Sixth Prize: Sylvania television console, 14 inch screen.

Seventh and Eighth Prizes: Sylvania television, table model, 14 inch screen.

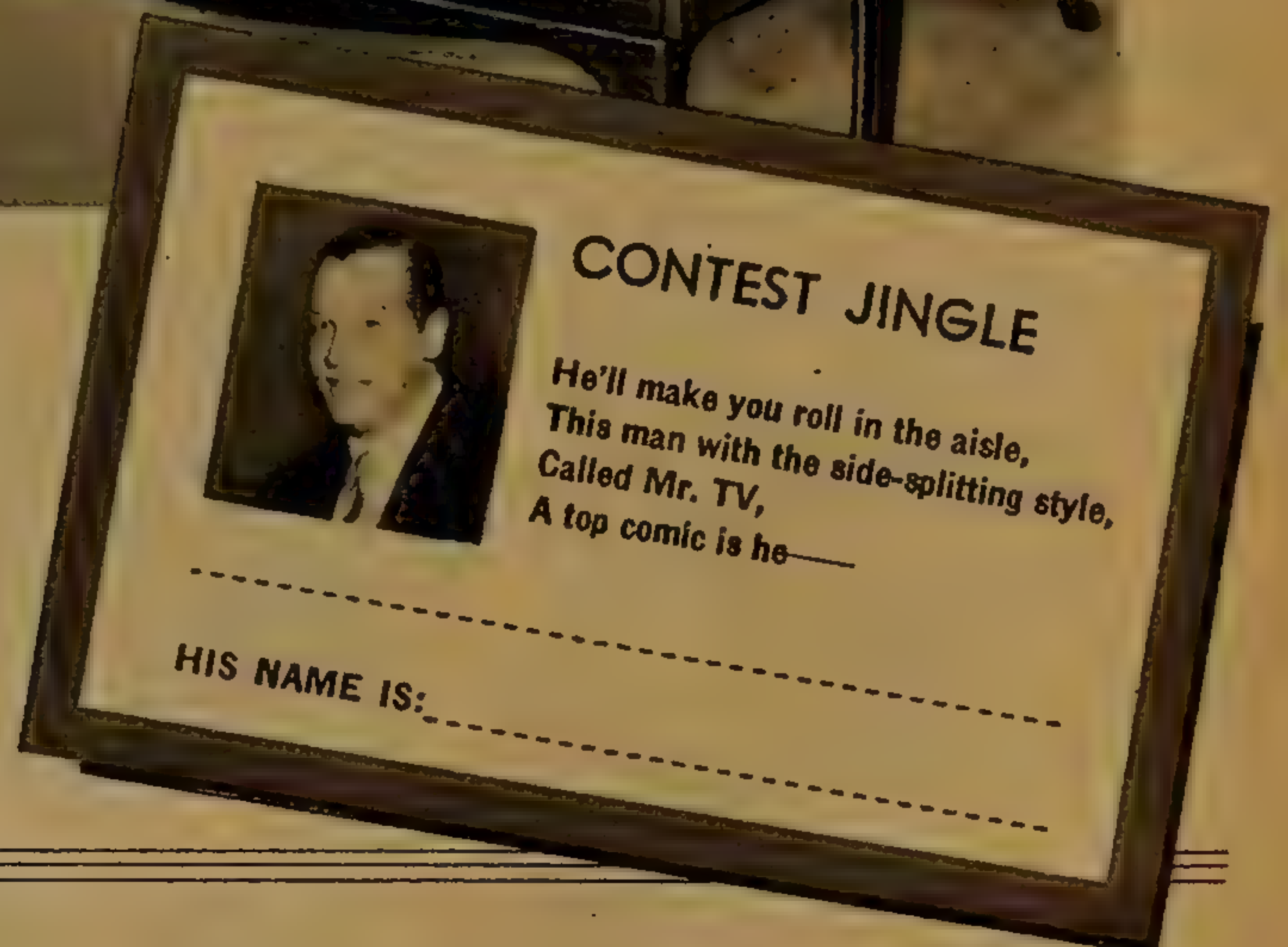
Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Prizes: Sylvania clock radios.

Twelfth Prize: Sylvania three-way portable radio—AC, DC, or battery.

Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Prizes: Sylvania table model radios.



▲ **FIRST PRIZE**



RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Think of a good last line for the "Contest Jingle" pictured above. Your last line should end in a word which rhymes with "aisle" and "style." Decide the name of the TV personality pictured with the jingle.

2. On a separate piece of paper, fill in the last line you have written for the jingle, and also the name of the TV personality pictured with it. Complete, in 25 words or less, the statement: "I would like to win a television set because—".

3. Sole judges of this contest will be Ed Sullivan, M.C. of Toast of the Town, and the editors of Radio and Television Mirror. Entries in the contest will be judged on originality and aptness of last lines submitted, plus correct identification of the TV personality. In case of duplication of last lines the entries will then be judged on the originality and sincerity of the completed statement; in case of duplication of statements, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 20, 1950. All entries become the property of Radio Mirror and none will be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Jingle Jamboree, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



Blanche thought it would be easy to take love

lightly. But the man she had in mind was Rosemary's husband

My name is Blanche Weatherby. That won't mean a thing to you unless you know my father, Donald Wilson. Lots of people do know him, since he's head of one of the biggest advertising agencies in New York City. Or unless you are a friend of Bill Roberts and his wife, Rosemary.

His wife, Rosemary. I keep telling myself about Rosemary. That she's his wife, and that he loves her. I know it's a fact that she's his wife, so I don't have any trouble believing that. About his loving her . . . yes, I believe that too. I don't want to believe it,

Heaven knows. Things could be a lot different if I thought . . . but I don't. I know that Bill belongs to Rosemary. The question is, what happens now—to me?

If you do know Bill and Rosemary, you won't much care what happens to me. You'll figure I'm getting what I deserve. And I agree—oh, I absolutely agree! I've committed one of the unpardonable sins . . . broken one of the great commandments. Punished, of course, I must be. I'm not complaining about that. What bothers me is how, how (Continued on page 97)

HOLM
GREEN
"

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS • by BLANCHE WEATHERBY

Rosemary is heard Mon.-Fri., 11:45 A.M. EDT on CBS. Sponsored by Ivory Snow.

A WOMAN LIKE ME



"Since I met you," he murmured, "I haven't been able to work, I haven't been able to think . . ."

A
ROSEMARY
STORY

THIS



Aunt Jenny (shown with Dan Seymour in her kitchen) is heard M-F, 12:15 P.M., EDT, CBS. Sponsor is Lever Bros.' Spry.

Way to a man's heart...

Since I was a girl, a lot of new-fangled notions've sprung up about how to get a husband and how to hold onto him once you've got him. In my day you used good common sense, mostly. Nowadays it's psychology, but you'll find if you read between the lines in all the articles you see on the subject, it boils down to common sense all the same!

Today, same's it was yesterday—and same as it's going to be tomorrow, too, I dare say—one of the best and surest ways to a man's heart is with food. A good meal's still pretty good psychology, too, if you want to look at it that way. And a little treat, like a batch of crispy homemade doughnuts, or your favorite cookies, or a fine, fluffy lemon meringue pie, can go a long way toward keeping a home happy.

Maybe you'd like to mix up a batch of doughnuts today, to surprise your husband with when he comes home tonight. If you would, here's my way with them—makes the old-fashioned kind, brown-crust and crisp on the outside, tender and sweet inside.

Aunt Jenny's Doughnuts

4 egg yolks or	3¾ cups sifted
2 whole eggs	all-purpose flour
1 cup sugar	3½ teaspoons baking
1 cup less 2 tablespoons	powder
milk	1¾ teaspoons nutmeg
½ teaspoon vanilla	¾ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons Spry	1¼ teaspoons salt

Put eggs in mixing bowl and beat very light. Beat in sugar gradually. Add milk and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Drop in Spry. Sift flour, baking powder, salt

and spices together. Add half of flour to first mixture and beat until smooth. Add remaining flour and mix well. Turn out on floured board and, with as little handling as possible, roll dough ⅜ inch thick. Cut with a 2¼ inch doughnut cutter. Fry in hot Spry (375°) until brown, turning when first crack appears. Drain on absorbent paper. While warm, shake in a paper bag with sugar spiced with cinnamon. Makes 2 dozen.

Here's a little something to remember about deep-fat frying: always test the temperature of the hot fat before you fry. A frying thermometer's most accurate. If you haven't one, a one-inch cube of bread will turn brown in one minute in fat that's right temperature for most frying.



A very good morning

I never did hold with calling a cup of black coffee and a glass of juice breakfast. Most experts on nutrition agree with my idea that a good, hearty breakfast puts your mind and body in shape to face a

day's work. Getting down to cases, a good breakfast should provide a quarter to a third of daily food requirements, ought to be made up of citrus fruit or juice, hot or ready-to-eat cereal (enriched or whole grain,) bread in the form of toast or muffins or pancakes or the like, butter and a beverage. Eggs, too, if your family skips them at other meals, and bacon or sausage are nice extras for a hearty man's meal. Beverage can be tea or coffee for you, milk or cocoa for the children.

IS MY LIFE

Aunt Jenny's fame as an extra-good cook, a marvelous housekeeper, has spread far beyond her home town. Here she passes on to you some advice which has helped many Littleton homemakers



By AUNT JENNY

Editor's Note: Each month on these pages, daytime serial favorites of yours will tell you about their home lives. You'll learn their housekeeping shortcuts, share their ideas on bringing up children, on beauty, home decorating, food,

recreation, travel—all the things which add up to the full-time job of being a housewife. The methods they've used to solve housekeeping problems, which they'll pass on to you, may help you to make your housework lighter and easier.



Housewifely magic...

I'm not one who likes to see things go to waste—like a man's shirt, when the cuffs and collars fray, but the rest is still good. I've been making aprons from Dad's old shirts for years. Maybe you'd like to try. Cut off the top of

the shirt straight around under the sleeves. Cut off button and button-hole bands; hem edges. Trim shirt tail off straight and hem, or leave as is for scalloped bottom. Gather raw edge at top as much as needed to fit your waist. Cut waist band, apron strings, from sleeves. If the shirt had a pocket, sew it on. Fancy it up with rick-rack or bias tape if you like.

What does it say on the label?

Every once in a while one of the young-marrieds here in Littleton asks me if I'll go along with her shopping for dress material or curtain fabrics or some such. "You've had a lot of experience sewing, Aunt Jenny," she'll say. "You'll know a lot better'n I what is what when it comes to picking out material." Manufacturers nowadays are pretty helpful, too. The thing is, always read the label—it can tell you lots. Suppose you want to know if the fabric's serviceable. Some labels state that the fabric was tested for the use to which it's to be put—tests for strength, resistance to perspiration, sunfading and shrinkage. More often than not, washing instructions are on the label, too. Labels can help you decide whether a bargain's a real bargain or not, be-

cause the ease and success and cost of care—the upkeep, you might say—have to be figured into the original cost of the material. For instance, labels should state the amount of shrinkage left in the cloth—one percent residual shrinkage means the fabric'll shrink less than half an inch per yard. Colorfast information should state if color's fast to washing, perspiration, sunlight, gas fading and dry cleaning. By reading the label carefully, you will be able to buy material that will suit your needs, and at the same time last longer and look better. There's no question about it—it really pays to check before buying!



Make it shine...

There's nothing so pretty, to my mind, as white or light-painted woodwork. But seems like you hardly turn around and you've got a mess of finger marks to contend with, specially if there're children in the house or you have lots of visiting youngsters, like we have.

There's a way with woodwork, though, like with everything else. First you've got to know what paint you have—semi-gloss or gloss can be washed, flat paint can't. Mild solution of good soap or detergent's the thing to start with, using as little as necessary to make a suds. Wring out a clean cloth in it and work on a small area at a time, from the bottom up so you won't have long dark streaks. If necessary with the soap you're using, rinse with another clean cloth wrung out of clear water. Dry with soft, dry cloth. Painted woodwork keeps clean longer with a coat of liquid or self-polishing wax—dusts down real easy.

CHEERY THOUGHT DEPT, OCTOBER
DIVISION:

October's child is born for woe
—like fires, for instance. Fires outdoors with the smell, like no
other, of burning leaves. Other outdoor fires, on which to cook
the last-of-the-season steak-fries, heartier now than in the heat
of summer, with maybe whole potatoes roasted in the ashes and
toasted marshmallows for dessert to goo up your fingers and your
insides so beautifully. Fires indoors, too, in the fireplace, to take
the chill off what my grandfather used to call "snappish" eve-
nings . . . There will be, the Old Farmers' Almanac says, quite
a few of those snappish evenings this October. And good grief,
look what the same source has to say about the 23rd of this month!
Calmly, without batting an eye, it lists that date as: "World
Created, 4004 B.C." . . . Then, of course, at the end of the
month comes Hallowe'en, and the neighborhood kids will be
around, dressed up as horrendously as their imaginations, and their
parents' old wardrobes, will allow, with threats of "tricks or
treats." Lois always fortifies us against such tricks by keeping a
running tide of fresh doughnuts going on that night—she fries
'em and I dole 'em out, along with glasses of soft cider. You'd
be surprised how many sophisticated youngsters are amazed—
but delighted—by this old-fashioned approach. What's the world
coming to, I want to know, when the rising generation is filled with
kids who've never had a drink of cider, never known the joy of
biting into a fresh doughnut, hot from the kettle, shaken up in
a bag of powdered sugar with just a smidge of cinnamon in it?

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY:

Linkletter (to little girl): What do you
want to be when you grow up?

Little girl: An operator.

Linkletter: What are you going to
operate on?

Little girl: Telephones.



Art Linkletter emcees House
Party, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P. M.
EDT on CBS stations. Spon-
sored by Pillsbury Mills.

Art Linkletter's

NONSENSE

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR
BETTER—DEPT:

PUPPY LOVE

It seems to me that little boys who play
With puppy-dogs are always all agog,
A fact that's often prompted me to say
That every little boy should have a dog.
And when I see a puppy-dog pursue
A running lad with tiny yips of joy,
To me it always seems apparent, too,
That every little dog should have a boy!

—Richard Wheeler.

Some Enchanted Hair-do!—Have a statistic or
two concerning the hair of Mary Martin, star of
"South Pacific" and the things that happen there-
to. In the course of washing that man out of her
hair, Miss Martin has, since the show opened,
given herself an on-stage shampoo eight times—
six evening and two matinee performances—weekly.
Besides, she has two extra shampoos a day—
in the morning, and after each night's show to get
out any soap she may have left behind on stage.
That adds up, if I've used the right fingers to count
on, to twenty-two hair-washings per week, to say
nothing of the once-a-week haircut and over-every-
three-weeks home permanent. Hats off to Miss M.,
cleanest little lady of the year!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID IT:

"I do the very best I know how;
and I mean to keep doing so until
the end. If the end brings me out
all right, what is said against me
won't amount to anything. If the
end brings me out wrong, ten
angels swearing I was right would
make no difference."

READERS' OWN LITTLE WILLIE DEPT—

Willie, brightest of the bunch,
Put powdered glass in Papa's
lunch,
Then said (which shows his
brilliant mind)
"My old man couldn't stand
the grind!"

—J. Homer McLin

SPEAKING OF FIRES—

Let me tell you about one that happened while we
were visiting friends in a town serviced by volun-
teer fire departments. When those whistles start
hooting, all able-bodied men are supposed to turn
out, as well as the volunteer department members.
On this afternoon, my friend and I raced to the
scene. It seemed to me that the firemen, official in
rubber coats and boots, greeted the amateurs with
a remarkable lack of enthusiasm. However, they gave
us each an Indian Gun—a portable fire extinguisher
—and told us to fall to. We began to squirt the fire
and each other with equal fervor. Much talk, mean-
while, was going the rounds concerning the arrival
of the new equipment belonging to Bridgewater
Company 9. Of course, there are no fire hydrants—
water must be pumped from ponds or streams.
Bridgewater 9, however, had a new tank-truck.
"When Bridgewater 9 gets here," people kept saying
as they wiped Indian Gun goo from their eyes,
"everything will be under control." Soon Bridge-
water 9 panted up, splendid as only a brand-new
fire truck can be. How blood-red gleamed its paint!
How proudly the men jumped down! How efficiently
they worked, rushing the great hose into the flames!
Bridgewater's chief motioned us all back. Raising his
hand in signal to the water-turner-oner, he cried,
"Let'er roll!" The boy whirled the wheel which con-
trolled the water while all of us stood by, breath-
held. But nothing happened. Bridgewater 9 had for-
gotten to fill its tank. P.S. We put out the fire, anyway.

IT HAPPENED IN—

1607 A.D.—Capt. John Smith,
along with one hundred five
Cavaliers, in three ships, started
the first permanent English set-
tlement in the New World at
Jamestown, Virginia . . . 1769—
Napoleón Bonaparte was born
on August 15 at Ajaccio, Cor-
sica . . . 1783—Massachusetts
Supreme Court outlawed slav-
ery because of the words in the
State Bill of Rights, "all men
are born free and equal" . . .
1804—Alexander Hamilton fa-
tally wounded in a duel with
Aaron Burr at Weehawken,
N. J. . . 1866—Ku Klux Klan
formed secretly in South to ter-
rorize Negroes who tried to ex-
ercise their legal right to vote . . .

AND SOME SENSE

Daytime

Diary

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT

All kinds of trouble can be caused when people unwisely interfere in the lives of their friends. Aunt Jenny illustrated this point dramatically in her recent story of matchmaking gone wrong, when two young people were kept apart by an older woman's efforts to bring them together. Betsy and Duncan were about ready to fall in love, but they had to do it in their own time, and in their own way. When Aunt May began to try to force them together, she very nearly caused a catastrophe that might have turned their love story into a tragedy. As Aunt Jenny points out, the fact that Aunt May meant well wouldn't have helped much, then.

BRIGHTER DAY



Rev. Richard Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

Elizabeth Dennis has made up her mind. In spite of her love for movie producer Nathan Eldredge, she will not return to Hollywood, for she fears that the people she would have to deal with and the life she would have to live would be too alien to the gentle, simple daughter of a small-town minister. But when a girl like Liz falls in love she doesn't do it lightly. Will she be able to forget the powerful attraction of Nathan, and the sincerity of his feeling for her? Has lawyer Sam Winship any chance of filling Nathan's place? The Rev. Dennis, who knows his daughter well, is afraid she has a harder fight ahead than perhaps she realizes.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EDT

Unaware how desperately strained his marriage to Mary is becoming, Broadway actor Larry Noble continues to befriend Claudia Vincent, the scheming woman who understands how to enlist his sympathies. Through Larry's influence, Claudia obtains a part in his play, and while Mary is shocked enough when she learns of this, she is even more upset when gossip columns and talkative neighbors make much of the relationship between Larry and Claudia. Rupert Barlow, the millionaire who refuses to give up his own pursuit of Mary, loses no time in assuring her that the rumors of an affair between Larry and Claudia are well founded.

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

David Harum's old friend, Ed Brice, has gotten himself into a lot of trouble by marrying a woman much younger than himself—only two years older than Lucy, the daughter of Ed's first marriage. The Elkins brothers, Herbert and Denny, both claim to be in love with Lucy, but David's belief that Denny is nothing but a ne'er-do-well is strengthened when David himself is struck and robbed, and Herbert is beaten so badly that he has to be hospitalized. Denny appears to David to be the logical suspect. Denny's true character is even better known to Inez, Ed's wife, to whom the young wastrel has been making love—even though he is ardent in his protestations of love for Lucy.

BIG SISTER



Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EDT

Parker, the malicious old millionaire whose quest for power had already upset many lives in Glen Falls, has managed to force Ruth Wayne into a dangerous position. Her suspicions of him, which so far she has been unable to back up, have made her sound hysterical and foolish to people like her own husband, John, who takes Parker at face value as a man who is anxious to use his money in good causes. Soon, however, Ruth will discover an ally in her effort to show Parker up as the hypocrite she is sure he is. But how will this proof affect her relationship with John? And will she be in time to prevent Parker from causing really big trouble?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT

The murder of a millionaire on a golf course brings the police and reporter David Farrell into the case that David calls "The Country Club Murder Case." Covering the story for his paper, the New York *Daily Eagle*, David questions the people involved and notes the suspicious stories told by two girls who happened to be present on the course at the time of the murder. But David and his wife Sally, both of whom are old hands at murder investigation, are too experienced to be misled by such circumstantial evidence. Their alertness, experience and keen analyzing ability are once again instrumental in helping the police to force the real murderer into the open.

Here's your guide to good listening
on the daytime drama circuit—plot,
character, time, station information



Papa David
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EDT

At long last, the frightening episode involving Jim Swanson draws to a close, as the desperate man is downed by a bullet from the gun of Inspector Craig Roberts. Now Alice, Jim's former wife, can go on with her plans for happiness with her husband, Douglas Norman. And Chichi, thankful for Alice's happiness, can relax for the first peaceful moments she's known since Jim Swanson made his grim threats against her. Papa David, however, is not so sure Chichi and peaceful moments go well together. Already young Craig Roberts has found her intensely disturbing. Papa David knows from experience that where Chichi is, there's usually trouble.

GUIDING LIGHT



Papa Bauer
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

Meta White now believes that the stern educational plans laid down by her husband Ted for their son, Chuckie, are not only mistaken but dangerous. Against Ted's express command Meta had Chuckie interviewed by a children's psychiatrist, who encouraged Chuckie to go on with the hobby he prefers to all others, painting. Ted, convinced that boxing lessons and rugged camping expeditions will do Chuckie more good, is infuriated by Meta's interference, but with Meta the conflict has passed the point of argument. She believes that something terrible will happen to Chuckie if he is forced into activities which cause him physical and mental strain.

LORENZO JONES



Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

Into Lorenzo's life, with a vengeance, there suddenly comes the French touch, and gives Lorenzo's wife Belle still another problem to figure out. Fifi of Paree is the problem's name—and a breath of old Paris she truly is. At a dinner in her honor at the Jones home, Fifi goes to work on Lorenzo, flatteringly insisting that he is the very man who would be capable of creating a machine to remove wrinkles. Lorenzo sparks to the idea as Fifi assures him it will be possible to devise a machine that will be a veritable fountain of youth, so effective in its job that it will make eighty-year-olds look eighteen. Does Fifi herself believe what she says?

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EDT

Strange undercurrents stir at the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, as supervisor Julie Paterno tries to learn the truth behind the little French boy, Bill, who is so strangely involved with Hilltop's doctor, Jeff Browning. There is no question that Bill is the son of Dr. Jeff's former wife, a Frenchwoman named Annette. And there is no question that Jeff definitely despises this woman who has evidently caused him a great deal of trouble. But his relationship with the boy himself puzzles Julie, as does Bill's own strange personality. How much of Bill's story is true, and how much is the clever fabrication of an imaginative, but possibly unhealthy, youngster?

MA PERKINS



Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

In spite of the warnings of her old friend Shuffle, Ma refuses to see the truth about her cousins, the Hammachers, and as a result they have successfully worked the scheme by which they plan to cut Ma off from her family and friends and gradually gain complete control over her lumber yard. Having driven Shuffle away from Rushville Center, and caused trouble between Ma and her daughter Evey that may never be patched up, the Hammachers turn their attention to Ma's other daughter, Fay—the one with the money. Somewhere along the line somebody has got to stop the Hammachers. Is Shuffle going to be able to make himself heard in time?

JUST PLAIN BILL



Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EDT

Edna Lewis, mother of the unscrupulous Ronald Lewis, is murdered, and Bill's young friend Deborah Walsh is in grave danger as circumstantial evidence points toward her as the killer. Ronald, who is determined to get hold of Deborah's money some way, offers to marry her to show his faith in her innocence. But the love between Nicholas Webster and Deborah has never died down, and finally Ronald decides to accuse Nicholas of the crime as the most effective means of getting him out of Deborah's life. Meanwhile suspicion has also fallen on Bill's son-in-law Kerry Donovan. Desperately Bill works to find the murderer, to prevent the disruption of several innocent lives.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Nona
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EDT

Nona Brady's glamorous screen career is really under way when tragedy threatens. At a ball given in her honor, Nona wears the fabulous Rajah's Diamond . . . and it is stolen under circumstances that point suspicion toward her foster father, Pat Brady. Inspector Storm, assigned to the case, turns some of his attention to three strange people who one way or another have recently obtained a foothold in Nona's life. Viola Vance, Errol Dunbar and Daphne Reed are actually working together to upset the lives of Nona and Pat. Will Inspector Storm's investigation unearth any of the true facts about this sinister trio?

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

Kevin Bromfield, left blinded as the result of a brutal, mysterious attack, is the center of a raging controversy in the circle of Sunday and Lord Henry Brinthrope. The young lawyer's love for Sunday had annoyed Lord Henry, and encouraged his fiancée, Marcia, to accuse Lord Henry of the attack. She claims it was motivated by jealousy which several people had heard Lord Henry express. Sunday, however, believes that Lord Henry would never have done such a thing, and sets herself grimly to learn the truth. The story behind the assault upon Kevin is a dreadful shock to Sunday when she ultimately discovers who was responsible, and why.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

Carolyn Kramer's ill-advised effort to regain custody of her son Skippy, who was awarded to her divorced husband Dwight as the result of evidence faked by his lawyer, has plunged her into a scandal from which—according to his political backers—her fiancé, Miles Nelson, must be protected. Carolyn, knowing that publisher Annette Thorpe is the most influential person behind Miles, distrusts the decision that Miles and Carolyn must stop seeing one another. It is supposed to be temporary, but Carolyn is well aware that Annette Thorpe's interest in Miles is not confined to his campaign for the governorship, and believes this is part of Annette's campaign to win Miles.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Pepper Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

Two years ago Pepper's friend Andy Hoyt was lost in a plane crash in South America. Edie never gave up hope that her husband would be found, and when pilot Jerry Feldman flew North with a story about a broken, aged man recently rescued from the jungle, Edie insisted on going down to see him despite Jerry's warning that he couldn't possibly be Andy. But Edie, undiscouraged, goes, and to the astonishment of Jerry and of all the Youngs, who feared Edie's trip would end in bitter disappointment, the man proves to be Andy beyond any doubt! Overjoyed for Edie, Pepper and his family wonder if they would have been capable of faith as profound as hers.

ROAD OF LIFE



Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

Despite his efforts to put the past from his mind, Dr. Jim Brent finds it painfully recalled to him as the trial of the Rockwell gang of traitors opens. As Beth Lambert, the actress who posed as Jim's wife and prevented him from learning the truth about her death, gives her testimony, the whole bitter episode comes back to Jim—their whole life together flashes before his eyes. For the first time he learns some truths about Carol, his wife, which he never had known—truths that make him almost glad she died before her life became an unspeakably sordid mess. But will Jim ever be able to escape from the burden of the past—will he be able to achieve a small measure of happiness?

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

The well-organized ring of gangsters which supplies a great city with dangerous drugs comes under fire as the police and Perry Mason close in on the head men. Meanwhile the happy family life for which Audrey Beekman worked and planned lies in ruins at her feet, with the realization that her husband, Ed, is hopelessly involved with the criminals. For years, while the Beekmans were poor, Audrey kept hoping for more money. Then Ed began to make more in ways that were not clear to Audrey until her sudden discovery that he was tied up with dope-peddling. Can Audrey protect herself and her children from the consequences of her husband's folly?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

Gil Whitney finally learns part of the truth about his alleged marriage to Betty Mallory, who claims that they married in Georgia during the war and that Gil, whom she knew under an assumed name, is the father of little Mollie Lou. But before Gil can completely straighten out this trouble, which was caused by Cynthia Swanson, Cynthia and columnist Daisy Parker go to work planting rumors about a romance between Helen and her boss and old friend, Jeff Brady. So successful is their gossip campaign that Jeff's wife breaks with Helen, and Gil leaves his investigation in Marble Hill and rushes back in consternation to Hollywood to learn the truth for himself.

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

Walter Manning's tendency toward self-distrust leads him into a tangle from which escape will be difficult. When Portia proves that Staley, Walter's boss, is a criminal, Walter recalls his own defense of the man and decides that Portia will be better off without such an incompetent as himself around for a husband—particularly since he has reason to believe that his brilliant brother, Christopher, is in love with Portia. On his way out of town, Walter is involved in an accident as a result of which he changes places with a dead man. Portia, mourning Walter whom she believes to be dead, does not suspect how strangely they will meet again.

ROSEMARY



Bill Roberts
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

Rosemary, returning from a visit to Springdale to find her husband in a violently overwrought condition, is stunned to learn from her friend, Blondie, that he has become infatuated with another woman. Refusing at first to credit this, Rosemary finally believes it when Bill leaves her, obviously so upset that he hardly knows what he is doing. Though Rosemary knows that Blanche, the other woman, has attempted to bow out of the situation, she wonders if there is any future for herself and Bill. Is any love, Rosemary wonders, strong enough to stand the shock of betrayal? Or would it be wiser if she gave up trying to help Bill, and left him to find his own peace?

DAYTIME DIARY—

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EDT

When the doctor tells Terry the frightening news that little Wendy has polio, both she and Stan turn all their energies to the business of getting Wendy cured, with the result that teen-age Brad, despite his own love for his half-sister, begins to feel lonely and unwanted. In quest of new amusement, Brad joins a boys' group called the River Club, only to realize shortly that he has become involved in a gang of juvenile delinquents. When Brad learns the truth about the activities of his new crowd, uncertainty and inexperience make him hesitate over what to do. Finally he goes to his family minister, who counsels him in a course of action that saves Brad from real danger.

WENDY WARREN



Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EDT

Wendy's romance with her managing editor, Don Smith, is rocked by news of the accident in which Nona Douglas is killed. Wendy, explaining that her concern for Nona's husband Mark is merely what any good friend would feel, does not convince Don, particularly when he learns that at one time Wendy and Mark were on the brink of marriage. Learning from a friend in Paris that ever since the accident Mark has been living a strange and obviously unhealthy existence, Wendy is so distraught at this news that she herself begins to wonder if there is any basis to the rumors, spread by Queenie, the columnist, that her old love for Mark never really died.

STELLA DALLAS



Richard Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EDT

Stella Dallas' young friend, Marla Lennox, stands in the midst of a situation that has tragic possibilities when the stranger, Ted Lamont, of whom she has grown fond, proves to be her father. Because Ted is an ex-convict, Marla's engagement to Andy Conroy may be upset by Andy's father, Earl Conroy, who is doing his best to prevent the marriage. But Earl himself is in a questionable position, since there is a mysterious connection between him and a proven gangster named Harry Hill, a man responsible for some of the trouble that has occurred in Ted Lamont's life. Will Stella be able to keep Marla from being hurt by the mistakes of others?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EDT

Joan and Harry Davis, preparing for one of the hardest trials of their life together, are overwhelmed when Joan's mother steps in to make things even worse. Joan, paralyzed as the result of a murderous attack by a deranged woman, faces a future which only Harry and her children can make worthwhile. But Joan's mother, who never got over her opposition to Joan's marriage, decides that all Joan's troubles are the direct result of Harry's shortcomings, and is making a fight to break up the Davis home. Despite the fact that neither Joan nor Harry gives serious thought to this suggestion, their difficulties are not eased by the hysteria of Joan's mother.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EDT

Nurse Nora Drake, though she has been engaged for some time to lawyer Charles Dobbs, discovers certain traits of jealousy and tension in him that make her wonder about going ahead with marriage plans. When her old friend Dr. Jensen advises her to wait, Nora re-examines her relationship with Charles in the light of her interest in the psychiatrist, Dr. Seargent, who has been finding it hard to disguise his growing love for her. Just how much good this love will do Seargent is questionable, for he has not managed to hide it from the glamorous Vivian Jarrett, the woman whose mysterious hold over the psychiatrist can virtually control his life.

YOUNG DR. MALONE



Anne Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EDT

Anne Malone, estranged wife of Dr. Jerry Malone, has found in Sam Williams another man with whom she might be happy. But Sam's headstrong son, Gene, may upset their plans by his violent reaction, for he has stubbornly believed that Anne was in love with him despite the difference in their ages. Young Crystal Gates, daughter of the town drunkard, may get the worst of Gene's bitter decision to make his father and Anne as miserable as possible. Meanwhile, in New York, Jerry faces the ruin of his whole new life as he realizes that Lucia Standish, around whom he is building it, is a dangerous neurotic hypocrite, rather than the idealist he had believed her.

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Paul Tracy
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EDT

Madame Sophie, who began life as a French peasant, has won by her unflagging energy and dominant personality a unique position as a leading New York couturiere whose expensive gowns are worn by the most beautiful women in the world. This career, however, does not entirely satisfy Madame Sophie. Her lively interest in people takes her in and out of the troubles of her friends. There is nothing she likes better than a well-tangled misunderstanding and she is always full of ideas about solving their problems. Sometimes her remedies are effective, but at other times she is glad to have lawyer Paul Tracy around to talk things over from his coldly legal viewpoint.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EDT

Dr. Alison Shaw, the woman surgeon whose brilliant operation saved Ellen Brown's life, now wishes to remain in Simpsonville to join the staff of the hospital where Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen's fiance, works. Ellen, who has grown fond of Alison and feels indebted to her, is astonished when Anthony insists that if she remains in town she will cause trouble. Shortly, however, Anthony's fears appear justified, for Jim Morrison, Alison's worthless former husband, comes to Simpsonville. It seems obvious that Jim's activities will upset everyone who has any contact with him or Alison Shaw. How will Jim Morrison's appearance affect the lives of Ellen and Anthony?

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group O and H Miners	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art of Living Morning Serenade	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	News Makers News, Howard K. Smit. Sal's Lake Tabernacle
11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	American Forum of the Air Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups Chamber Music	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	William Hillman Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Sammy Kaye National Vespers	Charles Collingwood Elmo Roper Record Parade
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC Theater	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Washington Reports	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Choraliers Main St. Music Hall
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	The Truitts The Quiz Kids	Bobby Benson Hashknife Hartley	Music With the Girls The Lutheran Hour	Your Invitation to Music
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Diagnosis Homicide High Adventure	Hopalong Cassidy Martin Kane Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Symphonette
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big Guy James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Milton Cross Album Think Fast	Les Brown World News

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Western Caravan	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Speaking of Songs	My Favorite Husband Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	\$1,000 Reward Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Affairs of Peter Salem Under Arrest	Voices That Live Amazing Mr. Malone	The Jack Benny Show Hit the Jackpot
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	Singing Marshall Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Percy Faith Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Gabriel Heatter The Little Sym- phonies	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Crossroads With Ted Malone	Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Milk Show	This Is Europe Dance Bands	Ginny Simms Love Letters Jackie Robinson	Contented Hour



PAT MCGEEHAN—owns one of radio's most familiar voices. Deadeye is only one of many roles he plays on CBS' Red Skelton Show, Sun. 8:30 P.M. EDT.



GLORIA GORDON—My Friend Irma's landlady (Mon. 10 P.M. EDT, CBS) was born in England, votes American and sounds Irish. She married an American pantomimist she met at London's Hippodrome while she was touring with a vaudeville troupe. She has one daughter and a son, the well-known radio actor Gale Gordon.

MONDAY				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arien
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley C'eveandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Ma- azine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Siam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Ga. Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere This Is Nora Drake House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Fun House Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Inner Sanctum Henry Taylor Joe Hesel	Hollywood Star Playhouse Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts Korean War Roundup	Treasury Music Rex Maupin	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Night Beat Cloak & Dagger	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	United or Not This Is My Song	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk

* Heard in southern & west-central states



BOB STEVENSON—the thirty-five-year-old announcer of CBS's *Life with Luigi*, played hookey from his Binghamton, N. Y. high school to accompany a friend who was auditioning for radio and wound up with the job himself. Shortly after his discharge from the Army, he headed west to resume radio duties in Hollywood.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Curley Bradley	Fun House Space Patrol	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Drama	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Starlight Concert	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman Presents Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Mrs. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Fibber McGee & Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Fine Arts Quartet	Life With Luigi Truth or Consequences
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People are Funny	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense Labor & Management	There's Music in the Air

* Heard in southern & west-central states

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Local Program Doughboys	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Fun House Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dangerous Assignment Great Gildersleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Cliche Club	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour Chandu the Magician	It Pays to be Ignorant Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Champagne Music On Trial	Philip Marlowe Dixieland Jazz Concert

* Heard in southern & west-central states



ANNE BURR—is always cast as "the menace" because of her deep voice. Her surprise was great when she got the leading lady assignment on radio's Studio One because "I'm the world's worst auditioner." She appeared in Broadway's "Detective Story," is well-known for her portrayal of Nona in Wendy Warren; Valerie in Big Sister.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Curley Bradley	Fun House Space Patrol	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Drama	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sportsmen's Club 8:55 Bill Henry	Screen Guild Players	FBI in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Cass Daley Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Dragnet Sara's Private Capers	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Paul Harvey	James Hilton Playhouse Hollywood Theatre

* Heard in southern & west-central states



STAATS COTSWORTH — who appeared in twenty-three Broadway shows in fifteen years, was among the first stage actors in radio. (He's CBS's Crime Photographer, Thurs. 9:30 P.M. EDT.) Born near Chicago he has been a sailor, bus driver, book illustrator and still does excellent water colors, some of which he has exhibited.



JAN MINER—Staats Cotsworth's partner in crime detection and Julie on CBS's daily (3:15 P.M. EDT) Hilltop House, began her drama career as a stage designer in her hometown of Boston because she thought she wasn't pretty enough to be an actress. She and her husband are camera fiends—he takes pictures; she develops them.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Adventures Bobby Benson	Fun House	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World The Playhouse H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Stars and Starters We The People	Louis Prima Eddy Duchin 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Up For Parole
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dimension X Confidentially Yours	Army Air Force Show	The Thin Man The Sheriff	Songs For Sale
10:00 10:15 10:30	Wanted Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Claremont Hotel Dance Music	Escape Capital Cloakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Down Homers Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York Galen Drake Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Show Mary Lee Taylor	Local Programs Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		Family Party Look Your Best
11:00 11:15 11:30	Smilin' Ed Mc-Connell Archie Andrews	U. S. Marine Band Hoosier Hot Shots	Joe Franklin's Recordshop At Home With Music	News, Phil Shadel 11:05 Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affairs Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station 12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey Jerry & Skye Cumberland Valley Barn Dance	Navy Hour Roger Dann	Stars Over Holly-wood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Music U. S. Army Band	Game of the Day* Bands For Bonds	Operetta Matinee	Hormel Girls Fun To Be Young
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Wayne Howell Show Voices Down the Wind	Dance Orchestra	American Jazz Where There's Music	Overseas Report Science Adventures
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Racing News	Caribbean Crossroads Sports Parade	Recorded Music Racing News Treasury Band	To be announced Musical Notebook At the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Music Herman Hickman The Sport of Kings	True or False Twin Views of the News	Tea and Crumpets Club Time	To be announced Make Way For Youth

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bob Considine Living, 1950	Music Al Helfer Helen Westbrook	Albert Warner News Evangelical Program Harry Wismer Rex Koury	News From Wash-ington Memo From Lake Success Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Voices and Events Joe DiMaggio	Hawaii Calls Comedy of Error 7:55 John B. Kennedy	Treasury Show Bert Andrews Buzz Adlan's Playhouse	Winner Take All Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Chamber Music of Lower Basin Street	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Dixieland Jambake Hollywood Byline	Gene Autry T-Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Tales of Texas Rangers	True or False Lombardo Land	Norman Brokenshire Phil Bovero	Gang Busters Musical Revue
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chamber Music Society Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	At the Martinique At the Shamrock	Sing It Again

* Heard in southern & west-central states



EUGENIE BAIRD — featured singer on CBS's Sing It Again (Sat. 10 P.M. EDT) was born in Pittsburgh. She sang with Tony Pastor, Jan Savitt and Glen Gray before becoming Bing Crosby's partner for a season and touring with Paul Whiteman. For six months thereafter she was in the Broadway musical "Angel in the Wings."

POETRY

OCTOBER

October is a harvest moon
With romance in his genial beam;
Chrysanthemums—a sweetheart's tune—
The answer to a poet's dream.

October is an orange field
Of pumpkins ripe upon the vine,
And jars of air Jack Frost unsealed
That are as tipsy as wine.

October is a frosty sky
Where witches roam and snowflakes brew;
October is a hearth where I
Would like to share my dreams with you.
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Second Love

We'll make a wine of laughter
And see this moment trace
An end to all our heartbreaks,
Unveil love's long lost face.

We'll turn our eyes to morning
Let the young sun dry our tears,
And pause no more in yearning
For all those love-shorn years.

We'll hold the past as pruning
Of youth's too thoughtless grace,
And rest our hearts together
In love's new time and space.
—Eula G. Klein

SONG FOR UNDERSTANDING

This is high understanding: that you know
When I am sorry without telling you,
And I am aware of your regret, although
You go about your day's work, and pursue
Another subject when you talk with me.
It is not only that we read the eyes,
Or by each other's very acts can see
The wish to compensate for some unwise
And sudden hurt we managed to inflict—
But, out of this, true understanding springs
Which makes it more easy to predict
The other's feeling long before he brings
Out, "I am sorrier than words can tell."
You know my heart, and I know yours so well!
—Elaine V. Emans

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By JOAN DAVIS

In the July issue of RADIO MIRROR, this column printed the problem of Mrs. F. T. who wanted to know what she should do to prevent her son from quitting school and emulating the bad habits of others. In the opinion of the editors, the best letter was sent in by Mrs. Irvin Greer, whose answer is printed below. A check for \$25.00 has been sent to Mrs. Greer.

This month's problem letter appears at the end of the feature. What is your answer to it? Your letter may win \$25.00.

Dear Mrs. F. T.:

I think your little boy is trying to "grow himself up" too fast. Possibly he feels that, like his sisters, he could be out of your way. He sees that you and your husband are very happy and he just feels left out and alone. Both of you should cultivate an intimate friendship with the boy. Take him out with you; encourage him in wholesome sports. Invite boys of his own age to your home and see that they have a good time. Fix his room up attractively so that it will be a place he really likes to come home to. Try to get him started with an interesting and absorbing hobby. Take it for granted he is going on with his education. Show a great interest in his schoolwork. See that he has many good books and magazines in his room. Talk about the future and the good jobs coming up, indirectly making education appear as a necessity. Your boy must be made to feel that he is needed and wanted in the home. And that he is an important contribution to your own happiness. Just give him the right build-up and he won't let you down!

Mrs. I. G.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am deeply in love with a young man and he has declared his love for me. I know he has marriage on his mind. But his family and background are all that mine aren't.

Although my mother has never been married, she has three children, all by different fathers. For the last ten years she has lived

with a shiftless drunkard who beats and mistreats her especially when drunk. When she needs money, she comes to me.

I'm the only girl. Life at home was so unbearable that I ran away when I was sixteen. I lived with the family I worked for. By hard work and saving I put myself through school. I now have a good home and a good job. I have bettered myself and have lived a life that will bear the closest inspection. I tried doubly hard because of my mother's mistakes.

Yet, I'm so ashamed of my sordid family background. And I'm afraid to tell this young man for fear his family will make him drop me even if his own love is strong enough to care for me for myself alone.

N. B.

Dear N. B.:

I believe that it's never safe to gamble. In this case, I'm sure it wouldn't be safe for you to keep your story from the young man you wish to marry. By accident—or perhaps by design, for there are always people in this world who are willing to make trouble—it's most likely that at some time or another, after you are married, this story would reach your husband's ears. And think how he would feel, knowing that you hadn't trusted him to the extent of confiding in him.

If he loves you—for yourself alone, which is a good test of the kind of love which makes for married happiness—he will honor you for your efforts, rather than holding your past history against you. As for his family, I suggest that you let the young man himself decide how much of the story they need be told.

Dear Joan:

I am a girl of fourteen. I live in a town where there are plenty of girls and boys my age, and we all like to go to movies, and dances. But it seems I always get left out for two reasons.

I only get one dollar for allowance and have to stretch it for

church, movies, after school and in school cokes. I go to church twice weekly and it costs thirty-five cents on Sundays without counting Saturdays. To the cheapest and still decent theatre it costs fifty cents just to get in, without bus fare or a treat.

I'm turned down so much when I ask for things I'm afraid to ask anymore. My parents think I should be able to go to the show, church, buy myself new clothes, and have other treats on a dollar a week. While all the other kids get from three dollars to four dollars a week. I would be satisfied with a dollar and a half or two dollars at least.

My second problem is the tele-
(Continued on page 82)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another \$25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than Sept. 22. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.



Nancy's engagement diamond!

She's Engaged!

Sweet and lovely Nancy Ann Heston is wearing a bright new diamond ring—and giving out news of her engagement to J. Thomas Ligget, Jr., Yale, Class of 1950. They'll be married this fall in the Presbyterian Church of beautiful Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—a big wedding and reception, with eight bridesmaids and Nancy, a *completely adorable bride*.

She's Lovely!

Nancy Heston has the captivating sort of face that makes *everyone* want to know her better! Her eyes are like blue sky—her lips curve in an irresistible smile—and her complexion is *smooth as cream*. It's a face that sends out the special magic of her Inner Self—lets you see the *darling girl* she is!

She uses Pond's!

“When you look pretty—you feel more confident...Nancy believes

Haven't you noticed it . . . that much more *confident* feeling you have when you are *looking* especially nice?

One of a girl's biggest assets is lovely skin, Nancy feels. “I *always* clean my face with Pond's Cold Cream—it's extra softening, just *wonderful*,” she says.

You'll find a magic in this treatment, too! Use it every night—*this way*:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over

your face to soften and sweep skin-dulling dirt and old make-up from pore openings. Tissue off clean.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your super-clean face! So *soft*—too!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—you owe it to yourself. It sends a happy confidence sparkling out from your Inner Self—attracts people to you on sight.



Today, get a big jar of snowy Pond's Cold Cream!

Start *now* to help your face show a lovelier You!

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 18)

*Roy-al, Pud-ding!
Rich-rich-rich with flavor,
Smooth-smooth-smooth as silk,
More food energy
Than sweet fresh milk.*

For some years they led the field. "We were the first olive out of the bottle, and we were the best," says the modest Kent who since has turned his talents to other departments of radio, but not before he and Crome-Johnson had stunned the advertising world with another sensation in 1944. This was the famous *silent commercial*! It was the result of another conference of the partners. A battalion of imitators had followed their lead and the air was full of tuneful sales talk. Once again they said to each other, "What stinks?"

"Commercials," was once again the answer. "Even singing commercials."

"How can we fix them?"

"Well, what is the opposite of sound?"

"Silence!"

Inspired, they went right out and sold some silence to the makers of a hair dressing, *Admiration*. The commercial went something like this: "Admiration for the hair waves presents the newest thing on the air waves: SILENCE. Have some."

With that, the air went dead for some ten seconds before the announcer murmured, "Like this quiet? Have some more." Another ten seconds elapsed before the soft invitation, "Come on in—the nothing's fine. This is the first time a sponsor gives you a whole minute of silence! Like it? Have some more."

Listeners were in a fever of curiosity, naturally, at the end of the minute, and *Admiration's* sales took a healthy jump. Though a noble experiment, this "silent" commercial did not stem the tide of the selling rhyme. By this time the air was full of the works of other poets. Children no longer skipped rope to chanted nursery rhymes, but used, instead, such words as,

I like Chiclets candy-coated chewing-gum.

I am going out right quick and buy me some.

*It's refreshing as can be,
Skitty-whoa, skitty-wheel!*

I like Chiclets candy-coated chewing-gum.

Nothing is so tenacious a memory as the songs of childhood. It is interesting to project the imagination to the year

2000 and vision a group of middle-aged people indulging in tender reminiscence and singing, not "I'll Never Smile Again," or "South of the Border" but

It's delicious, yum-yum-yum,

It's delightful! Order some!

Now demand it. Here's the name

Piel's Light Beer of Broadway fame. or the briefer but no less relentlessly fixed in the memory,

Rinso White!

Rinso White!

Happy little washday song.

Before 1939 there had been other give-aways, but sponsors and listeners alike paid them only minor attention until Horace Heidt started *Pot O' Gold* and the trend that is still raging. If Heidt had not fractured his back playing football at the University of California, the whole thing might never have happened. He had planned to be a football coach. During his weeks of convalescence he faced the fact that his athletic career was finished. He had been making extra money playing the piano at school dances with some success, so when he recovered he concentrated on music, formed a dance band and was on his way—but not very fast. In spite of his fame as a dance band leader, radio passed him by until he started his *Answers by Dancers* on a local station during his engagement at the New York Biltmore. It was the first broadcast quiz featuring ad-lib interviews from such an audience, and it added impetus to the quiz and guessing-game shows that soon were to spring up on all sides.

Until *Pot O' Gold* came along, prizes had been won by an effort of some kind—the solving of a puzzle, the writing of a letter, the invention of a slogan, the answering of a question. It was obvious that only a small percentage of listeners took the trouble to compete. How could you interest the lazy people who wouldn't join in? A flash of inspiration presented the solution. Each week a name was selected at random from the telephone books of the country. All the winner had to do was answer. If he did, \$1,000 was sent to him for no more than saying "Hello." If he were so unlucky as to be out or asleep, \$100 was sent to him anyway, and the remaining \$900 was added to the jackpot. What a sensation! Here was truly something for nothing. No one seemed to care that

chance of being called was one in millions. It could happen, and it was glorious to listen to someone being showered with unearned gold each week. Heidt backed up his give-away with a splendid show, but the day of the give-away as entertainment all by itself was close at hand. The vast interest in *Pot O' Gold* started another trend when Heidt started to broadcast from a different city each week—the first major band to make a policy of touring.

"Coming, mother" became a national catch-phrase in the summer of 1939 when the Aldrich Family went on as a replacement for Jack Benny's show, and Ezra Stone has been heard nationally as the befuddled teen-ager ever since. Dennis Day, then known as Eugene Dennis McNulty, became an important addition to the Benny show this year. He remained with it until he joined the Navy. After the war, he started his own show, too, *A Day in The Life of Dennis Day*.

Jay Jostyn played the assistant to Mr. District Attorney at the start but within the year worked up to the top spot. What is generally conceded to be the most literate of the daytime dramas, *Against the Storm*, written by Sandra Michael, was popular until 1942 when it went off the air for a while. Certain characters in it were hating Hitler prematurely. There was a Neutrality Act still in force, so any reference to our neutrality, pro or con, was judged to be "controversial." The National Association of Broadcasters' new Code of Fair Practice clearly defined as "controversial" any subject concerning the nation about which there was a division of opinion. Political campaigns were one example. The question of intervention in Europe's war or isolation was another. It was ruled that such matters might not be presented in dramatic form, and should be discussed only in straight speeches or debates and on sustaining, non-paid time except in the case of political campaigns when both sides were allowed to buy equal amounts of time, if they wished.

It was this ruling against controversial subjects on paid time that finally took Father Coughlin off the air. When his advertising agency tried to renew his contracts for time, they promised that his broadcasts "will not attack any race or creed, but will keep the patriotic tenor of trying to keep America out of the war." The Code committee ruled that such a discussion would be controversial and so could be broadcast only as a sustaining show. Many stations were willing to sell time to Father Coughlin, but few cared to donate it. In 1940, the cleric announced that he was leaving radio and would devote himself to his magazine, *Social Justice*. So ended a career about which many listeners had bitterly opposing opinions.

Another bombshell was tossed in a different direction by a brave gentleman by the name of Artie Shaw, who told the jitterbugs where to get off in no uncertain terms. This intrepid man was born in 1910 and grew up in the years when at least one boy on every block was making the night hideous with a saxophone. In 1925, he switched to a clarinet where there was less competition, developed a distinctive hot style under tutelage from the great Bix Beider- (Continued on page 76)

*"I look forward to
it every morning!"*



says one regular listener to the fascinating radio program "My True Story" heard every morning, Monday through Friday. You meet new people each day, hear their real-life stories taken from the pages of *True Story Magazine*. Each morning there's a complete *true* drama, prepared in co-operation with the editors of *True Story Magazine*. Thousands of women vote this their favorite morning program because the people you meet . . . with their loves, their fears, their problems . . . could be you, could be your neighbor.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

"I'm sure of all-over
Lux Loveliness with this big
BATH SIZE!"

says Doris Day

"Leaves my skin so fresh,
exquisitely fragrant, too!"

"This big luxurious bath size Lux Soap makes such a wonderfully refreshing beauty bath," says charming Doris Day. "It leaves my skin softer, smoother, perfumed with such a lovely clinging fragrance!"

You will love the generous new bath size. It gives rich abundant lather, even in hardest water. After a Lux Soap beauty bath, arms and shoulders look satin-smooth; skin all over is fresh, really sweet!

Try Hollywood's favorite beauty soap in the luxurious new bath size!



SUCH RICH
ABUNDANT LATHER
EVEN IN HARDEST
WATER!



DORIS DAY and GORDON MACRAE
in a romantic scene from
WARNER BROS.' "TEA FOR TWO"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 74) becke, and by 1938 was a rage with the youngsters, playing for twenty thousand "shag" enthusiasts in one concert on Boston Common, of all places. In 1939, he made "Dancing Co-Ed" with Lana Turner, one year out of high school but already responsible for the term "sweater girl." (She became his third wife on February 13, 1940 and was awarded a divorce seven months later). The movie inspired his fans to a new high pitch of the shrieking that was becoming *de rigueur* in certain junior circles. Their shenanigans were a bore to nearly everyone but the kids themselves, and other band leaders secretly cheered when Shaw was quoted as saying that the young, button-grabbing fans were "morons." The outcry from the fans against their erstwhile idol was horrendous, however, even after he explained that he meant "the few rowdies who were spoiling the whole thing for the kids who just wanted to listen and dance."

They forgave him later, but for a while the rage of the teenagers made life so unpleasant for him that other band leaders decided that the best way to end the fad was to ignore it. Surely it would blow over soon. Little did they know that the bobby-soxers were just around the corner.

1940: Charlie Chaplin came out in his first talkie, "The Great Dictator," which had been some years in the making. It had been eagerly awaited, but suddenly the idea of Hitler as a subject for comedy, no matter how caustic, was no longer funny at all because of the frightening news that was flooding the air. Denmark fell in four hours. Norway was over-run in thirty-two days, Holland in five, Belgium in eighteen when the Maginot Line was rounded in one swoop. Then there were the dreadful days of Dunkirk. On June 10, with Nazi legions cutting deep into France, Italy declared war. Over the radio we learned a whole new set of words—Blitzkrieg, Quisling, Commando, slit-trench—and heard a voice that was to become very familiar.

"All I have to offer is blood, toil, tears and sweat," said Winston Churchill when he succeeded Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister.

France fell. Hitler danced in the forest of Compiègne to celebrate the signing of surrender. All that was left was the death of Britain. Over the radio we heard Churchill's words bracing his people for the attack.

"The battle of Britain is about to begin . . . and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour'."

In October, as the block-busters fell on London, a heart-breaking program started on NBC. It was British children, evacuated to this country, talking to their parents in England. No one who heard will ever forget the chirruping of the brave British voices greeting each other across the submarine-filled ocean. Ben Grauer was master of ceremonies and added another distinguished performance to an important radio career. Grauer was a child star on the stage before he became an announcer in 1930. He is famous for his coverage of news on four continents, including the United Nations since it was formed in 1945, and for his announcements of the Toscanini concerts.

In this country, the Republican nominating convention rocked to the chant, "We Want Willkie!" His acceptance

speech made the nation realize that, no matter who was elected, we faced dangerous times, "I shall not lead you down the easy road. I shall lead you down the road of sacrifice and service to your country." The first peacetime draft was passed in September, and in November the election returns cut practically everything else off the air until it was announced that President Roosevelt had won the unprecedented third term.

Then it was over, and the country discovered that there was something new on the radio—the quiz show. Doctor I. Q. had started in 1939 and became rapidly popular. Now there was a new and fascinating program coming out of Chicago, The Quiz Kids. A panel of five youngsters under sixteen appeared each week. They were chosen through questionnaires and interviews, and each child received a hundred dollar bond for an appearance. The master of ceremonies, Joe Kelly, was a happy choice. He had won first prize in an Indianapolis amateur contest when he, himself, was five. At eight, he was traveling with Neil O'Brien's Minstrels as a featured boy soprano. After six years on the road, he waked up one morning "a tuneless baritone," and, singing career over, turned to acting. In 1933, he became master of ceremonies of The National Barn Dance and was still there when he was appointed Quizmaster of the new show. It became an immediate hit to the astonishment of nearly everyone but its originator, Louis G. Cowan. Contrary to the gloomy warnings that the young savants would be a bore if they weren't rehearsed, and labored and contrived if they were, the spontaneous remarks of the children were both fast and funny. To date, some one hundred and fifty have been "retired" at sixteen, but the supply of well-informed kids holds up.

Take It Or Leave It also started this year. Phil Baker joined it as master of ceremonies in 1941 and ran the \$64 question into a national wisecrack.

Truth or Consequences combined quiz and give-away also. Because its master of ceremonies, Ralph Edwards, was to invent so many audience participation stunts, he deserves a spotlight. He was born on a Friday the 13th, in Marino, Colorado, grew up in Oakland, and was graduated with honors from the University of California. He intended to be an English professor. While waiting for an appointment, he went to work on a San Francisco radio station and liked broadcasting so much that he hitch-hiked to New York full of confidence that a network job would be easy to find. Several months of ten-cent meals and sleeping on park benches changed his opinion. By this time he finally got a chance to try out for an announcing job, his one suit had developed a sizable hole in the elbow—hardly an impressive sight for a prospective employer. There was only one thing to do. He nonchalantly covered it with one hand during the audition, and took pains to sidle out when he won the job over sixty others.

He was an immediate success, rapidly working up to forty-five announcements a week, but he was not satisfied. He wanted to produce a show of his own. But what? Everything had already been done. The idea of Truth or Consequences came when he was playing that game at a house party and noticed how much fun adults were having with the child's game. "It showed me

that people like to let go. Give them a chance, and they love to do stunts, the more absurd the better."

He was right. Audiences loved it, though some few were inclined to agree when he inquired, "Aren't we devils?" after condemning some hapless contestant to be the target of a custard pie or endure an egg shampoo from a blindfolded operator. The devil grew very substantial wings, however, according to several charities. In 1947 when Edwards introduced the "Hush" series that kept the whole nation guessing, the stunt produced well over a million dollars for the March of Dimes, and the Walking Man made \$1,612,000 for the Heart Association.

Superman took the air after having had a dreadful struggle to get started. His creators had offered him to dozens of newspapers, but no one would buy him as a strip. He had to creep up on his public through pages of a comic book. Helen Hayes started her first series of plays on the air and later starred for the Electric Theatre until the tragic death of her daughter in 1949. A fine sustaining show, Invitation to Learning, started at CBS where it was somewhat disrespectfully nicknamed "Columbia's Hour of Silence" because no one believed that discussions of Plato's *Republic* and Racine's *Phedre* and kindred subjects attracted any listener whatever. It built a high rating with highbrows, however, and a survey showed that it had a million loyal listeners, a sign that radio could appeal to a vast unexplored audience if the offering were right.

The excellent music of The Telephone Hour started this year and became an immediate favorite. The interest in fine music was forcibly demonstrated again when the Metropolitan Opera was threatened with eviction and appealed to the air audience for contributions. It received half a million dollars from 150,000 small contributors, showing that the country was grateful for the magnificent programs it had heard free for nine years.

On the lighter side, Bonnie Baker was cooing "Oh, Johnny, Oh Johnny" with Orrin Tucker's band. Vaughn Monroe made his radio debut and by the following year was a sensation with the fans. Dinah Shore, who had been singing for exactly nothing on a Nashville station in 1938, was the reigning juke box queen, had exchanged her first names, Frances Rose, for the name of her biggest hit tune, and had become a featured singer on Eddie Cantor's show. Trumpeter Harry James had left Benny Goodman to start his own band featuring an unknown vocalist—Frank Sinatra.

1941: News was by far the biggest thing on the air. Hitler attacked Russia. Hess parachuted to Scotland. Roosevelt and Churchill met for the first time out of the country, and the eight point Atlantic Charter was written on the open ocean off Newfoundland. The Selective Service Act was extended. The Lend-Lease Act was passed. We had more new words: bazooka, buzz-bomb, Spitfire, flack-happy.

On December 7, Americans were spending a peaceful day eating Sunday snacks (milk, twelve cents, butter thirty cents). Those who had the radio on could not believe their ears when they heard:

"We interrupt this program to bring you a news flash—the Japanese have just attacked Pearl Harbor."

On December 8, President Roosevelt

took the air for the declaration of war following "a date that will live in infamy." On December 19, all weather broadcasts were banned. Otherwise there was no move to take over radio as had been done by the government in 1918. On December 22, Prime Minister Churchill spoke before a joint session of Congress, noting that if his father had been American instead of his mother, he might have been speaking there, "on my own."

No doubt because there was so much tragedy in the news, the big shows that started this year placed heavy emphasis on comedy. Bob Burns began his own Arkansas Traveller. Harold Peary graduated from the Fibber McGee and Molly show to star as The Great Gildersleeve, perennial bachelor and self-styled Don Juan. Red Skelton emerged as a star. Satirist Henry Morgan went on the Mutual network after building a fanatically devoted following on a New York station. Tom Breneman began Breakfast at Sardi's, an audience show with a difference. It featured the elderly, and everybody connected with it turned out at the crack of dawn. It was nothing unusual to see four hundred women waiting to get into his restaurant at six A.M. Breneman put on funny hats, kidded his elderly guests, gave them orchids, asked highly personal questions about their love lives—and they adored it. In 1945 the show was retitled Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood and increased in popularity until his death in 1948.

In 1939 a young writer by the name of Abe Burrows had dreamed up a character who offered advice in garbled English ("Leave us not forget that some of us is mixed company"). This, of course, was the inimitable Archie who developed into the star of Duffy's Tavern by 1940. In 1941, Ed Gardner began to play the part and the show settled down to steady success. Gardner was born Eddie Poggenburg in Astoria, Long Island, of Irish and German ancestry. His mother believed in culture and insisted on piano lessons. Eddie took to them so readily that, at fourteen, he arranged to play at a local saloon in return for all the free lunch he could eat. This blissful engagement ended abruptly when his mother found out why he toyed with his dinner, and led him home by the ear. He was briefly a prizefighter's manager, a file clerk, dispatcher on the Long Island Railroad, salesman of ink, pianos and paint before he found a job directing for the WPA theater. That took him into radio. He produced half a dozen top air shows, including This Is New York, before he turned to acting. In searching for just the right man to play Archie, Gardner kept showing others how the part should be played—and ended up by doing it himself on the air. There have been ten Miss Duffys on the show which was produced first in New York, moved to Hollywood and now comes transcribed from Puerto Rico to its vast audience.

Behind the scenes of radio there were big things astir. One was the final quarrel with the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), to which virtually all important song writers belonged. The public was baffled, and never did really understand what was happening when all current tunes left the air and ancient favorites like "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" replaced them. ASCAP, you (Continued on page 80)

ONLY Improved FELS-NAPTHA OFFERS THESE WASHING ADVANTAGES

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer 'Sunshine' Ingredients
that give white things extra,
brilliant whiteness—make
washable colors
brighter than new.



Yes, little girl, your Mother's a very smart lady . . . she is a regular user of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips—now *improved* for finer washing results.

You and Mother will have your wash done in a jiffy, with Fels-Naptha and your wonderful automatic washer working together. Your play-soiled dresses will come sparkling clean and fresh and fragrant, because Fels-Naptha combines the extra washing energy of golden soap and gentle naptha, plus the special 'Sunshine' ingredient that makes washes 'sparkle-white and color-bright.'

IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
WITH NEW 'SUNSHINE' INGREDIENTS

Listen here!



WADC.....Akron
WGPC.....Albany, Ga.
WTRY.....Albany-Troy
KGGM.....Albuquerque
WHOL.....Allentown
WVAM.....Altoona
KLYN.....Amarillo
WAIM.....Anderson
WWNC.....Asheville
WCMI.....Ashland
WGAU.....Athens
WAGA.....Atlanta
WBAB.....Atlantic City
WRDW.....Augusta
KTBC.....Austin
KERN.....Bakersfield
WCAO.....Baltimore
WGUY.....Bangor
WJLS.....Beckley
WNBF.....Binghamton
WAPI.....Birmingham
KDSH.....Boise
WEEI.....Boston
WGR.....Buffalo
WCAX.....Burlington

KBOW.....Butte
KAVE.....Carlsbad
KSUB.....Cedar City
WMT.....Cedar Rapids
WDWS.....Champaign
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
WCHS.....Charleston, W. Va.
WBT.....Charlotte
WDOD.....Chattanooga
WBBM.....Chicago
KXOC.....Chico
WKRC.....Cincinnati
WGAR.....Cleveland
KVOR.....Colo. Springs
WMSC.....Columbia, S. C.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WBNS.....Columbus, Ohio
WHUB.....Cookeville
KCKY.....Coolidge, Arizona
KEYS.....Corpus Christi
WCUM.....Cumberland
KRLD.....Dallas
WDAN.....Danville
WHIO.....Dayton
WSOY.....Decatur

KLZ.....Denver
KSO.....Des Moines
WJR.....Detroit
WCED.....Du Bois
KDAL.....Duluth
WDNC.....Durham
KROD.....El Paso
WEOA.....Evansville
WMMN.....Fairmont
WINK.....Fort Myers
WANE.....Fort Wayne
WFMD.....Frederick
KFRE.....Fresno
WENT.....Gloversville
KILO.....Grand Forks
WJEF.....Grand Rapids
KFBB.....Great Falls
WBAY.....Green Bay
WBIG.....Greensboro
KGBS.....Harlingen
WHP.....Harrisburg
WDRG.....Hartford
WHOP.....Hopkinsville
KTRH.....Houston
WDAD.....Indiana, Pa.
WFBM.....Indianapolis

In this issue you'll find pictures and stories of the greatest
entertainers in the world...the stars appearing on CBS today.

Look around you...from ocean to ocean, from our
northern borders to the Gulf...wherever you live, there's
a CBS station nearby, ready and waiting to bring
the world's best and most brilliant radio into your home.

WHCU.....Ithaca
WJQS.....Jackson
WMBR.....Jacksonville
KSJB.....Jamestown
WARD.....Johnstown
KSWM.....Joplin
WKZO.....Kalamazoo
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
WKNE.....Keene
WNOX.....Knoxville
WIOU.....Kokomo
KLOU.....Lake Charles
KLAS.....Las Vegas
KLRA.....Little Rock
KNX.....Los Angeles
WHAS.....Louisville
WMAZ.....Macon
WKOW.....Madison, Wis.
WFEA.....Manchester
KGLO.....Mason City
WREC.....Memphis
WCOC.....Meridian
WGBS.....Miami
WISN.....Milwaukee
WCCO.....Minneapolis

KGVO.....Missoula
WKRG.....Mobile
WCOV.....Montgomery
WLBC.....Muncie
WLAC.....Nashville
WWL.....New Orleans
WCBS.....New York
KOSA.....Odessa
KOMA.....Oklahoma City
KFAB.....Omaha-Lincoln
WDBO.....Orlando
WPAD.....Paducah
KCMJ.....Palm Springs
WPAR.....Parkersburg
WMBD.....Peoria
WCAU.....Philadelphia
KOOL.....Phoenix
WJAS.....Pittsburgh
WGAN.....Portland, Me.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
WPAY.....Portsmouth
WPRO.....Providence
WTAD.....Quincy
KOTA.....Rapid City
WHUM.....Reading

KOLO.....Reno
WRVA.....Richmond
WDBJ.....Roanoke
WHEC.....Rochester
KROY.....Sacramento
WFOY.....St. Augustine
KMOX.....St. Louis
KSL.....Salt Lake City
KTSA.....San Antonio
KCBQ.....San Diego
KCBS.....San Francisco
KVSF.....Santa Fe
WSPB.....Sarasota
WTOC.....Savannah
KOLT.....Scottsbluff
WGBI.....Scranton
KIRO.....Seattle
WGWC.....Selma
KWKH.....Shreveport
KSIL.....Silver City
KSCJ.....Sioux City
WSBT.....South Bend
WSPA.....Spartanburg
KXLY.....Spokane
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.

WMAS.....Springfield, Mass.
KTTS.....Springfield, Mo.
KGDM.....Stockton
WFBL.....Syracuse
WTAL.....Tallahassee
WDAE.....Tampa
WTHI.....Terra Haute
WIBW.....Topeka
KOPO.....Tucson
KTUL.....Tulsa
WMBS.....Uniontown
WIBX.....Utica
WTOP.....Washington
WBRY.....Waterbury
WWNY.....Watertown
WJNO.....W. Palm Beach
WWVA.....Wheeling
KFH.....Wichita
KWFT.....Wichita Falls
WWPA.....Williamsport
WGTM.....Wilson, N. C.
WTOB.....Winston-Salem, N.C.
WTAG.....Worcester
KIMA.....Yakima
WKBN.....Youngstown



That frolicking foursome, the Hoosier Hotshots, provided harmony for the very popular National Barn Dance.



The Great Gildersleeve: Hal Peary and "Stuffy" Smith.



Young for so distinguished a career is announcer Ben Grauer.



The man with the \$64 question: Phil Baker of Take It Or Leave It.

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 77) remember, collected fees for the use of its members' music, which is only fair. Otherwise, song writers would have very meager returns for their time and talent. However, ASCAP drove a hard bargain, and radio stations had resented it from the start. Open warfare broke out when the renewal of a contract came up in December, 1940. Broadcasters had been paying about four million dollars a year in royalties for tunes. ASCAP thought twice that would be nice.

The sale of records was enjoying an enormous come-back and the juke box was cutting into radio's audience. Broadcasters felt that this was no time to consider a hundred percent rise in the cost of music on the air. They got together, led by NBC and CBS, and defied ASCAP, saying that they would manage without popular music entirely before paying such a high fee for it. They formed Broadcast Music, Inc. as a rival, signed up what few song writers they could find outside of ASCAP, and held firm. The result was that practically every familiar song was off the air for almost all of 1941. These included everything from "Trees" to "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and even such signature songs as Rudy Vallee's "My Time is Your Time." To ASCAP's astonishment, the public did not rebel too strenuously, so the eighteen-year-old feud was finally settled, with ASCAP winning some concessions but the broadcasters winning more.

The Federal Communications Commission made two momentous rulings this year. The most far-reaching was its somewhat delayed permission for the building of Frequency Modulation stations. This is so technical a subject that only engineers are interested in the details. It is enough for the average listener to know that the main difference from Amplitude Modulation is that FM uses the short wave bands in the radio spectrum, thus finding room on the air for many more stations and so expanding the possible services to the listener immeasurably.

The other ruling had a quicker result. FCC ruled that no one company could own more than one network, and that licenses would be no longer issued to stations in the same area if owned by the same company. This decision was based on the growing opinion that the big networks were approaching monopoly of the air and that, unless controlled, might soon have "too much influence on thought." The immediate result was that NBC, which operated the Blue and the Red Networks, had to relinquish one or the other.

In January, 1942, RCA (the parent company of NBC) set up the smaller Blue Network as a separate unit with eventual sale in mind, and so the groundwork for the fourth great independent network, American Broadcasting Company, was laid.

NEXT MONTH

The start of ABC
How Frank Sinatra became a star overnight.
The record of radio in war with the quotes that live in history.
The give-away shows boom.
Arthur Godfrey becomes a round-the-clock performer.

Fine Food— Fine Friends

(Continued from page 47)

THE MARINERS' SPICED TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

- 1 No. 2 can tomato juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in a beverage shaker. Chill at least 30 minutes. Shake before serving. Makes 4-5 servings.

CHORDETTES' FRIED PIES

- 3 apples, pared and sliced
- 2 cups sifted flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ tablespoons sugar
- ⅔ cup milk
- cinnamon and allspice

Cook apples with ½ cup water and 1 cup sugar until just tender (10 minutes). Drain. Mix and sift flour, salt and sugar. Add milk a little at a time. Mix enough to form ball. Roll out on floured board ¼ inch thick. Cut into eight 4-inch rounds. Place apple slices on one side; sprinkle with spices. Prick other side of dough, fold over. Press edges together. Fry in deep hot fat (365° F.) 5 minutes or until brown.

CHORDETTES' POTATO CHEESE SOUP

- 2 cups potatoes, diced
- 3 cups boiling, salted water
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ cup oil
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cheese, grated
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Cook potatoes in boiling water until done. Drain. Reserve liquid. Add enough milk to make 4 cups. Scald liquid. Put potatoes through a ricer. Heat oil in saucepan. Add onion. Cook slowly 5 minutes. Stir in flour and seasonings. Slowly add hot liquid, potatoes and cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese melts. Add parsley. Serves 4-5.

MARINERS' QUICK RAISIN BREAD

- ½ cups sifted flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup all-bran
- ½ cup raisins
- 1 egg, beaten
- ¼ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add all-bran and raisins. Blend well. Combine beaten egg, milk and melted butter. Add to dry ingredients. Pour into a greased loaf pan (9 x 5 x 3"). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes.

Are you in the know?



If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

- ☐ Consider him a "Mama's boy" ☐ Make with the green eyes ☐ Hang onto him

Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You *appreciate* a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. As he treats *them* he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man's worth hanging on to. Wherever you go, on "those" days, defeat discomfort

with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Keeps you *extra* comfortable, when teamed with your new Kotex Wonderform* Belt. It's made with *nylon* elastic (non-curling, non-twisting). Washable. Dries fast!



Which helps sidestep
dry skin problems?

- ☐ A creamy pillow
☐ A steamy shower
☐ Stay indoors

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream—(lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Just slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Saves face. And at *calendar-time*, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to choose Kotex—get extra protection with that special *safety center*. By trying all 3 *absorbencies* you'll learn which one suits you.



When asked where you'd
like to go—

- ☐ Have a plan or two
☐ Pick the town's top nitery
☐ Shrug your shoulders

If he leaves the doings up to you—the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant *confidently*, even on "certain" occasions—with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, for those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS



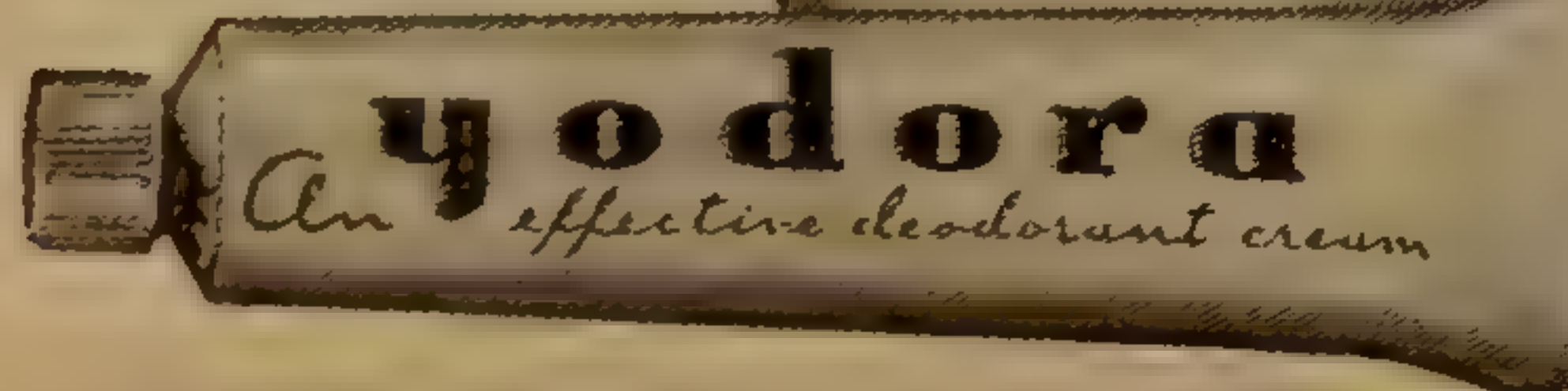
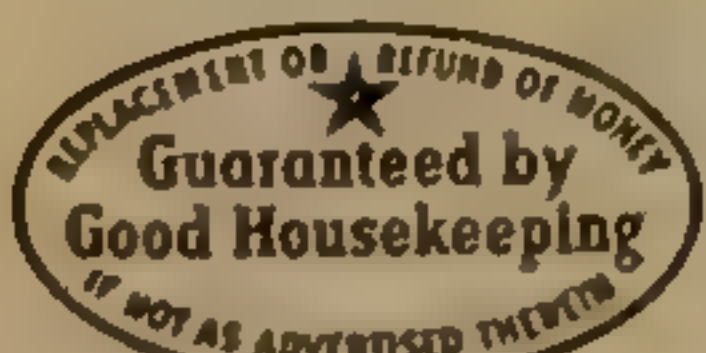
stops

perspiration odor
instantly, efficiently.
Does not merely mask it
with a fragrance of its
own. Trust Yodora for
clock-round protection.

softens

and beautifies underarm skin

because of its *face cream* base.
Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too.
Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 72)

phone, which all the kids have and we don't. When boys ask me my number I never know what to say. The boys can never get ahold of a girl if she doesn't have a phone. I guess I'll always be left out.

My father thinks just because he got along without a phone when he was a boy, everyone can. The last time I brought up the subject, he said we should get a pay phone then we wouldn't use it so much. That makes kids feel that their parents will keep them as long as they will pay for all their fun.

D. C.

Dear D. C.:

The first and most important question is this, I think: Can your parents afford to give you a larger allowance, afford to have a telephone installed? If they honestly can, here is my suggestion. Why don't you approach your father on a business basis? Perhaps, being a business man, he'll be able to understand a business proposition. Make out two budgets for yourself—a dollar-and-a-half budget and a two-dollar one. Show, neatly listed, exactly how you would like to spend these sums, if your allowance were raised. List the cost of the various items—church, treats, movies, etc. Do it on paper, so your father can read it, rather than discussing it. Perhaps this will help. If it doesn't—or if your parents cannot afford to raise your allowance, why don't you try to earn the money? Consider what your talents are. Would you make a good baby sitter? Could you read to an aged person a few hours a week? Or help with a neighbor's ironing?

Perhaps you can make a business deal with your father concerning the telephone, provided he is able to afford the phone. Promise to limit your calls—and then keep your promise! Limit the time of both outgoing and in-coming calls, and also put a limit on the number of outgoing calls you make.

Dear Joan:

Here is my question, "Can a girl of twenty-five be happy married to a boy twenty-one? I have been engaged once before but our engagement didn't work out so I promised myself I would never marry. Last December, I was in Chicago and met a soldier of twenty-one and he asked me to wait for him. He writes to me regularly and is asking me to come out there now so we can be married. I told him about our difference in ages but he said that doesn't make any difference as long as we love each other.

E. V.

Dear E. V.:

Although I don't believe that a happy marriage, in general, can exist for a man and a woman between whom there is a vast age difference, I certainly don't think that four years constitutes an appreciable difference. However, I believe that you should consider very carefully that a man of twenty-one is still hardly more than a boy, in a great many cases at least. I suggest a waiting time of, say, about one year. If your young man still feels the same way at the end of that period of time, I think that you ought to be able to go safely and happily ahead with your marriage plans.

Dear Joan Davis:

I'm living in a neighborhood where all of the women range from thirty-six years of age and up, but I'm only twenty-six years old and I keep myself up very well at all times because I know my husband appreciates it. Well, my problem is that the women that live all around me are very unfriendly although I have tried my best to be friendly with them, but they think I'm either too young or are they jealous? I wish I knew what was the matter, I have never come across anything so silly in my life. I would appreciate it if you could give me a solution.

MRS. P.

Dear Mrs. P.:

I think perhaps the clue to your difficulty in making friends in your neighborhood lies in a phrase from your own letter, "I keep myself up very well at all times." Of course I have no way of knowing, but I'd venture a guess that your neighbors don't resent you, nor do they resent your being younger than they are—after all, thirty-six is far from old, you know, and you may be surprised to find, when you reach thirty-six, that you feel every bit as young as you do today! However, perhaps they do resent your "dressiness." Do they feel that you're being a bit superior about your clothes, your grooming? Perhaps they have duties which don't—as yet—keep you tied down; children particularly, can keep a woman from being a fashion plate.

Why don't you try the "when in Rome" theory as a solution. See if you can't dress, and act, more like your neighbors—and see if that, in turn, doesn't help you to be more like them. Of course, if you don't like them, or their way of life, don't want to be like them, you'll never make friends with them. But if you do want to be part of the group, don't be an outsider in habits or dress or way of speaking.

And here is this month's problem letter:

Dear Joan:

My husband is an Army officer, frequently transferred from post to post. Naturally, these transfers often occur during the school year. This was unimportant when the children were small, since I could simply pick up, pack up, and go along with him.

Now, however, my pretty and popular older daughter bitterly resents being uprooted every time she has made a new circle of friends. She says it completely ruins the fun of school days for her. She also claims, with some justice, that her studies suffer and that she will soon be far behind other girls her age. On the other hand, my son is at the stubborn and rebellious small-boy stage when he badly needs his father's male advice and restraining influence. I am afraid he will be increasingly difficult with no father at home to guide him. For my daughter's sake, I feel that we should remain in our present home for the next few years, but for my son's sake, it seems as if we should go with his father.

Naturally, my own feelings at the idea of being separated from my husband prejudice me in favor of following him but I do want to do whatever would be best for all of us.

MRS. D. C.

My Two Generations of Downeys

(Continued from page 49)

to follow in his father's footsteps on the side of law and order. The next thing that happened was that Morton was clowning around in study hall and accidentally broke the fire alarm just before he had to go up, again, to see the principal about something. Morton said he didn't mean to do it, and I believed him. But the principal didn't, and Morton was expelled as all of the other children streamed out in "his" fire drill. He went to work for the rest of the term and liked it so much he never did go back to school.

When Morton got a little older he could imitate anybody so perfectly you couldn't tell the difference. I never will forget the hornet's nest he stirred up with one telephone call. I had two good friends, one a lady who did beautiful fancy sewing and the other a close neighbor who was unmarried. I don't know what got into Morton, but one day, showing off before friends, he called up the seamstress in my neighbor's voice saying that it was a big secret but that she was going to be married, and ordered half a dozen fancy camisoles. The seamstress was more than enthusiastic at the good news. She called me and half a dozen others right away saying, "Who is she going to marry? Who's the man?" Word got back to my neighbor that Morton was behind the whole thing and she was so mad that she wouldn't speak to me for two weeks. Can't say that I blame her, either.

Well, my first brood of Downeys grew up, and then came the second lot. Sometimes it seems as if I turned around once and here *they* are, almost grown up, that second generation we're raising!

Michael is grown up. He has just turned twenty and is in his second year at Notre Dame. All the children are musical to some degree, just as my own five are, but Michael is aimed at a business career like his two uncles, and like Morton, too, for that matter.

Sean, Morton's second boy, is seventeen and he will be going to college in another year—if we can hold him down to his books. He reminds me a lot of Morton all the time, too. He and the youngest, Kevin, both have fine voices. In addition, Sean has the temperament for show business. He is crazy about singing, just the way his father was at his age, so he may get away from his books early, too.

I don't mean that Sean is in any danger of being expelled, but he is good enough at his singing to have gotten tryouts for himself on several talent scout shows last vacation. He used an assumed name because he didn't want to use his father's influence, so it looks as if we have another showman coming along.

Lorelle is sixteen, and she's the one who can twist her father and all of us around her little finger. Being the only girl, she has had to learn to hold her own with the four boys, and she can. She took up jiu-jitsu and scientific boxing, so her brothers respect her both for her quick tongue and for what she can do if they start a rough-house. She isn't interested in the stage, though we think she is very pretty. Her great interest is sports and she is out on the



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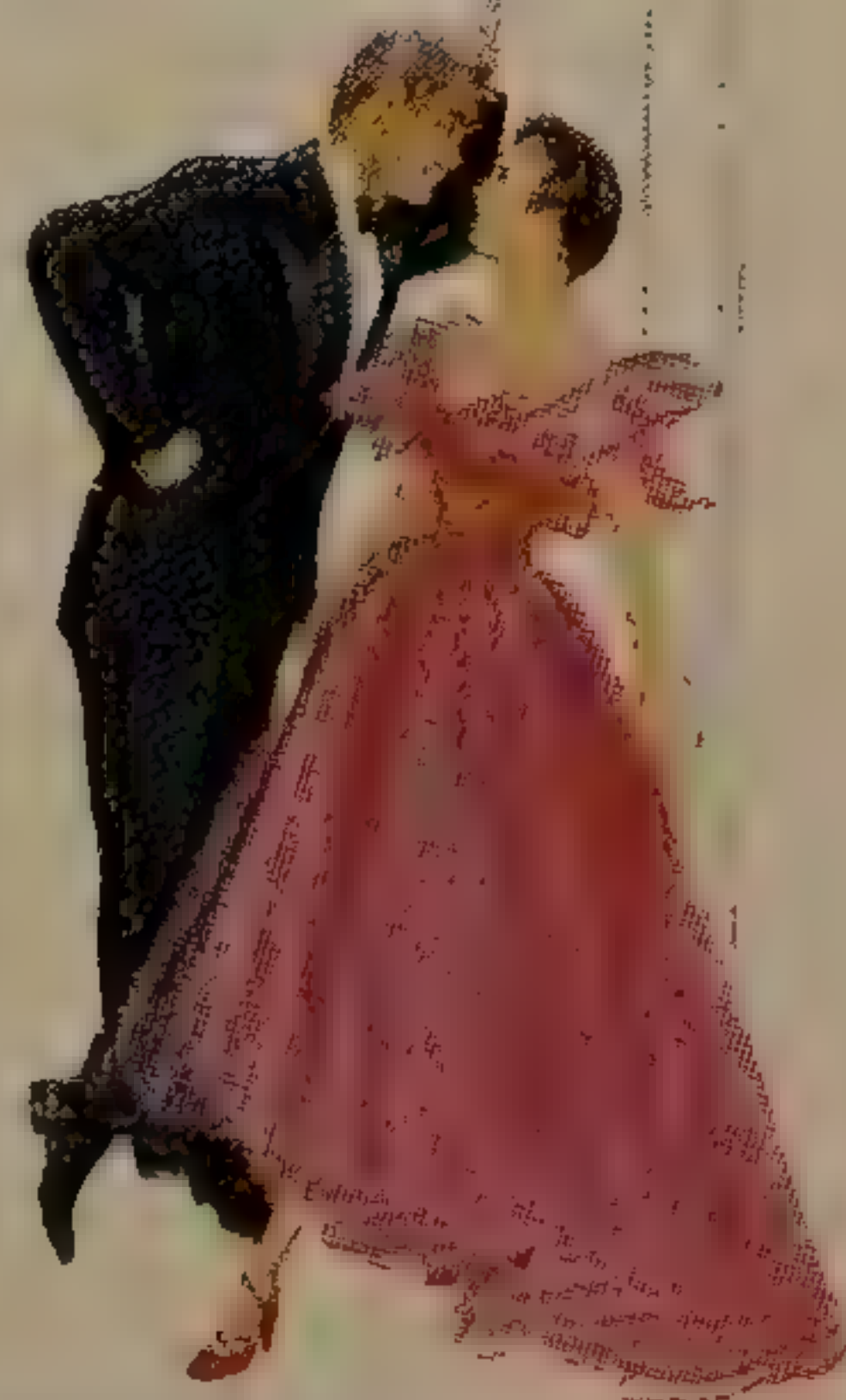
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MENNEN



SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

golf links across from our house every chance she gets.

Tony is fifteen. He and Sean are the most like their father in temperament—full of pep and tease, though it's never harmful fun. Tony doesn't know what career he wants to follow yet. Right now he is crazy about sports and horses. He doesn't have a pony of his own but he spends all of his spare time riding and helping take care of one that belongs to a friend.

Tony is full of Irish capers just like his father, but when he's cutting up I think to myself, "I really can't blame you because if you aren't your father all over again, my name isn't Downey." He's a great one for calling up his Aunt Helen or his brothers or Lorelle and pretending to be someone else, just the way his father used to. But Tony can't get away with things like that nearly so often because I've been through too many of Morton's tricks to be taken in. That's one place a grandmother has a big advantage in raising a second generation. She's been through the whole thing and it's a lot harder for her grandchildren to think up anything she hasn't already figured out an answer for.

Kevin is twelve and growing up fast, too. Being the youngest, Kevin takes a lot of teasing, but he can hold his own. He is a good student and he loves his stamp collection, a good-sized one by now. It was Morton's when he was a little boy. Then Michael worked hard on it in spare time for several years. Sean and Lorelle and Tony weren't interested, so now Kevin has inherited it.

I often think how interesting it is the way children grow up so different. You give the same set of children the same love and discipline and food and schooling, but they turn out five different sizes and five different temperaments.

My own children are a good example. They all had an equal opportunity at music and both of the girls had piano lessons, but Morton was the only one deeply interested in singing. Bessie, my oldest, always wanted a big family of her own, and she has it. Then came George, doing well in a loan business here in Wallingford. Next, Helen—a great manager. I don't know what on earth we ever would have done without her at home to help run the house when Morton's children came to stay. Morton is my fourth child, and you know how his career has carried him all over the world among famous people from London to Hollywood. Ed, my youngest, is another successful business man, with Coco-Cola in Willimantic, a few miles from Wallingford.

People often ask me what I changed in raising my own children and raising Morton's. A great deal is different, because the times are so different. There is so much more to watch out for now, to keep your children safe and steady and not let them be spoiled.

When my children were little, a movie once a week was a big treat. Now it's television every night and movies are taken for granted as something everybody goes to all the time. You used to be able to please a child no matter what you did for him. Now you offer a child a nickel and he won't look at you. Morton got his summer entertainment going to a swimming hole. Today, children think nothing of jumping into a car or hitch-hiking twenty miles to a beach—if you let them, which we don't.

Basically, though, Morton's children are being raised just the way he was.

They are getting good, old-fashioned family life which means learning to be fair about giving and taking your share, and doing your part. If you teach a child to tell the truth and to have respect for everybody's religion as well as his own, and give them plenty of love, they come out all right.

Morton likes to make out that I was a terror when it came to spankings and giving him the back of my hand, and the boys like to say I boil over like a tea-kettle at them when they don't mind their manners, but there never have been any spankings in this house because we haven't needed them. There are punishments, like taking away pocket money on occasion, but not much of that because the children are good. If they get off the track, a serious talk puts them back on better than a punishment.

Morton says I am easier on them than I was on him, and I say I am a little stricter. I have to be. Just because Morton can do so much for them, I don't want them to take it for granted. We have to watch out for that, because no one can stop him giving them presents. He gives presents to everyone. He always has. When he first started earning, long before he was twenty, he refurnished the living and dining rooms as a present to me, and every time I turn around now it's something new, big or little, to give us comfort and pleasure.

We try to tell the children that their father worked hard for everything he has, but they take it for granted just the way mine took it for granted that their father was fire chief. We have held them down on pocket-money though, and made them work for it. Kevin emptied waste-baskets when he was three for two cents a week, and Tony helped making beds for a nickel. When they were big enough, Mike worked in a silver factory for his pocket money in the summer, and Sean was a guard at the pool, just the way my boys worked during vacations.

Morton lives in an apartment in New

York. The children love to run in and out of it but all of them, including Morton, think of Wallingford as home. Wallingford is a small town, two hours' drive from New York. My husband was born here and our roots go far back. For instance, Sean's best friend is the son of Morton's childhood pal. I was born in Brooklyn, but my family moved here when I was small so it is my home town, too.

When I was first married we lived in a flat. After Morton was born, we bought our own home, an eight-room cottage. About fifteen years ago we moved into the fourteen-room house where we still live.

No matter how big the house, the dinner table has always been crowded and so has the yard, but we're used to it. I was raised in a big family. I had four brothers, and my mother always made all of our friends welcome. I learned from her how to stretch any meal to accommodate just one more, even if there were already three extra sitting down. It was the same when my own were growing up. Each always had his special friend to bring, and welcome. It's the same now, especially since Morton put in the swimming pool four years ago. The yard is packed with children all summer long, screaming and romping and having fun. It's a racket, but happy noise doesn't bother us. It means we know where the children are, and it's better to have them where you can watch them and the friends they are making than wondering where they are.

Folks are forever saying to me, "What a big job for you to take on after your own children were all grown up and settled and you had earned a rest. I don't envy you."

Well, it is a big job—but it's also the greatest pleasure in life to see good children fulfilling their promise. It also makes you feel young and happy, no matter what your age, because there's nothing like children to put life into your days and make you feel that they are worth living!



Answering the calls of the autograph fiends outside the CBS studios are Steve Allen whose show replaced Our Miss Brooks on Sunday nights last summer, and, obviously, the much beloved, much besieged Jimmy Durante.

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JOAN LANSING

It's September "fiesta" time, señoritas . . . a real carnival of colorful "acts" that are most entertaining. You don't have to go far for this gay holiday spirit either . . . because it's actually right at your fingertips. Just tune your radio to your local ABC station and enjoy the vivid variety and fun that are YOURS all day.

In the morning say "buenos dias" to DON McNEILL and the wonderful BREAKFAST CLUB gang at 9 AM (EDT). Everybody likes to march around the famous breakfast table con mucho gusto and get in the sparkling spirit of the day. McNEILL manages to do a little toreadoring and keeps activities moving in marvelous style. SAM COWLING, AUNT FANNY and the other BREAKFAST CLUB amigos make the BREAKFAST CLUB a gay meeting any day. (The sponsors who call proceedings to order on the BREAKFAST CLUB are Swift, Philco and General Mills.)

You'll say "caramba!" when you hear MY TRUE STORY at 10 AM (EDT) on your local ABC station. This half-hour of real-life drama features complete stories every day. Sterling Drug sponsors this sterling stanza of dramatics that is fire-work bright!

Another "fiesta" favorite on ABC is MODERN ROMANCES, a haunting program that appeals to modern minds and the young-in-heart. Norwich Pharmacal brings you this exciting program at 11 AM (EDT).

There are plenty of quips and capers when JOHNNY OLSEN'S LUNCHEON CLUB is in session at 12 noon (EDT). Smart señoritas from coast-to-coast join JOHNNY's parties and have themselves quite a time! JOHNNY OLSEN'S LUNCHEON CLUB has Philip Morris Cigarettes on every table, in case you're wondering who picks up the LUNCHEON check.

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When your dial is set to your local ABC station you know you can say adios to household drudgery . . . and settle down to some sparkling entertainment in gay, colorful company. Join the crowds who gather at ABC "fiesta" frolics . . . on the air every weekday morning and afternoon for your listening pleasure. Holay and hasta manana!!

Joan Lansing

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Josephine Gilbert

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what happened to two of my favorite daytime serials, Marriage for Two and Dorothy Dix at home? I would appreciate it if you could publish a picture of the actress who portrayed Lela Wallingford on Dorothy Dix. Lincoln, Ill.

MRS. W. T.

Dorothy Dix at home and Marriage for Two were last heard on March 31 and there is no indication at present that they will return to the air. Josephine Gilbert played Lela.

* * *

STILL GOING STRONG

Dear Editor:

Does Garry Moore have any other program since his afternoon show was discontinued? Carthage, Ill.

MRS. R. K. S.

The Garry Moore Show is now simulcast over CBS and CBS-TV Mon.-Fri. at 7 P.M. EDT.

* * *

NO RELATION

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me if Dennis Day and Doris Day are brother and sister? Mancelona, Mich.

J. W.

Dennis Day, whose NBC show returns to the air on Saturday, October 7, at 9:30 P.M., and radio and motion picture star Doris Day are not related—either by blood or marriage.

* * *

ON HIS OWN

Dear Editor:

For some time I have been trying to locate Jack Owens, who used to sing on the Breakfast Club. Can you tell me what he is doing at the present time? Baltimore, Md.

E. N.

Jack Owens is currently playing night club dates and recording under the Decca label.

* * *

LADIES' MEN

Dear Editor:

I would like to see a picture of Jack Bailey, emcee of Queen for a Day. His program follows Tom Moore's Ladies Fair and they are always feuding although they have never met. Galena, Ill.

MRS. F. C. H.

Here's Jack Bailey. For information on Tom Moore, see last month's RADIO MIRROR.



Garry Moore



Jack Owens



Jack Bailey

Come and Visit Marie Wilson

(Continued from page 41)

and one brother have left home, the little house across the drive is quite big enough for Marie's mother, Mrs. Frank White, and young Frankie, aged twenty-one. When Marie and her mother first saw the houses they were delighted. The most they had hoped was to find two houses for sale on the same street, but two houses together—that was real luck! It wasn't until the owner had opened the door of one that their hearts sank with disappointment.

The living-room was a dark, dull brown and seemed so small they felt stifled in it. The bedroom was the same horrible color, and there weren't enough clothes closets. But they just couldn't give up so easily. The houses looked so cute from the outside. There must be some way of doing them over. A couple of visits later, they had it all figured out.

"We could paint the walls light blue, and the ceiling, too. We could have a darker blue carpet running wall-to-wall through into the bedroom," Marie said thoughtfully, standing in the middle of the living room of the house where she and Allan were to live.

LUM: How am I ever going to get that woman to stop thinkin' marriage is so wonderful?

ABNER: Marry her. That'll do it quicker'n anything I know of.

—Lum and Abner
Wed. 10:30 P.M. EDT
CBS

"And mirrors," suggested plump little Mrs. White. "You can do a lot with mirrors to make a place look larger."

They planned on making the wall behind the fireplace a sheet of solid mirror. They measured the walls in the small hall that led into the bedroom and figured on making ceiling-high clothes closets, with mirrored doors, on one side. Their eyes began to shine as they planned, and before she knew it, Marie was filling out forms and buying the houses right then and there.

"I got them for a song," she tells you, "but I must admit it cost every penny of \$24,000 to remodel them both."

Marie and Allan installed a heating system. They tiled the bathrooms and kitchens of both houses. They laid flagstones in the backyard to form a patio for their garden furniture. Today, the little Disney-character houses are the most attractive on the block.

If you were to drop in for a cup of tea on an afternoon when Marie is not working, you'd be enchanted with the clever way she's coped with the problem of living on a miniature scale.

Hobbs would be sure to welcome you first. He's a Yorkshire terrier—an animated bundle of silken fur with his bangs tied foppishly back in a bow. Like everything else in the house, Hobbs is built to scale. He weighs all of four pounds, and is just the size to fit in with the delicate what-nots and hand-painted coffee cups Marie's so fond of.

Looking about, you realize that the only thing not built to scale is the six-



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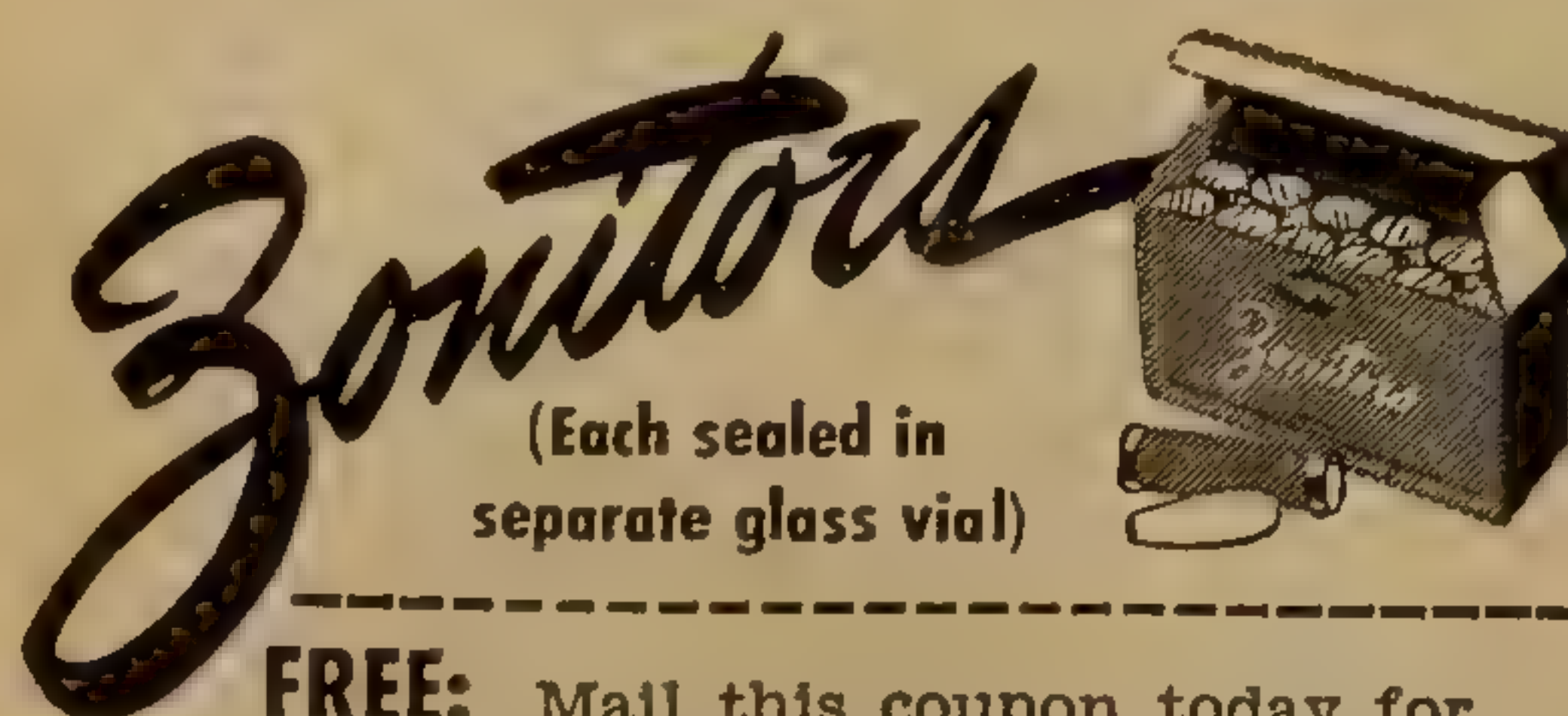
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foot-four master of the house. When Allan Nixon wants to move around a bit, he takes the rope-rail staircase two at a time and retreats to his den up under the eaves. Allan has complete privacy here. With him in his den, there just isn't room for anyone else!

Downstairs, the small living-room now looks twice its size with its mirrored wall, and its dark blue carpet that leads the eye through the rest of the house. Marie serves you tea at a mahogany drop-leaf table under rose-patterned window draperies. Her Georgian silver tea service is always here, waiting for guests, for Marie loves the cosy tea hour and the exchange of ideas with her friends over the steaming fragrance of Orange Pekoe.

If nobody else shows up at tea-time, Marie can always rely on young brother Frankie for company. That lean young man always has room for a slice of chocolate fudge cake, and comes bounding across the driveway when Marie calls to him. He usually brings a couple of his latest prints across with him, for Frankie is studying photography and devotes every waking moment to his work.

Dinner parties are Marie's special delight. You might wonder where she would even put four people for dinner, much less the twenty-two that she says she can cope with. But it develops that she has a master plan worked out which takes care of a couple of dozen people—comfortably—with airy disregard for space and numbers.

"It's very simple," she tells you, dropping Hobbs off her lap as she gestures towards the tea table. "I put an extra leaf in that table. I have the big armchairs moved into mother's house. Then we get out four card-tables and set out two of them in this room, one in the kitchen and one in the bedroom. Of course some conventional souls might think it sort of strange to eat in the bedroom, but our gang doesn't seem to mind."

At a recent party Marie entertained, among her twenty-two delighted guests, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, John and Marie Lund, Cathy and Elliott Lewis, and producer Cy Howard. For a menu she got out her pet "Brown Derby" cook book and consulted over it with Mary, her cook. They decided on pepper steaks, tossed salad, and chocolate fudge cake. This was a memorable party for the cook, too. She'd just graduated from cooking school—

where Marie had sent her—and was dying to try out her new skills.

The evening went off as perfectly, as smoothly as a meal at Romanoff's. After the guests had been dug out of their eating nooks in bedroom and kitchen and reassembled in the living-room, they all got down on their hands and knees and played the new football game that Allan had brought home. Actually, Allan had intended to use the bright kid's game to illustrate the fine points of football to his wife. But when he spread out the game on the living-room floor, everyone of the guests had such fun trying to urge the ball between the goal posts that Marie just got fleeting glimpses of what was going on. But she hopes to catch onto the general idea before football season really gets underway.

"We both believe a husband and wife should have hobbies in common," says Marie seriously, as she re-ties the white bow on Hobbs' forelock. "But we work so hard, we don't have much time off together. During my summer vacation I'm going to take up tennis seriously so that I can play with Allan. By that time he should have finished his movie role in "Prehistoric Women" and have a little time off. Allan is an athlete, and it's a little hard on him to be married to an unathletic female like me."

Allan has never been heard to complain about this point. But he does sound off on how much he likes truly feminine women and how he likes his own golden girl to drift around in soft organdie and voile dresses of palest pastels. So there doesn't seem to be much danger of his making a Gussie Moran out of her. Marie with a tennis racquet in her hand should look about as athletic as a Petty girl.

Everywhere you look in Marie's house you see the sentimental side of her reflected in her possessions. In her bedroom is a low dressing table of cherry wood with three drawers on either side. This is a carryover from Marie's earliest childhood when she shared those drawers with her older sister, Mildred.

"The little top drawer on the right was kept for my miniature dolls and doll furniture," she explains, opening it with gentle, reminiscent fingers. "Mildred kept her toys on the opposite side. We were for ever competing with each other in thinking up new arrangements for our doll families and their tiny furniture. We were always bothering mother for tiny scraps of material, for milk bottle tops, and bits

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of wire to make lampshades for our drawer-houses.

"Even today I love collecting dolls. Allan brings me new ones from every trip he takes, even if it's just to Palm Springs. But I guess my favorite is the large French doll with the real hair that Sid Grauman gave me. This doll once belonged to President McKinley and has been raffled off and auctioned off for charities all over the country. I'm going to keep her from now on, in memory of Sid."

Other sentimental touches are evident in Marie's Wedgewood blue and rose kitchen. This room is as tiny and compact as a ship's galley. Wisely, Marie has arranged her stove, refrigerator and sink all together under the windows of one wall. Another wall is cupboarded and shelved to hold her fine collection of English Bone China and her Tiffany glasses. The third wall shelters a small dining-nook.

Marie's kitchen, with its ceramic pots arranged on cupboard tops is a sunny spot. Visitors are apt to crowd into it to admire the hanging shelves, which are the setting for the hand-painted cups, the work of Marie's great-aunt. Here, too, are the delicately lovely dinner plates from Germany that Marie's mother gave her because she loved them so much.

In return, Mrs. White has a set of Georgian silver that Marie presented to her.

That's Marie's way. Giving presents is her delight. For instance, everytime she buys herself a dress, she looks around for one for her mother, too. And laughs off her generosity by saying: "If I didn't watch out for pretty prints for mother, she'd go around like a fuddy-duddy. She's much too cute for that."

Marie and her mother have much in common. They window-shop, do each other's hair, and are terrific radio fans.

Sunday evenings Mrs. White will be in her kitchen gossiping with Frankie as she wipes the dishes when she'll hear Marie call across the driveway.

"Hurry up, Mother! You'll miss The Whistler. It's just coming on."

Suspense is another mother-and-daughter favorite. They love nothing better than to crouch in their chairs, looking furtively over their shoulders, as their blood chills in happy unison. There is no television set, yet. There's simply nowhere to put it. Looking ahead to the future, Marie and Allan have just one serious plan. But it is a plan of such importance that it may mean moving from the quaint gingerbread house forever. "Unless we swung it from the ceiling—" Marie broods, her brown eyes serious, "Where else could we put a baby?"

If and when that event transpires, look for a sudden upheaval in the whole tribe. They'll be packing up and they'll be looking for two more, slightly bigger houses—preferably side by side. And there will be a pink and blue nursery in one of them. And the life of Marie Wilson will be a song from morning to night, for a lullaby is all she needs for complete happiness.

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SEE PAGE 25

Paid Notice

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I Remember Arthur—

(Continued from page 28)

Arthur was a very likable boy, always willing to help his pals, always loving fun and jokes. He and two other boys in his class were well-known trappers—the muskrat was their particular joy. They would set their traps at night in the swamps and then in the early morning they would go out to look for their prizes. Sometimes they were late to school, but Arthur always had a good excuse and in his persuasive voice was able to convince you that it couldn't be helped and so they were admitted to class.

I first started teaching in Hasbrouck Heights in 1903. That was the year Arthur was born in New York City, which is just across the river from the Heights. The Heights in those days was a slow-paced little town, but many of the people who lived there commuted to jobs in New York. Arthur's family was one of those for when Arthur was a year old, the Godfrey family moved from crowded Amsterdam Avenue to a quiet street on the Heights.

I knew the family in those days, too. —Mrs. Godfrey especially well since we belonged to the same clubs, The Shakespearean and The Woman's Club. She was a concert singer and a fine pianist. Arthur has inherited his musical taste from his mother, I am sure.

In January, 1949, Arthur came to Hartford, Connecticut, which is near where I now live, to put on his Talent Scouts show. Hartford certainly gave him a good time. There was a reception at the Hartford Club and a banquet at the Hotel Bond. I attended on special invitation from Arthur. Although I'd written to him, that was the first time I had seen him since he left the Heights in 1919. And I knew him the minute I saw him. He hasn't changed a bit since he was a boy. He's older and heavier, of course, but the expression is still the same.

He seemed very much pleased to see me. We talked about the old days in Hasbrouck Heights and I told him news about people from the Heights who are now living in and around Hartford. It was then that I asked Arthur if he'd like to come to the small reunion I was planning for some of my old pupils. Arthur said he'd come if I could plan the party for some day when he didn't have a broadcast.

I arranged it for a Sunday and invited twenty-five people. Arthur flew up from his home in Virginia. He struck a thunderstorm on the way and it delayed him, but he finally arrived at five in the afternoon. I was determined not to tell anyone that he was coming, so he had no annoyance. I think he had a good time because of that.

We took pictures on the lawn and Arthur told stories about his radio experiences. Other folks answered his questions about the Heights—we really had a wonderful time.

Arthur told us about the day, not very long ago, when he passed the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights.

"I went in and sat down in my old seat," he said.

"How did you feel?" someone asked him.

"Depressed!" he answered.

That made everyone laugh, but despite his jokes I know that Arthur has a genuine fondness for the old

school and his memories of it are quite keen. Why, he even remembers a picture that hung over my desk more than thirty years ago. It's a reproduction of Watts' portrait of Sir Galahad and his horse, and it was won by Arthur's class in 1917 for selling the most tickets to a school exhibit. It remained in my classroom for many years, and when I resigned the principal said I might take it with me. It now hangs in my living room in West Hartford.

When Arthur saw it, he said:

"I see you still have the picture that used to hang over your desk. Who is it supposed to be, anyway?"

When one of the folks volunteered that it was Sir Galahad, Arthur asked, "Who's he?"

Now he knew very well that it was Sir Galahad and he knew very well who Sir Galahad was, but being Arthur Godfrey he just had to have his little joke. Later he said to me, "Miss Quigg, it's just like you to want to have the purest knight of all around."

Arthur enjoyed the reunion immensely, but I think he was a little bit disappointed because one of the girls who used to be in his class wasn't there. Her name was Ramona and she was the kind of little girl that all little boys fall in love with and worship at a distance. She had blonde curls and the prettiest face. Arthur wasn't her only admirer but I don't remember that he paid much attention to her. Nevertheless he was able to remember that once there had been a Ramona, a golden girl from his golden years.

Sitting in my living room, listening to Arthur, made me recall that he always had had the faculty of entertaining people. His wit, his expressive manner, his gift for story-telling were qualities which, no matter how undeveloped, were apparent in Arthur as a young boy. I also happen to know that his other qualities were with him then, too: compassion for others, generosity, and, if he'll excuse me, tenderheartedness. I remember his helping the local baker when that man's family had the measles. The baker was quarantined, and he asked Arthur, who worked part-time for him, if he'd take over the whole job. Arthur did, but it meant missing school for two weeks and having to make up all that work.

After graduating from my class, Arthur entered high school, but family fortunes forced him to leave when he was in his sophomore year. After that I did not hear much about his experiences until one day in June, 1934 I was at home with the radio turned on when I heard what sounded to me like a familiar voice. For a moment, I could not place it. Then I realized that it was one of my pupils, Arthur Godfrey, singing with that soft persuasive voice I so well remembered. Every opportunity I had after that, I listened to his program and finally I wrote to him.

When we met at the banquet in Hartford, he said, "Why don't you write a story about me, Miss Quigg. You know more about me than anyone."

I'm not sure that I know more about Arthur Godfrey than anyone, but I do know that once there was a little red-headed boy in Hasbrouck Heights, of whom I was sure I'd someday feel proud. And proud I am, you may be sure.

No Boss—Not Me

(Continued from page 33)

that bear, Carmichael, roaming around the set, I say, "There sure enough is that ornery fur rug!"

"Why, if I was to let on there isn't any Carmichael or that the Boss doesn't own a toupée and has his own hair (at least some of it), and his own teeth (most of them), and that the Ronald Colmans don't live next door, it would be like finding out there isn't any Santa Claus, wouldn't it?"

"In my considered opinion it would. Yet I may be wrong because, well, it's funny the way people feel about Mr. Benny. As I say, I believe they want to believe he's the character he plays on his show yet they're always trying to get the low down on him. Like hardly a week passes that a number of people don't go to the house next door trying to get the low down on the Boss from Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. The doorbell of that house rings so often that the people who live there, a business couple, have been obliged to put a sign over the doorbell: 'Ronald Colman Does Not Live Here.'"

Rochester's right-hand man in keeping the Boss in his radio character is Fred Allen, who writes things like this about Jack:

"Before shoes were invented, Jack was a heel. His false teeth are so loose, they are always clicking. Jack has no more hair than an elbow. He is so anemic that if he stays out at night he has to get a transfusion so his eyes will be bloodshot in the morning."

"But," says Rochester, "you won't catch Mr. Allen letting on that when he is in Hollywood, he and his Missus, Portland Hoffa, go to dinner at the Bennys' house always once, sometimes twice, in exchange for which the Allens take the Bennys out to dinner every other night they are in town. And I try not to give away that although the Boss and Mary Livingstone are not married on the show, they've been happily married for twenty-three years. Even though Hollywood is supposed to be a wild place for divorce and rumors of divorce, there has never been a rumor about the Boss and his boss, Miss Livingstone."

Rochester has another assistant in Mary. She does her bit to keep Jack in character on the air—and in the home, too.

"The Boss likes to tell about the time right after he and Miss Livingstone were married. The Friars in New York gave a big stag dinner in his honor. It was the first time the Boss was a guest of honor and he says he felt very important. Then, right in the middle of the eulogizings, a telegram arrived from Miss Livingstone, which was read to the guests. It said 'When you come home tonight, be sure to put out the garbage.'"

"But Miss Livingstone will come to the defense of the Boss at the drop of his toupée. She never wanted to be an actress. She just stepped in the show one night to help the Boss out, and after that the audience wouldn't let her go. But she prefers her real life roles of Mrs. Jack Benny, housewife, and the mother of Joan Benny, fifteen years old, to the part she plays on the air.

"Being so disposed, she doesn't go for publicity and interviews and the such. But one day she did bust loose

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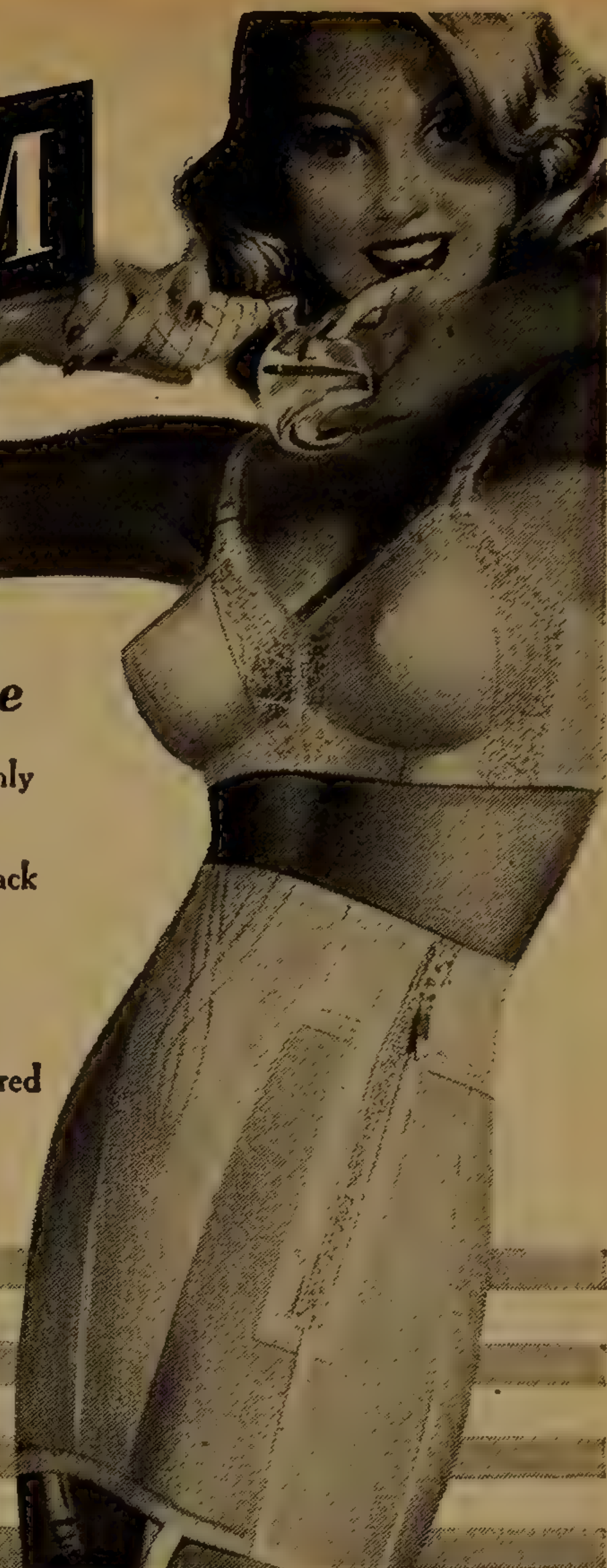
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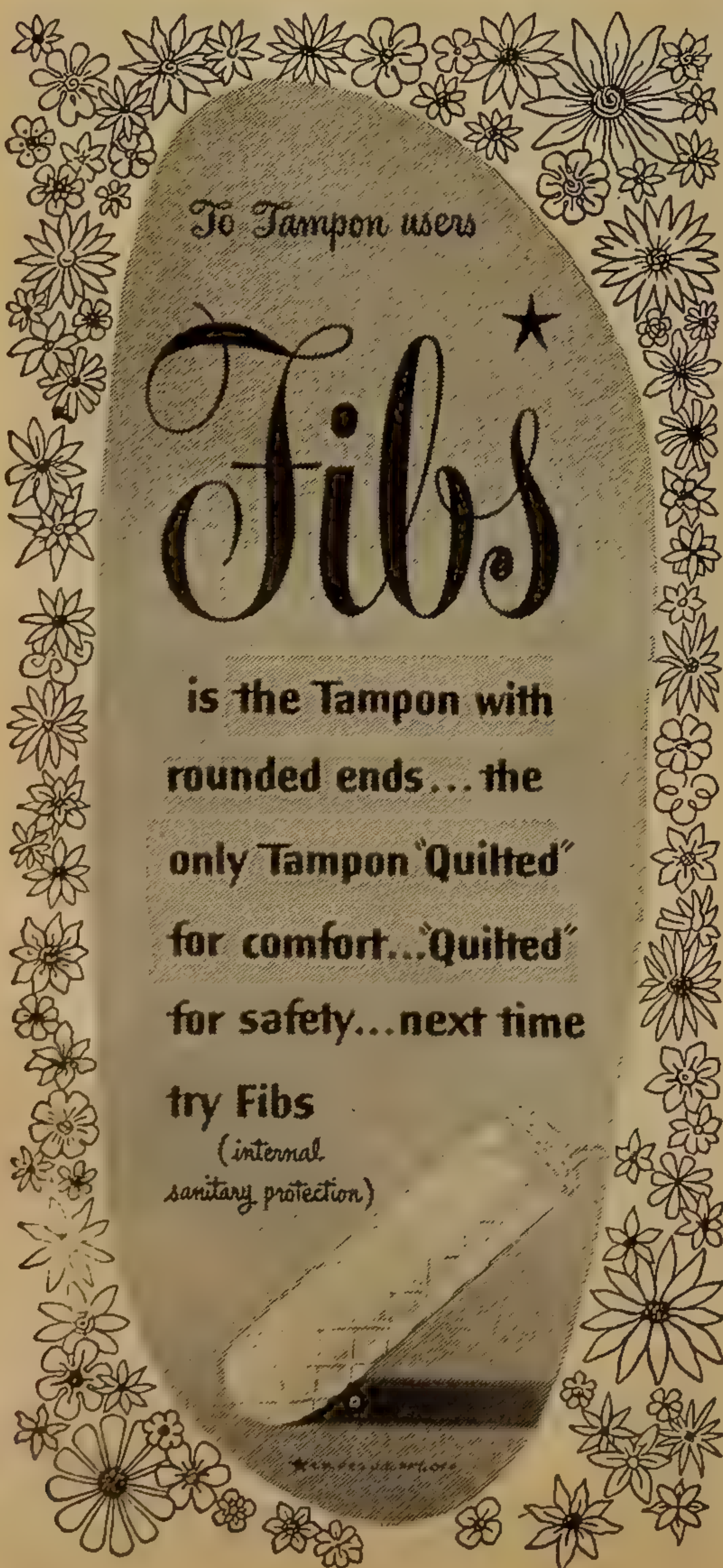
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and tell a reporter, 'My husband, Jack Benny, is the most maligned man in town—and all by his own doing. Lest any of my fiddling husband's fans believe any of this self-inflicted abuse, I'd like to go on record and say that Jack is not anemic, is in perfect physical condition, has his own teeth and hair, can play a pretty good violin, and, in my opinion, is the greatest guy in the world.'

Rochester himself confirms that a more generous man than Jack Benny never lived. "When he goes to a restaurant, or a night club or a drive-in," says Rochester, "he always overtips. He pays out five thousand dollars a year in tips alone, just out of the bigness of that out-sized heart of his—and to prove that he isn't the stingiest man in town. He pays the people on his show, even the bit players, more than radio actors are paid on comparable shows—that is, if there are any shows on the air comparable to Mr. Benny's show. It's still No. 1 on the networks—and that's after eighteen consecutive years!

"When the high cost of his cast is called to his attention, the Boss always says, 'I get a lot of money, why shouldn't those who work with me get likewise?' There's one instance where I don't mind revealing Mr. Benny out of character!

"But when I ask the Boss what is the definition of 'likewise,' he just says 'Rochester!' in such a hurt tone I say no more, I haven't the heart.

"But you can always kid with the Boss, that's the point I'm making—and did you notice that he says 'those who work with me?' This may be a small point to make but there's a big difference, for my money, between the man who says 'those who work with me' and the man who says 'those who work for me'.

"Another fib I tell about Mr. Benny is when I'm asked whether I enjoy hearing him play the violin to which I reply, 'By all means, no!'

"The fact is, Mr. Benny started out in life to be a concert violinist. To play the violin, and play it well, was his serious ambition and his cherished dream. He does play it well, too, or did before he started to use the instrument as just a gag. The great Jascha Heifetz once said of Mr. Benny that he has a wonderful wrist action and could have made a great violinist. Mr. Heifetz meant it, too. But since the only thing we on the show ever hear the Boss play is that awful 'Love In Bloom' and I say 'By all means, no!'

"Everyone who knows the Boss or hears him on the air admires his wonderful showmanship, his faultless timing. But no one admires him so much as those who work with him. To work with him, especially at rehearsals, is to see the Boss at his super-duperest. To begin with, he's very prompt. He's so prompt that although the rest of us are on time, he's ahead of time! He is also the most considerate man I have ever met. If the Boss wants me, or any member of the cast to meet him at an off time, it's always, 'What time will be good for you?' There's never any of this 'Be here at nine sharp' stuff.

"He just loves the show, the Boss does. He's that conscientious, that sincere about it that he never says 'Good enough' to a single line, one bit of business, unless it's better than that. He'll throw a whole script away, if he has to, and work all weekend on a new one. He works as hard on the

show now, after eighteen years on the air, as if next Sunday was his first broadcast. Yet it's all relaxed, all easy-does-it, with us all having fun just like we sound like we're having on the air.

"For the warm-up Sundays, the Boss always plays his violin. Members of the cast throw pennies at him, he picks them up, puts them in his pocket and never gives them back neither—no Boss, not you!

"There's not a lazy bone in Mr. Benny's body. He is an inveterate early riser. On the Coast he gets up at seven o'clock, has breakfast in the kitchen with the cook, goes to the Hillcrest Golf Club and has shot nine holes of golf before Phil Harris wakes up enough to remember what it is he likes about the South.

"Mr. Benny wishes he could shoot below par like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. In fact, he'd rather be sixty-fourth on the Hooper rating, so he says, and first in golf. But his only real frustration is that he didn't become a great violinist. The Boss really takes this to heart. He loves the violin. Any town he's in, if there's a great violinist playing there, he'll drop anything—even a golf club—to rush off to hear him.

"If ever I should cut loose and unveil the truth about the Boss as he is in private life, I'd speak particularly, I believe, about his home life which goes along like one of those old sweet songs he sometimes plays when he's alone, on his violin. They live a very quiet life, the Boss and Miss Livingstone. Especially quiet now that Joan, the pretty little apple of her Daddy's eye, is in boarding school. They have a circle of good friends, among which are Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, the Bill Goetz, the Gary Coopers, and, of course, the Ronald Colmans and the Fred Allens.

"When they invite their friends over they usually run a picture in their projection room—even 'The Horn Blew At Midnight' which, in my opinion, is sabotaging hospitality. Or they play gin rummy. On trips, such as when we take the show to New York, the Boss and Miss Livingstone, or maybe it'll be the Boss and Don Wilson, play gin rummy all the way, the whole way!

"But if I want to keep Mr. Benny in his radio character, I can't go on about his home life. If I do, I'll disillusion the people who actually believe I live in Mr. Benny's house as the man's man-of-all-work I am every Sunday night on the show. Some people believe it so much they take it to heart. Like the time I had a letter from a woman trying to persuade me to sue the Boss because of the amount of compensation I get for the amount of work I do. She was so indignant, she felt so sorry for me, she said that if I'd sue she'd help pay for the lawyer!

"I didn't answer the letter. I just let the matter drop. I ain't never going to peach on the Boss, not even to my own praise and glory—no Boss, not me!"

**Are you always
lovely to love?**

SEE PAGE 13

Paid Notice

Many Milestones

(Continued from page 30)

1931 holds a painful memory. On St. Patrick's Day, I thought it would be amusing to give my standard sign-off, "So long until tomorrow," in Gaelic. In the late afternoon, I began calling all over town to Irish experts. Everyone was out. I left urgent messages. By six my telephone lines were jammed cutting me off from a last minute check I was giving a news story. At the last possible minute I left for the studio—and that night of all nights ran into a traffic jam. I was late, but not too late to give most of my broadcast—and to sign off in Gaelic.

In 1932 I had one of the outstanding scoops in the history of broadcasting when I broke the story that everyone was striving to get first—news of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. While I was on the air, the flash came in on the wire that the child's body had been found. The bulletin was rushed to me,

VOICE: Beulahhhhhhhhh! Oh, Beulahhhhhhhhh! Beulahhhhhhhhhhh!

BEULAH: Oh me, that's either Oriole at the door or those flyin' saucers are comin' awful close!

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and so it was by sheer chance that I was the first to give the shocking news to the nation.

1933 is marked in my mind by something that happened in Germany. Hitler, newly come to power and not considered seriously, took over the radio entirely saying, "We consider it our most precious instrument." This move by the Nazis passed unnoticed in many quarters, but was clear indication to me of the struggle that was to come.

1934 brings a particularly pleasant memory—the first of the fantastic soft ball games that were to become a yearly event on Quaker Hill. Hyde Park at times is much hotter than where we live twenty miles away. One afternoon I called Marvin McIntyre and told him that if any of the correspondents who had followed the President home wanted to cool off I would be delighted to entertain them. Over a hundred arrived! For fun we organized a softball game between my neighbors and the crowd from Hyde Park. The President asked us for a return match the following Sunday. Harry Hopkins played centerfield, and Rexford Tugwell, Marvin McIntyre, Henry Morgenthau, Jr. and assorted newspaper men, cabinet members and secret service agents filled out the President's team. From then on it was an annual event with my team usually made up of Lewis Lehr, Gene Tunney, James Melton, Lanny Ross, Ted Shane, Colonel Stoopnagle, Lenox Lohr, Eddie Rickenbacker, Wood Cowan, Homer Croy, Dan Parker, Eddie Eagan and others. This rivalry lasted until the President's death.

In 1935, Germany withdrew from the League of Nations and so did Japan. Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. At home New Deal legislation was pouring out of Congress. My scripts became tighter



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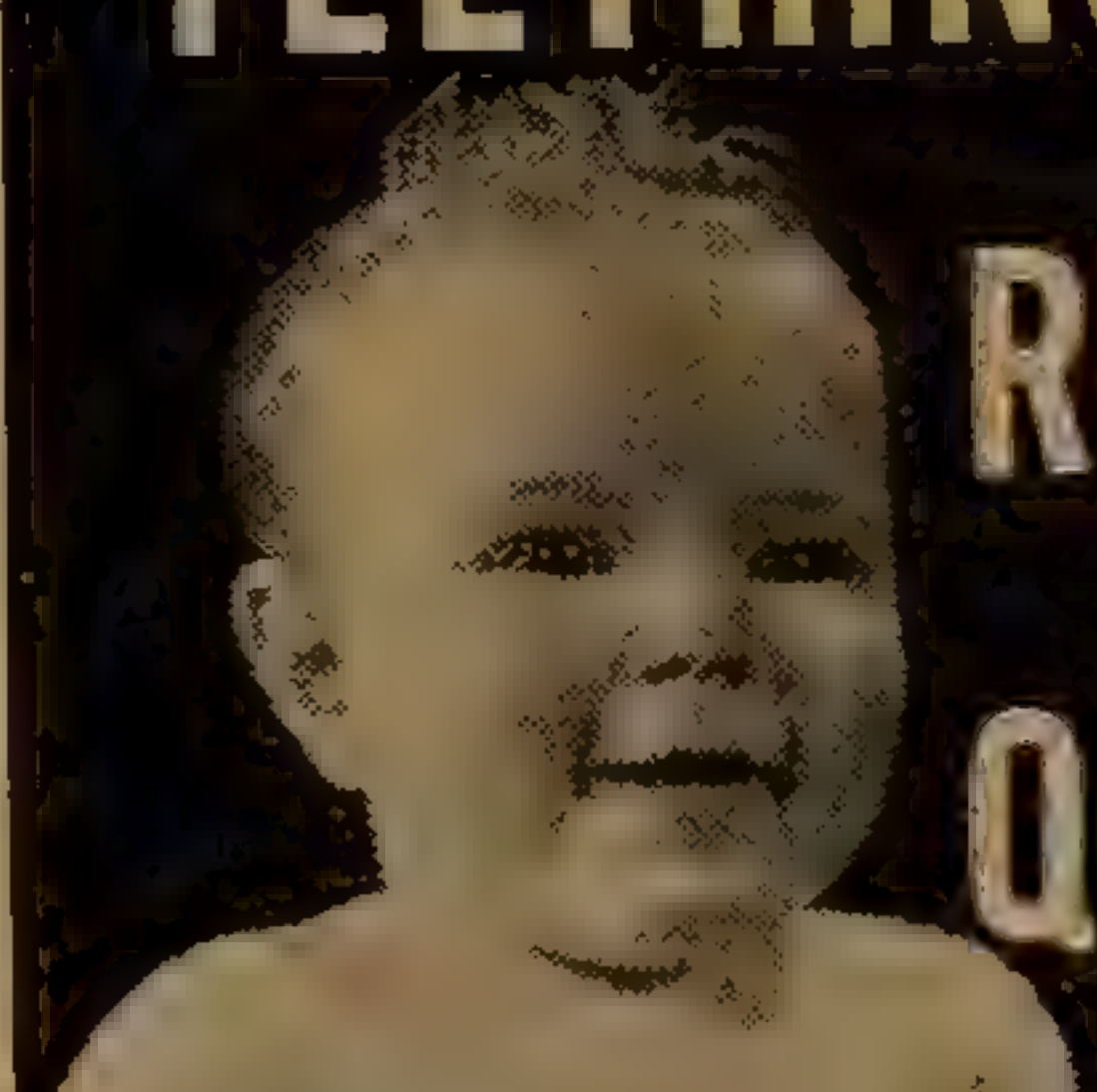
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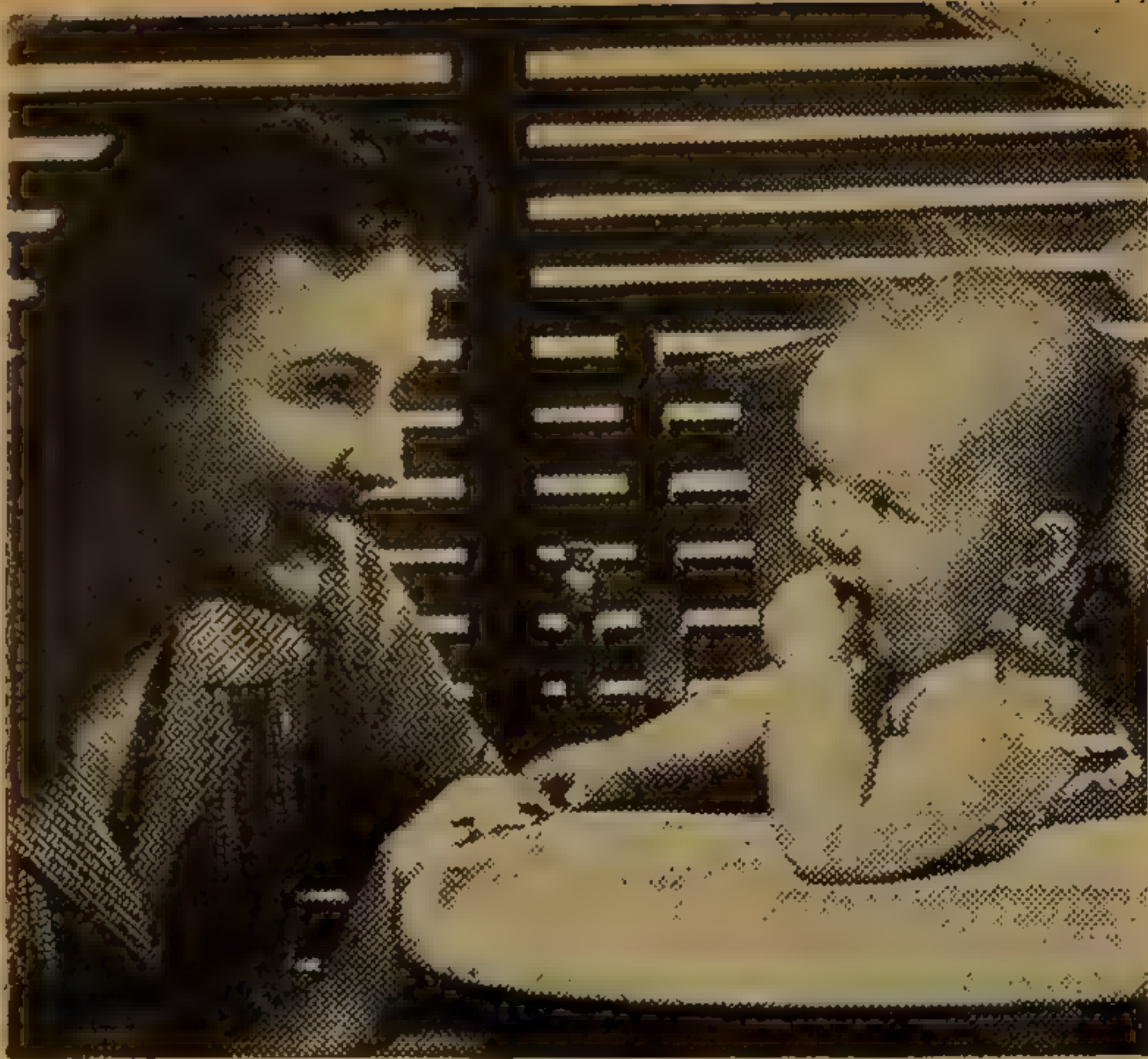
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—packed with news. That is why my memory of Christmas Eve is so dismaying. I left my office on the thirty-fourth floor for the studio on the sixth floor, my arms heaped with presents. I did not discover that I had left my script behind until I unloaded beside my mike. I raced back, grabbed it off my desk, sprinted back through the corridors and reached the mike one minute late, and panting. Later I was complimented on the "breathless urgency" I put into the news that night.

In 1936 the face of the world I knew so well from my years of care-free globe-trotting was changing fast—Hitler marched into the Rhineland—civil war started in Spain—the rumors about King Edward's romance with Mrs. Simpson were making the British Empire uneasy. I laid off the story at first, finally mentioned it on the air, and the uproar from Canada almost drowned me out. The protest was bitter about my "slander against our King." Of course it wasn't long before the story was confirmed and the whole world heard the abdication speech.

In 1937, after seven years without a break, I decided to take a "holiday" and do my broadcasts by short wave from Europe. I sailed just before the coronation of George VI. All other Americans who were to cover the event had made elaborate preparations months in advance. I was told that I could not possibly obtain an invitation at that late date, that every seat in Westminster Abbey had long since been assigned. They rather rubbed it in that I was going to be so near and yet so far. Just the same, I was there. What's more, I was in the choicest part of the Abbey, right over the throne with the Duke of Windsor's own representative at my side and with four kings within arm's reach! No one who was there will ever forget the pomp and brilliant pageantry of that ceremony. However, the highlight of the day, to me, was the incredulity and envy on the faces of my fellow correspondents all of whom were seated so far up in the tower that they had to use binoculars. Had I made my arrangements months in advance, I would have fared far worse. What happened was that J. P. Morgan had fallen ill at the last moment, and I fell heir to his choice seat.

In 1938 the gathering war clouds turned black over Europe as Hitler marched into the Sudeten. My son, Lowell, Jr. was only fourteen, but I remember, even then, the uneasy feeling I had that what was beginning might well involve him and millions of other American boys.

1939—who can forget the "war of nerves," and the long wait for the

storm to break as France mobilized behind the "impregnable" Maginot Line? A year full of tension and strain to those of us at the end of the news wires. On the personal side, I have a lighter memory, however. I did the first daily news telecast this year in addition to my regular national broadcasts. They insisted that I use make-up for television. Putting it on and taking it off was a dreary chore. I began to turn up at the studio later and later. One night I arrived so late that the make-up man had time only to hit me with a big purple powderpuff as I went by. Most of the powder landed on my upper lip, and as I talked, it drifted up my nose. For three long minutes I fought off the inevitable sneeze, every grimace caught by the camera. Then came the explosion—the first televised sneeze in all history. Those who were watching said it was the funniest thing they have ever seen.

1940—war everywhere in the lands I knew so well, and in this country Wendell Willkie was opposing President Roosevelt for the unprecedented third term. My first meeting with Willkie is a vivid memory. It happened when he was with Commonwealth and Southern and was fighting TVA. One evening I quoted some remarks Senator Norris had made in Congress about the matter. Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning, Willkie telephoned me at my office. "You gave Norris's side but you didn't give the other," he said amiably. "I'll tell it to you now if you want it." Most people would have written a letter, or called the station, or worked through someone else to get to me. I was impressed with the way he cut all red tape, reached me directly, put over his point. He gave me the impression, then, that he was a fast worker and someone to watch—as indeed he was.

1941—all memories, personal and otherwise, fade as I recall the shock of Sunday afternoon, December 7—Pearl Harbor.

1942—the most vivid memory of the year is the day the flash came through that we had bombed Tokyo—the turn of the tide—and how we said, "We might have guessed!" when news was released later that Jimmy Doolittle had led the attack. He is an old friend of mine. A few weeks later he came to Pawling and told us the whole inside story. He stayed briefly, saying only that he had to leave on something secret. A few days later he was in the Casablanca landing. This year my son went into the Air Force.

In 1943 I took a swing around South America to see for myself how strong the German feeling was in to the south. Under the moon on the sands at Natal,



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I spoke to three thousand U. S. Airmen waiting to fly the South-Atlantic. Every day of this year was packed with such terrific stories of individual heroism on all fronts that they made everything else pale by comparison. I got out a book about some of them, *These Men Shall Never Die*, but there was such a dazzlement of adventure and bravery that I dedicated it "to those American fighting men whose stories are not included in this volume."

1944—D Day—the most difficult, exciting news day I can remember. Reports flooded in, but they were all of isolated incidents—paratroops here, air-flights there, reports from the various beaches. It was impossible to get an over-all picture or a time sequence, or anything except that the battle was raging and that our troops had cracked the Atlantic Wall.

In 1945, broadcasts from London, Paris, Rome and in a fighter plane over Berlin during the final battle, then a flight around the world and a look at the Pacific war. On the personal side I remember a meeting packed with drama—reunion with Count Luckner whose biography, *The Sea Devil*, I had written after World War One. He was a gallant foe in that war. He despised the Nazis and spent much of his time in America. As a result, he was out of favor with the Nazis and had to hide out in his home town of Halle. I was with Terry Allen and his Timber Wolves when I found the old Sea Devil, and he threw his arms around me—a dramatic moment.

In 1946 my son went to Bikini as an observer for me and turned in vivid material—a proud milestone for me.

In 1947—off again, back and forth across America, broadcasting as I went. After the crowded war years the news seemed slow. I found myself longing for far places.

In 1948, election night stands out in my mind most vividly. I was running a special series of broadcasts for CBS. Like everyone else, I had collected all background on Governor Dewey, waiting only for the first returns to announce his election. Early in the evening, however, I found myself returning again and again to one big figure on the board—Iowa was going for Truman—it just wasn't in the cards that this stronghold of the traditionally Republican farm vote was going to Truman. I began to concentrate on that angle and was the first, I believe, to broadcast any indication of the surprise that was coming; although I was pulling for my neighbor, Tom Dewey, one of the ablest executives in this nation's history.

In 1949 wanderlust returned full force. It became irresistible when my son and I were invited to visit the forbidden city of Lhasa in Tibet. My impressions of that fabulous adventure and our interview with the Dalai Lama were recorded and went out by courier, yak-back, caravan. I, myself, came out more slowly—twenty painful days in a lurching litter carried on the shoulders of relays of Tibetan monks and peasants, after breaking my thigh in eight places—though my broadcasts continued.

1950—the turn of the century—a completely new face on the world I started to cover on the air twenty years ago. I have just thrown away the crutches I needed after that accident in far Tibet, and am ready to take off again—after all, the first twenty million words are the hardest.



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My Father, Bob Crosby

(Continued from page 34)

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"Girls change their minds, sometimes," he tries to explain, about careers. "They fall in love, and get married and have families."

Well, other girls maybe. But not me! I won't change my mind. I may fall in love and get married (if I can meet someone like Glenn Ford or Audie Murphy) but that won't be for a long, long time. And even if I do, I won't want to marry any boy who wouldn't want me to go right on singing.

But Daddy only laughs when I tell him this. Actually, I'm not just an amateur. Daddy has let me sing on Club 15 several times, and there were a number of times when I appeared with him while his show was on a personal appearance tour.

I'll never forget the first time I sang on one of his broadcasts. Everything was in such a mess that day. Our family had just got to New York after a trip from our home in Hollywood, and our trunks with all our good clothes in them were stuck somewhere in the Christmas mail—it was the Christmas broadcast I was on. And I had hardly time to learn my song, and I had nothing to wear. Absolutely nothing! I had to sit in front of the oven in my old wool bathrobe to keep my teeth from chattering, while my mother flew around washing and ironing the skirt and blouse I had been wearing for three days on the train.

I was so glad I had any clothes, that I forgot how disappointed I was at being unable to wear my new dress that Mother had bought especially for this occasion. And once the orchestra started up, I forgot all about how I looked or didn't look. I forgot about everything but the music. Daddy said I was wonderful, so I guess it turned out all right. He wouldn't fool me.

However much we disagree about "that one thing" Daddy is always level with me. He's that way with everyone. He says it's very important for a father to be honest with people, and especially his own children. That's what keeps families together and happy.

He says whenever he gets home from one of his trips, that he doesn't want any parties, or to go out, or to dress up or anything. He just wants to stay home and play with us kids. And he means it. He does play with us. Baseball, maybe, if the weather is nice... or if it is rainy, we rig up a stage indoors and give shows. We had a wonderful stage, a real one, at our apartment in New York, but out here in Hollywood we have to make do with mother's sheets for a curtain and boxes for props. But it's fun.

We try to save the performances for when Daddy is home, but he's gone so much he sometimes misses one. But we make it up to him. We all like to make a fuss over him when he gets back, and last time I chased everybody out of the kitchen, so I could make his homecoming dinner all by myself.

I made a meat loaf and potatoes, which burned, but not too much. At least I didn't think it tasted so awful, but Chris and Bobby made terrible faces and refused to eat it. The chocolate brownies came out all right, though. Daddy had to open up some Campbell's soup for the boys. "Cathy," he chuckled, "if my sponsors knew about this, they'd have you cooking all the time." (I'm not quite sure how he meant that, but I guess it's OK. "Sponsor" is a sacred word in our house.)

Maybe it's because I was supposed to be a boy, but I love all kinds of sports... horseback riding, swimming, baseball, and especially fishing.

I don't suppose anybody in our family but my mother would understand—and sometimes I think she has more to put up with than even I do—how wearing it is for a girl to hold her own when there are four men, well, boys anyway, in the house.

I wanted our last baby to be a girl so bad I even dreamed about it. I promised mother anything if she'd have a girl... I'd take all the care of her, make all her clothes, give her baths, everything. And mother, who really understands, said she would try.

And then my Daddy called me up from the hospital.

"Cathy?" he said sort of weakly, over the phone.

"Yes," I said.

"We have a wonderful new baby," he told me.

"What is it?" I asked him right away.

"A boy. A fine red-haired boy."

It was certainly a letdown, I can tell you that. I waited a whole minute before I could think of anything nice to say.

"Well," I said at last. "If that's the best you can do..."

Daddy roared. And later he went around telling everyone what I'd said.

You could say for Daddy that it was nice to have another boy to be a helper around the house. Except that if the boys turn out to be as terrible with a hammer as Daddy, we'll have to hire a handyman to repair the damage.

We're a pretty good family I guess. We like being together. We've probably lived in two dozen houses since I was born, and I've gone to at least seven different schools, but no matter how much we move around, the place we live in always seems like a real home, the sort of place we can all be happy in together. That's probably because Mom and Dad are such wonderful people. It takes good parents to make a place a real home, instead of just a house to eat in and sleep in.

Maybe I shouldn't disagree with my father about my singing. Maybe I should just do like he says and wait, be patient. For I know in the long run, I'll win out, even in that argument.

For my Daddy is a Crosby. And he knows what everybody knows: The Crosbys have to sing.

RADIO MIRROR DAYTIME FASHIONS, Pages 42, 43*

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A Woman Like Me

(Continued from page 58)

in the name of sense and experience and sophistication and all the other qualities I thought I had, did I manage to get myself into this hopeless blind alley?

I can even put my finger on the night, the very moment, when I took the first step. There was nothing unconscious about it; I knew precisely what I was doing. But I wasn't quite bright enough to see that the path might make a sudden twist that would catch me off balance . . .

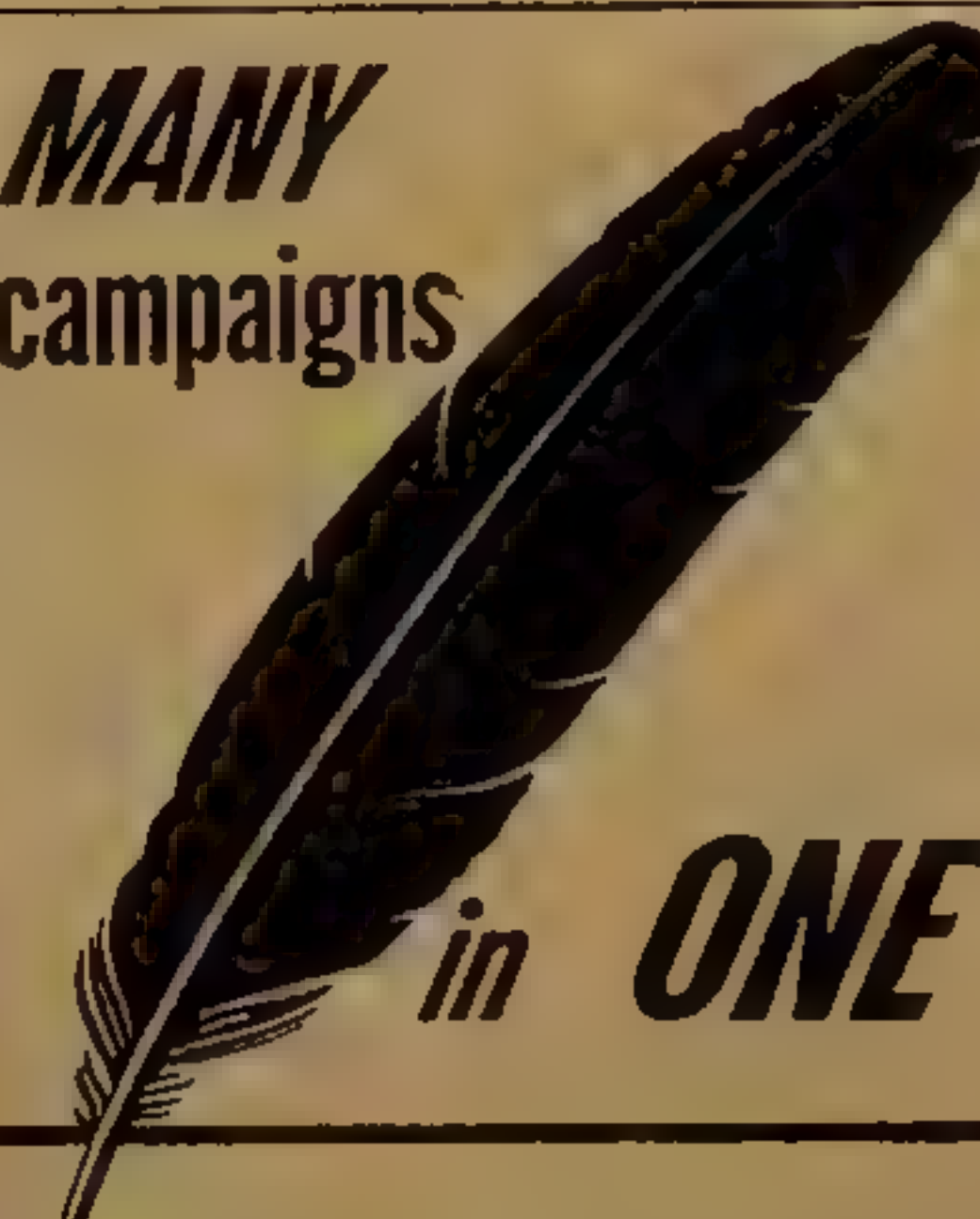
It was the evening I got back into town from Reno, where I had received my divorce from Neil Weatherby. It wasn't a lighthearted homecoming. Reno had shaken me dreadfully. I had to keep reminding myself that it was the simplest way to detach myself from Neil to make myself go through with it at all. Those women, those ghastly, painted, hollow-eyed women swarming over the town in slacks; the jukeboxes blaring along all the streets, the click of the pin-ball machines night and day. The tawdriness.

Surely, I Blanche Wilson Weatherby, with money and beauty and youth on my side—surely I had nothing in common with those creatures beyond my divorce papers? On the train I spent long hours looking earnestly into my mirror, and trying to rebuild my self-confidence. Gradually the details of Reno faded behind in the distance. But even when I finally stood in Grand Central Terminal, with the familiar, exciting hustle all around me, I felt lonely, uneasy. I wanted company.

In my mind as I stood there I ran through several names, and let them drop. Those people . . . the same people Neil and I had run around with. I'd be seeing them soon enough, unless I could find something better to do with my time. I wanted to be with someone who wouldn't think it queer if I sat without speaking for five minutes; who wouldn't be dumbfounded if I did something wild, like bursting into tears . . .

Oddly, I thought of my father. Dad, who'd always been generous and tolerant without bothering himself very profoundly about me. Why not go to see him? He'd let me talk if I wanted to, and if I took my hair down and cried he'd tactfully forget all about it by tomorrow. I checked the time, wondering if I could still catch Dad at his office. Home was no good, because then I'd run into Mother, and I wasn't in any shape to take her on at the moment. It was barely seven. If I hurried, I might catch Dad and go out

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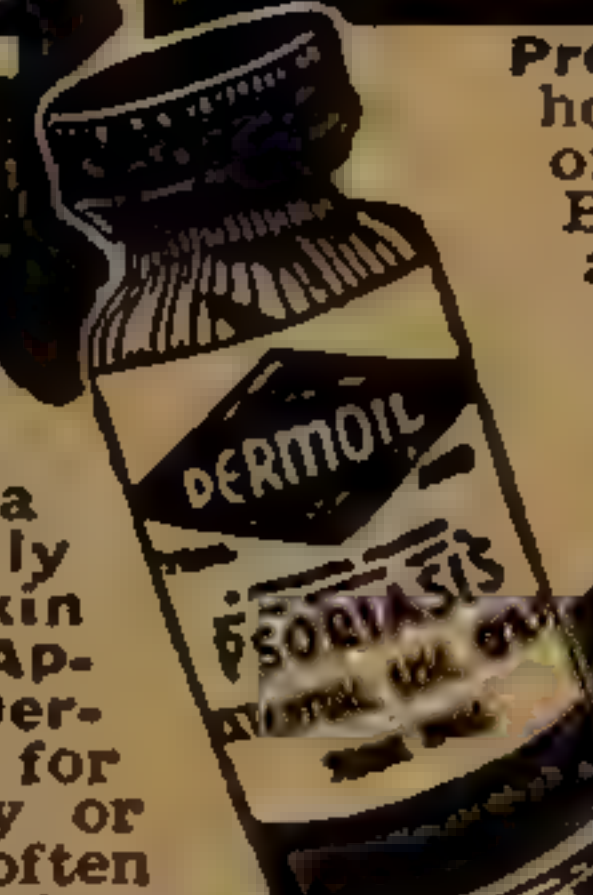
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to dinner with him. Impulsively I hurried out and took a taxi to his office.

The luxurious suite, covering a whole floor, was as empty as a museum closed for the night, and almost as frightening. As I went through the outer office, vacant chairs, pushed back from their desks, had a waiting look, as though people had just that moment risen from them and would sit down again as soon as I passed through the room. Hurrying down the corridor to Dad's office, I tapped and pushed open the door. But that was empty too. Maybe Dad had given up working late in favor of some new and better excuse to keep from having to go home to dine with Mother!

I bit my lip hard against its sudden impulse to tremble. This wasn't much of a homecoming—closed doors, empty rooms, silence. Was it an omen—a foreshadowing of the future? Was it to be like this from now on, just me alone, walking down echoing corridors, looking for I didn't quite know what—and never finding it?

"Come, come," I told myself sharply. "Let's not wallow in self-pity. All you had to do was wire Dad you were getting in, and he'd have met you. The plain truth is you're disorganized and frightened about being on your own again, and you're just plain feeling sorry for yourself."

Frightened about being on my own... yes, that must have something to do with it. My marriage hadn't been much, but at least it had meant having an escort when I needed one. Neil had always been graceful about that—knowing the good places to eat, finding taxis when there weren't any. I sat down at Dad's desk and sighed tiredly, wondering if I could face having dinner alone. Without warning a tear rolled down my cheek, and then another, and then to my amazement I was burying my head in my folded arms and sobbing loudly and complainingly into silent room. Me! I hadn't wept a real tear in—I couldn't recall how long. Not even when I found out about Neil and Sylvie Cameron. Even as I bawled I couldn't help thinking, "But what in the world am I crying about?"

If there was a knock at the door, the sound of my sobbing drowned it out. All at once I felt a movement beside me, and a concerned male voice said, "Good heavens, are you ill? Can I help you?"

For an instant I was terrified. The office was empty, I hadn't seen a soul somebody had been working late, and I just had missed looking into his office. I raised my head, grateful for the darkness of the room.

It was a young man who was bending over the chair. A very good-looking young man, as nearly as I could judge in the half-light. A long, strong-boned face, serious eyes, a wide mouth that quirked humorously as he said, "Thank goodness. I was afraid for a minute you'd fainted."

"With all that noise I was making?" He said apologetically, "Well, I haven't had much experience with faints. Then he smiled. "Better now? In that case, I don't mean to pry, but would you mind telling me if you were looking for somebody special? I mean—everyone's gone home, you know, and this is the boss's office—"

"I know," I said. "I'm his daughter. Have you got a handkerchief?"

He took one from his jacket pocket and handed it to me. He was looking a little stunned. "But when did you

leave Reno? D.W.'s been waiting to hear from you—I know he planned to meet your train. Didn't you let him know? Gosh, what a way to come home."

In the midst of trying to repair my face without light enough, I sniveled. He was making me feel sorry for myself all over again. Then I managed to laugh. "Cut that out, will you? I'm already floating on a sea of self-pity. I just felt I was a big enough girl to come home by myself and find my way to the hotel without help. I guess I over-estimated myself, as usual." As nearly as I could make out in my compact mirror, my make-up wasn't too badly streaked. Feeling a bit more poised, I snapped shut the case and said pleasantly, "By the way, how do you know all about me? It's too bad, but we never have met, you know."

Perching on a corner of the desk, he laughed a little. "True. But we have more in common than you know, Mrs. Weatherby. My name's Bill Roberts."

"How do you do," I said. Then the name rang a bell in my mind. "That Roberts? The one Dad sub-let my apartment to?"

"That one. It was quite a break, incidentally. When I first got the job here and we came on we were simply hopeless over the housing difficulties. I don't know what we'd have done if your father hadn't steered us to your place. I think you'll find it in good order. My wife's an excellent housekeeper." He added grimly, "I hope D.W.'s got something else up his sleeve for us, now you're back. Personally, I haven't heard of an apartment vacancy of the kind we could swing since we've been in New York."

I shuddered. "Forget it. I've got myself a room at the Roosevelt for the time being, and I wouldn't go back to that apartment for love nor money. It holds no gay memories for me, you know."

Self-pity again! Another minute and I'd be weeping on that nice broad shoulder. I pushed back from the desk and got up, stretching to uncramp my back. "I'm starving," I said, surprised that I hadn't noticed until now. "That's what's wrong with me! I might have known—I always get depressed when I'm hungry. I'd better go get a sandwich."

Bill Roberts hesitated, then appeared to come to a decision. "Listen—have dinner with me, won't you? My secretary went down for some drug-store stuff, but that can go into the trash basket—that's all it's fit for anyway. Why should we eat lonely sandwiches when there are two of us?"

"Why indeed?" I said, smiling. Then abruptly I remembered the 'we' he had talked about. "On second thought, you're supposed to be working, aren't you? And if you're not you ought to go home—from what I know of Dad's young executives, Mrs. Roberts probably has to eat plenty of dinners alone while you're here late. He always works them hard."

He looked confused. "Rosemary? But she isn't here. She's back home in Springdale, visiting her folks. You'd be doing me a favor—I haven't eaten a meal since she went."

"Oh. In that case, yes. I must protect my father's investment by helping you keep up your strength."

Bill laughed. "I'll get my hat and be back in a second."

While he was gone, I switched on the desk light and gave my face a few fin-

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ishing touches. I felt better, much better. Dinner with Bill Roberts was going to be quite an improvement over my original plan to dine with Dad. I liked him—his voice, his mouth, the clean lines of his body as he moved across the room to the door. Briefly, as I improved the angle of my hat and pinned the veil, I speculated about the shadowy Mrs. Roberts. Rosemary . . . you couldn't tell a thing from a name like that. Unless she were a doll-faced child, a fluffily pretty face like the ones on candy boxes. And she wouldn't be that; Bill Roberts had too much personality to have married anyone like that. Yes, I did like him. It was going to be fun, sitting across a table from him, finding out what made him tick . . .

An hour or so later, when that thought recurred to me, I couldn't help laughing. Bill not only had personality, he had brains. Brains enough to keep me doing the talking while he sat figuring out what made me tick. When he demanded to know what I was laughing at, I told him. He grinned.

"You needed it a lot more than I do—to talk about yourself, I mean. Don't you feel better?"

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"Better!" I sighed luxuriously. "I feel wonderful! Nobody's let me talk about myself for as long as that in years! They all want to talk about themselves, and what their analyst told them the last time. You're so nice and normal, Bill." By the time we had reached Alberto's, just around the corner from the office, we'd agreed that Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Weatherby were too foolishly formal for two such old friends as we were. I liked hearing him say "Blanche," with a slight drawl on the "a" that made it sound new and rather romantic. "Bill," I repeated. "Even your name is normal."

"Hey, wait a minute. You make me sound like a glass of orange juice—real wholesome."

"And you're not wholesome?"

He gave me a look of exaggerated outrage. "I should say not. I'm very nearly the most dangerous man in town. I pursue—I pursue—" His voice trailed away lamely, and we both laughed.

"Your wife, probably," I suggested. "Tell me about her, Bill. Is she wonderful?"

"Rosemary? She's . . . well, she's Rosemary." It was a simple statement of fact. She's Rosemary. He might as well have said everything he was feeling and couldn't put into words. . . . She's the sun and the moon and the stars; the touch of a flower-petal, spring rain in your hair. She's my love. . . . He didn't say any of that, but looking at him, the words came to me and I sensed how the mere thought of her lit up his whole being. Some-

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thing inside me twisted. Would I ever mean that to anyone in the world? Would anyone ever mean that to me? Or was it too late for me now—too late for anything but second-best things like drinking too much and dancing too much and flirting merely for the sake of having a man around, any man . . . ?

A bitter shadow must have reflected in my face. Bill said gravely, "I have no problems, nothing to talk about. It's you who—tell me," he interrupted himself abruptly. "How did you ever come to marry this guy if it was such a waste of time? What did he mean to you?"

"Neil?" I shrugged, and poured myself another demi-tasse of strong black coffee. "Who knows why people like me do the stupid things we do? Neil was a little richer and a little better-looking than the three other men who wanted to marry me at the time. And then—" I caught myself up, biting my lips. Neil's biggest recommendation wasn't the kind of thing I could tell Bill Roberts about. I couldn't explain, could I, that what had made him desirable was the fact that I had to work a little to get him? It was all around town that he and Sylvie Cameron were pretty serious about each other when I decided he might be fun. It had been fun, too, cutting Sylvia out. Lithe, blonde and sharp-witted, she had put up quite a battle before Neil's emerald found its way to my left hand and she had to admit failure.

In the next two years I had plenty of time to wonder why I had bothered. Our marriage was nothing, an emptiness enclosed in the beautifully-decorated apartment Dad bought us for a wedding present. On the whole I'd been relieved when it became obvious that Neil was drifting back toward Sylvie. The only bad thing had been Reno itself, and the sudden shattering fear that I might grow to become one of those beaten, aging women. Women who had failed at the business of being women, of having husbands, families, of being cherished.

I looked miserably at Bill. "It's coming back," I said childishly. "Oh, Bill, say something cheerful. I want to look ahead, not backward!"

His hand shot forward and closed hard over mine. "I'm a fool. I should have taken you some place where there was music, and dancing. This is too quiet."

His hand over mine on the table seemed suddenly the only thing in the room. I stared at it, shaking my head. "No, this was perfect. Quite . . . perfect." Music. Dancing. Teasingly into my mind came a picture of myself

dancing with Bill. What would it be like, having his arms around me, his thin cheek above mine, his mouth so close? Startled at the vividness of the image, I tried to withdraw my hand. There was a tremor in it; I couldn't tell if it was my hand that was trembling, or Bill's. His fingers tightened, as if of their own volition, and then abruptly released mine. When I met his eyes, I saw that a queerly clouded, bewildered look had come into them, and color had crept up along his cheekbones. For a minute I couldn't think of anything to say.

Alberto, the proprietor, coming by just then, released us both from tongue-tied paralysis. "Everything was all right, Mr. Roberts, Madame?" His bright, dark eyes flicked me with an oddly understanding glance. "The lasagna, the coffee?"

Bill said heartily—a trifle too heartily—"Perfect as always, Alberto. By the way, Madame is Mrs. Weatherby. Be very nice to her whenever she comes, won't you—she's a special friend."

"But of course." Alberto howed. "For a friend of Mr. Roberts there is always the best in the house. And for a lady so lovely, there is even better."

Bill's eyes came back to me, with a look in them that sent an unexpected flare of triumph through me. "Yes," he said, not even noticing that Alberto had already bowed himself away. "Yes—she is lovely, isn't she?"

Later, as I sat brushing my hair before the mirror in my room at the hotel, I tried to recall what Bill and I had talked about. Something, for example, to repeat to Dad when I told him—as I meant to—that I thought Bill Roberts was one of the brightest young men he'd ever discovered. But all I could remember was that halting, puzzled tribute, words that seemed to have come from another man than the one who had been sitting with me, before they were spoken. Those words, and that meeting of hands. I put down the brush and stared at myself in the mirror. How much had he realized of what was going on in that moment? Did he know what had happened? No . . . not if I knew men. Men had the most irritating blindness, sometimes—when they didn't want to see! I thought of how he'd pulled himself together, regained his casually friendly tone, and put me in my taxi afterward with the most comradely of goodbyes. And he believed it—believed that the two people who left Alberto's were the same two people who'd gone in a couple of hours earlier. Why deny it—that in one instant we had been transformed from two friendly, interested

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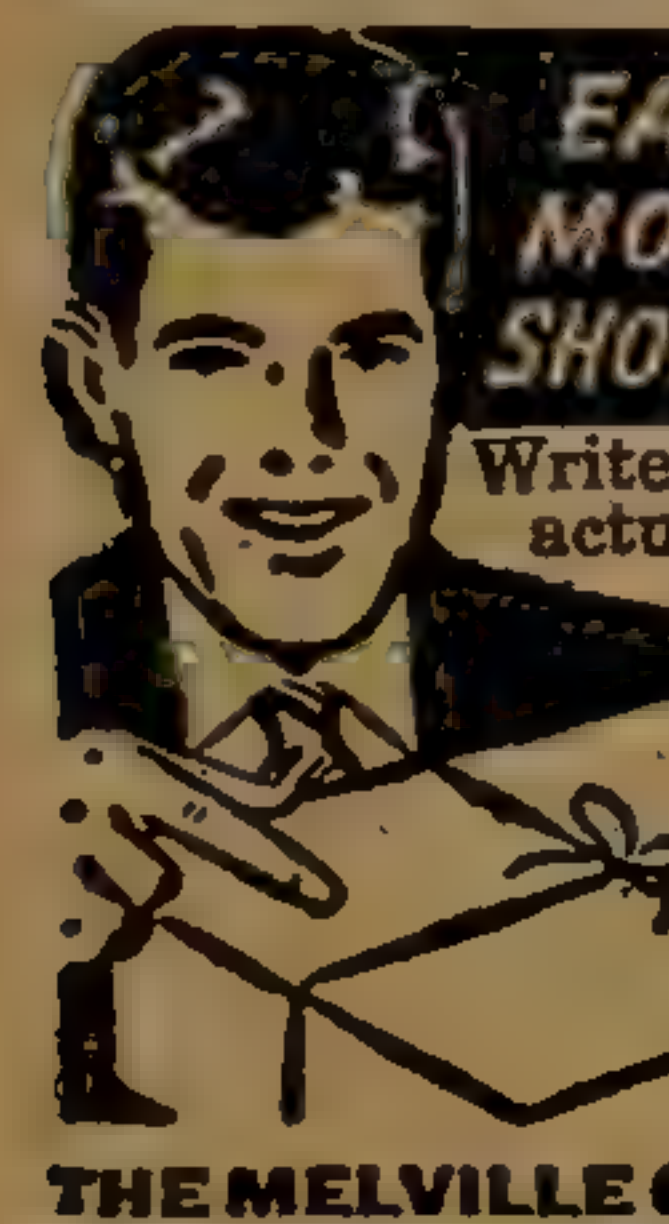
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human beings sharing a dinner to a man and a woman, the amiable surface of our talk shattered by a sudden upsurge of physical awareness that had left us wordless and tense.

In the mirror, my eyes narrowed thoughtfully. No . . . Bill had been able to ignore it, but he couldn't have missed it. He was much too sensitive and intelligent for that. And now that it had happened, I could remind him of it. At any moment I chose, I could recreate his awareness of me as a woman. I picked up the brush again, noticing as I did the pale gleam of my shoulder beneath the filmy green negligee. There was a question teasing the back of my mind, and for a while I played with it vaguely before letting it come to the surface. Perhaps I was a little ashamed of it—and yet I doubt that. For a woman like me there is no special stigma attached to flirting with a married man. All my friends did it. But this would be different. Bill was not merely a married man. He was a happily married man, deeply in love with his wife. A strange and wonderful kind of animal. The thought I'd been holding back sprang forward into words in my mind. Could he be . . . swerved, a little? Could I attract the eye of this still-honeymooning husband in my direction? I laughed a little at my own hypocrisy. Once a question like that has been asked, it can have only one answer. An answer I'd known before I'd even asked it. *I was going to have a darned good try. . . .*

Of course it was a game; I admit that. I was restless, bored, unwilling to get back on the same old social merry-go-round I was used to. This was a game that could be played like chess, like a general planning a campaign to take a town. It could do no harm; by the time his wife got back to town the little flurry would be over. Rosemary would never know that her devoted husband was pretty much like other men. It would be good for Bill, too—it would teach him not to throw challenges in the faces of pretty women by blandly refusing to recognize their charm. . . .

When I saw Dad the next day, I told him a carefully edited version of my meeting with Bill, explaining that I had hoped to find him and had stumbled instead over his new junior executive.

"He's a terrific guy, Dad," I said with enthusiasm. "He's so full of fresh ideas and vitality. He got me so excited about his job here that I—well, I want one myself."

"One what?" my father asked, beaming broadly. "A guy?"

I gave him a sharp look. Dad has no illusions about anybody, including—I suspect—me. Masking a faint tinge of annoyance, I said easily, "No, no—a job."

He stared in amazement. "A job! You? You're crazy, Blanche. How much do you need? I'll write you out a check. I'll buy you a ticket to wherever you want to go. But a job—my dear girl, you've never done a day's work in your life! You can't start now!"

Our eyes met, and it was Dad who wavered. I didn't have to say a word. Somehow I managed to remind him without words that he wasn't really in a position to deny me anything I wanted. I had done it before—exercised a little filial blackmail. Dad was never discreet enough, and he knew very well that there were one or two



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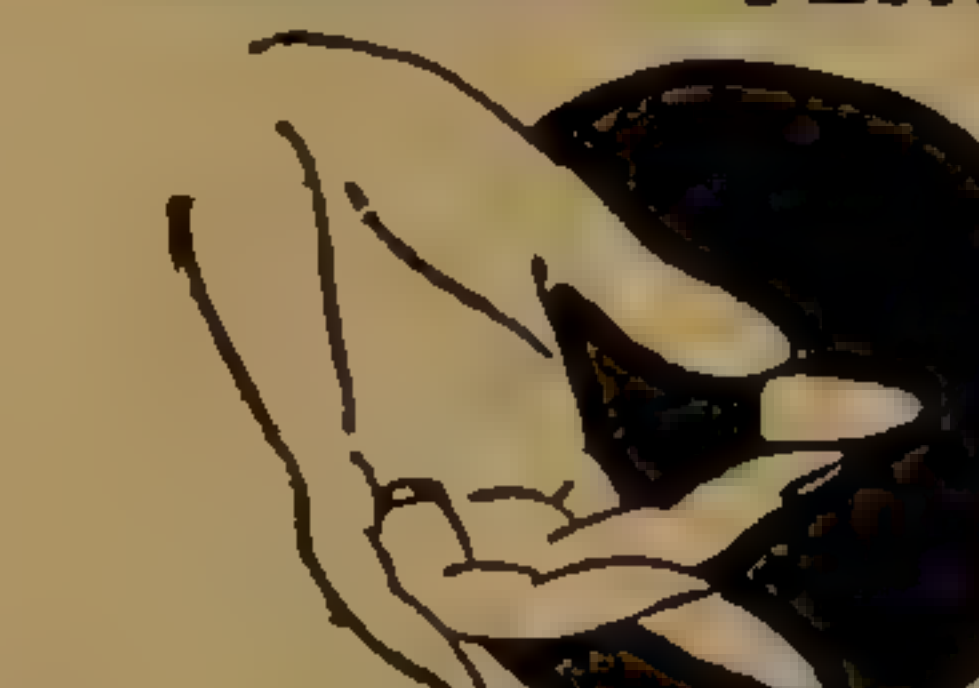


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small episodes hidden in his past which I happened to know about, and Mother did not. I'd never tell her, of course; at least not while Dad and I continued to be such good friends. . . . So I smiled, and Dad gave in without much of a fight.

He said glumly, "I'll have to arrange it. Give me a couple of days. I guess at that you're good-looking enough to sit up there at the receptionist's desk. I'll have to move the gal who's there."

"Take your time," I said happily. "I've got things to do."

Dad, resigned to the inevitable, didn't risk waiting too long. Just a few mornings later I greeted Bill gaily as he got off the elevator and headed toward the inner offices. He stopped short.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Are you slumming?"

"Not me. I work here. I'm going to be the gal who keeps the pests away from the Brains inside. And whom did you wish to see?"

Bill laughed. I watched with pleasure the tiny lines crinkling around his eyes and the way he threw back his head. Yes, it was going to be fun. Worth getting up at eight o'clock in the morning to get to the office on time.

"It must feel strange to you, being up and dressed at this hour," he teased.

I nodded. "Another thing—I'm worried. Until I catch on I'm liable to be doing all the wrong things. I—look, are you busy for lunch? You're the only one I know here. If I make any boners this morning maybe you could tell me about them and keep me from making a fool of myself during the afternoon. I think if I can get through just this first day I'll be all right—" I looked up at him seriously, and then my heart skipped a beat. Had I made a boner already, a boner of a more important kind, by my suggestion? He met my eyes almost sternly. He looked a little bothered. Why hadn't I waited? I ought to know better than to rush things.

I opened my lips to say something that would give him a chance to refuse gracefully, but he nodded. "Wonderful," he said, with no expression at all in his voice. "Alberto's at twelve-thirty? That's the best time for me." It was too late to take back my words.

The elevator had stopped again, and several people were coming toward us. I smiled, nodded briefly and

Bill disappeared inside his office.

The next hour was miserable. I cursed, the job, myself, and Bill a dozen times. What was I doing here, stupidly smiling, checking appointments, saying "Yes, Mr. So-and-so," to men I wouldn't have troubled to be polite to at a party? At one point I had half risen, ready to march into Dad's office and admit the whole thing had been a mistake, but just then Miss Tyson came out. I sat down again. Miss Tyson, I had learned—had made it my business to learn very quickly—was Bill's secretary.

She was on her way to the ladies room, but she paused beside me, asking, "How's it going?" Without waiting for an answer, she said, "Before I forget—better check with me every time anyone shows up for an appointment with my boss. You know, Roberts. Whatever you do, check me before you send them in. He makes and breaks dates so fast I need two heads to keep up. Now he's breaking dates with McChesney, yet." She shook her head as if she couldn't believe it.

"Who's McChesney?" I asked.

"Ah, that you'll soon learn. He's merely the big man from our biggest account, is all. D.W. isn't going to like Mr. Roberts' breaking dates with McChesney, I can tell you." Still shaking her head, she drifted away. A stir of pleased excitement ran through me. I took back all the names I'd been calling myself. I'd done nothing wrong, made no mistake, if Bill had broken an appointment with an important client in order to have lunch with me. . . .

I think the most important thing about that first lunch date was that Bill took it for granted that my asking for help with the job was merely a pretext. I had expected to have to put up a pretense of being genuinely worried about it, but to my secret delight it wasn't necessary. He bypassed all that with a couple of questions and made a few encouraging comments, and then, quite naturally and easily, we seemed to take up where we had left off at dinner the other night. "In other words," I told myself gleefully, "the time we spent together that night was so pleasant for him that he's taken it for granted I found it pleasant too, and want to repeat it."

Inwardly, when I got back to my desk at the office, I was rubbing my hands in satisfaction. Not only had Bill's attitude been right—everything

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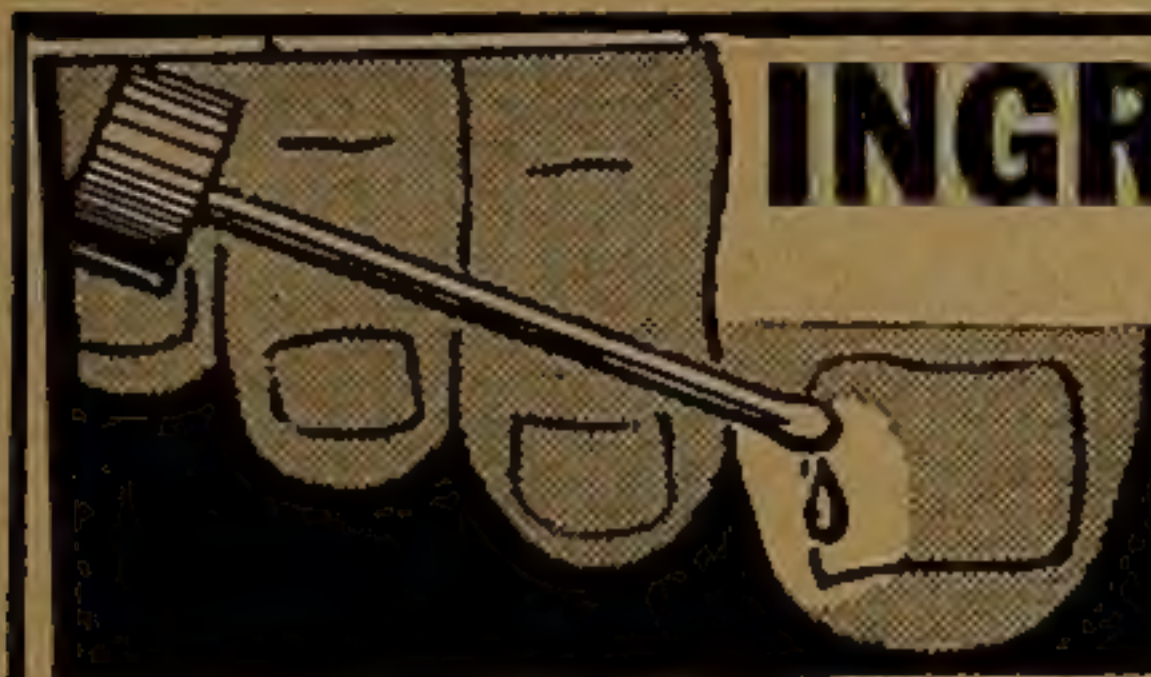
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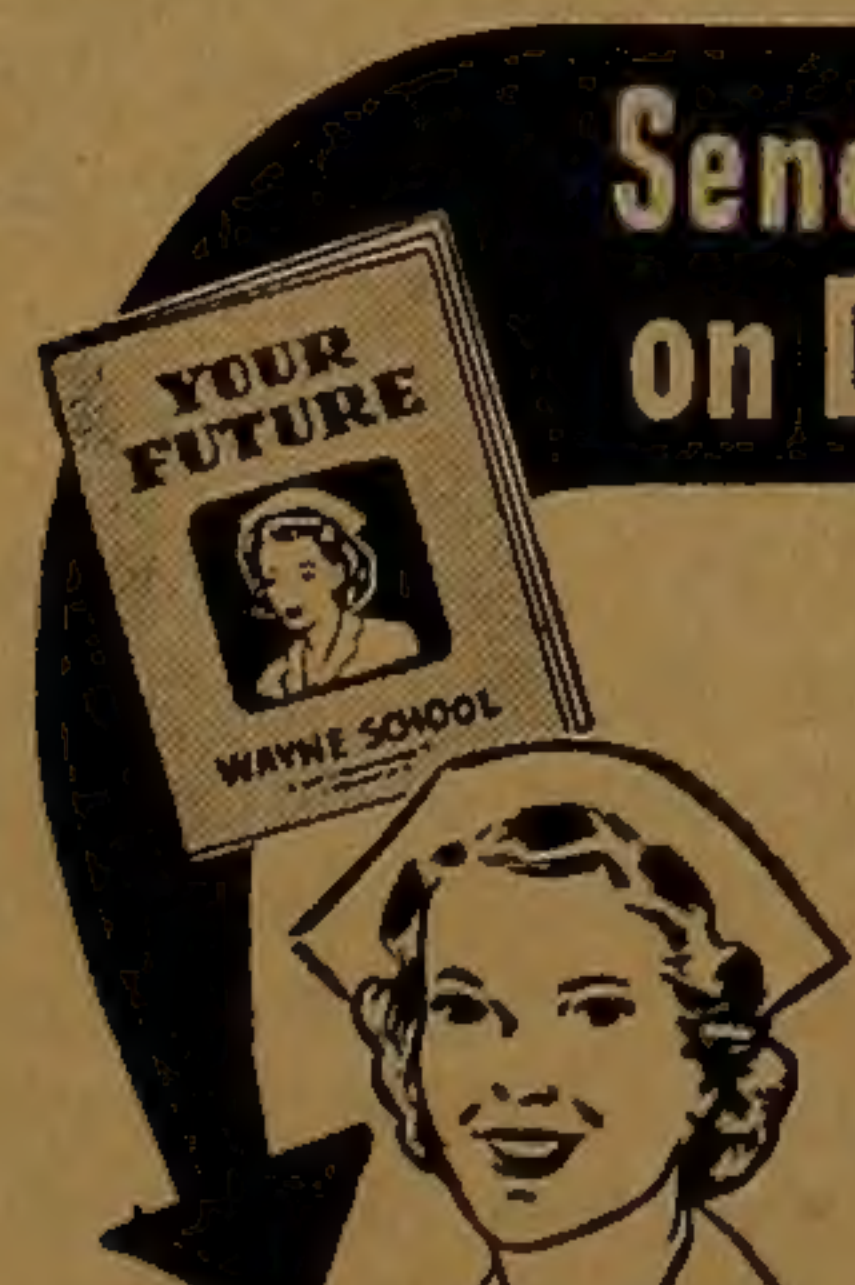
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had been right. Now I must wait. I had only to wait. . . . The next move would come from him. It had to.

I don't remember now whether it did or did not. Waiting was a little harder than I'd bargained for. It took an astonishing amount of self-control, sitting out there at the desk every day, knowing that just a few doors away he was working, dictating, laughing, talking on the phone. It was rather obvious of me, but I took to having all my lunches at Alberto's, knowing as I did that he usually went there unless business took him somewhere else that day. I felt by then that I didn't have to worry too much about being obvious. If I read Bill correctly, he would be grateful to me for creating opportunities for us to meet, to be together.

Several times the trick worked. Once he was there when I came in, alone at a table for two, his eyes on the door. Yes, I read him correctly; there was no mistaking the swift joy that swept into his face when he saw me. . . . Another time it was I who waited, my fingers crossed, hoping hard that a last-minute call from Mr. McChesney hadn't kept him in his office for a sandwich-and-conference lunch. Again I was lucky, though, for he did come in, and almost without pause or search came straight to where I was sitting. Alberto, that perceptive fellow, already regarded us as an established twosome. "Mr. Roberts is joining Madame today?" he would ask if I came in alone. Or, on luckier days, he would simply smile and motion me to follow, and lead me directly to the table where Bill sat. It was never necessary to say anything to him. As a matter of fact we never said anything about it to one another. There was growing up between us the certain knowledge that we were involved together in something that couldn't be put into words, but which nonetheless we both perfectly understood. Bill might pretend he didn't understand, he might talk of casual things and joke about the office, but he knew and I knew that these meetings were none of them accidents. They happened because we wanted them to happen—he, as well as I—

A couple of weeks went by, and I decided to move more boldly. Rosemary, he had told me, was beginning to speak of coming home very soon. His voice had been full of forced gaiety when he said it, but I had seen his eyes. I knew, probably better than he did, how he really felt just then about her returning. One evening when I knew he had taken some files home and was planning a long work session, I called him up. "If it wouldn't bother you," I said hesitantly, "there are some things at the apartment I've been needing for a long time. I've put it off and put it off, but now I really must have them—some clothes and a particular book or two. I promise not to make any noise while you're working."

There was a silence on Bill's end. Then he said quietly, "I'm not getting much done. You won't bother me. Come on over."

My hand shook slightly as I hung up. Was I the reason he wasn't getting much done? Was he thinking about me, perhaps wanting me there beside him? Anxiously, before I left my room, I studied myself in the mirror. I didn't leave until I was certain I'd never looked more seductive in my life.

It was an odd sensation, having Bill let me into the familiar—and yet so

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alien—apartment that had once been mine. "I feel silly playing host," he said, taking my fur scarf from my shoulders and laying it across the white leather chair in the foyer. "It still is your home—your furniture. Everything."

I went before him into the softly-carpeted living room and looked around. I shook my head. "No, it isn't mine. Just the outside. You've put your stamp on it now. Chairs moved a little, cushions placed as I never placed them . . . little things."

Bill said with a kind of desperate stubbornness, "It's Rosemary's stamp, not mine. All this—" his arm swung out to include the room and, accidentally, me as well—"all this is none of my affair."

I waited until the possible double meaning of his own words came back to him. Then, very softly, I said, "Isn't it, Bill? Are you so very sure of that?" I could count my heartbeats as his worried, tense eyes held mine. He took a step toward me, and abruptly swerved and sat down before the littered desk. My hands clenched in disappointment. "Not yet," I told myself fiercely. "Be careful—not yet. Don't frighten him away." Moving toward the bedrooms, I said lightly, "I'll be gone in a minute. I know just where to find my things in the guestroom closet. Please go on with what you were doing." From the corner of my eye I saw that he was simply sitting there, staring at the folders before him, seeing—I was sure—not a single thing that was really there.

There really were things I wanted in the guestroom closet. An old tweed suit, a satin housecoat that had reminded me too unpleasantly of my honeymoon for me to want to take it to Reno. I draped them over my arm and came out into the living room to get the small suitcase Bill had taken from me and placed in the foyer. The silver-colored satin caught his eye as I passed. He reached out with one finger and smoothed it.

"What's that thing?" he asked. "It looks like . . . like moonlight."

"This?" Shaking out the sleek folds, I draped them against me, one hand at my shoulder and one at my hip so he could see the way they fell. "It's a housecoat. Elegant attire for madame when she is receiving intimate friends."

Suddenly, shockingly, Bill's arm swept his desk clean of papers. They cascaded to the floor in a flutter. "Before I could catch my breath he seemed

to loom over me, his face dark and unfamiliar with tension. "Blanche," he said. "Blanche, Blanche . . ."

The housecoat slid to the floor so that when he took me in his arms and kissed me we stood in a pool of silver.

Time stopped. There were no ticking clocks, no walls, no floor, no world . . . nothing but the reality of Bill's mouth on mine, his arms binding me to him, his voice in my ear saying the things I'd wanted him to say. The pulse pounding in my throat said ecstatically *You've won! You've won!* But slowly the pulse died down, and something deep within answered guardedly *No, wait. It's not what you think it is. It's not the way it ought to be. Wait.*

I was breathless and unsteady when he released me. We stood silent for a moment, and then he took my hand and drew me out to the darkness of the terrace. We stood, just touching, and let the damp spring breeze wind lightly around us. Far below, yellow street lamps gleamed through a blanket of mist; there were no stars. Nothing to interfere with our togetherness, out there.

Bill's voice was very low. "Here we are," he said. "What are we going to do about it?"

"That's quite a question." I figured myself to speak lightly, but Bill's miserable look reproached me for it. His hands gripped the terrace rail.

"Every minute, every second since I met you," he said. "I haven't been able to work. I haven't been able to think. I haven't been—me. It can't go on. Something's got to give."

"It's been the same for me." Fascinated, I listened to my own words, knowing suddenly that they were truer than I'd realized. Every minute since we'd met his face had been with me . . . a blinding obsession, impelling me along a path I thought I had chosen, but along which in reality I had moved as helplessly as a puppet drawn by invisible steel wires. . . . A strange, wordless fear stirred in my veins. What had I done to Bill . . . to myself?

Lifting his head, Bill said flatly, "There's Rosemary, you see. I don't understand it. Up to now we were happy together. But now—" he let go the rail and turned to me. "Now there's you. Thunder and lightning and you."

The desperate longing that underlined his words beat against me like a fist. I put my hands to my head to steady it. Somewhere, somewhere the game had gone wrong. This wasn't the way to play it. He should have come

to me gaily, with laughter, with kisses. And afterward . . . well, afterward it would have been a remembered interlude, come and gone with the spring, something delightful to stir between us whenever we chanced to meet . . . it would never have hurt anybody, that way.

But not like this! This was no game. Somewhere it had gone off the track for me as well as for Bill. He wasn't the man to share moments like this with me and then turn a bland, husbandly face toward his wife when she came back. He was suffering, and because of that I was suffering too. But you didn't suffer when it was just a game. You suffered only when you loved. . . .

Wonderingly, unbelievably, I said it aloud. "I love you. *I love you.*" He moved toward me and I put a hand against his chest to hold him back. I said almost hysterically, "But that's not allowed! Don't you understand? That's not part of the plan—"

"The plan is changed." Not understanding what I was talking about, Bill's thoughts moved steadily along their own tormented path. "All the old plans . . . we'll have to start again, all of us."

My breath caught in my throat as I realized what he was going through. He was thinking of Rosemary, of leaving her to come to me, of the things he believed must be done before he and I could be together . . . *Oh Bill, Bill dearest, it will never happen,* I told him silently. *Don't you see? The very fact that we're here like this is proof that I'm no good for you. It's because I schemed and planned and intrigued that you're standing there, wretched and torn . . . and I beside you, like you. . . .*

He moved my arm aside gently and drew me close to him. "Don't keep me away," he said against my hair. "If you knew how terribly I've wanted you here in my arms . . ."

If I knew. My hands curved around the back of his head, pressing it closer. I knew everything about us, everything that had happened, everything that was to come. Thought and instinct worked together, giving me a kind of insight into the future. My eyes were wide open as I stood there in Bill's arms, looking over his shoulder into the mist-veiled night.

Bill must not leave Rosemary. However he felt about me now, it wasn't what he felt for Rosemary. I had stirred him only because I had worked to do it, not because there was any basic reaching out in him for me. How could there be, for a woman like me? I wasn't honest. And because I wasn't, because I had set such a guileful trap for him, it was fair enough that I should be caught in the trap myself. For Bill didn't love me. But I—as I knew the word—loved him. Loved him too much, now, to let him wreck his life.

I'd have to move out of his arms, out of the apartment, out of the city. I knew that; I accepted it. I'd have to give up that job—that flimsy subterfuge—and pack my bags and disappear. Bill might follow me, of course. But then I'd have to disappear again. And again . . . until the tempest I had stirred up died down and he became Bill Roberts once more. Like the pieces on a chessboard, we could only follow our inevitable patterns. Rosemary must move toward Bill, and I must move away. There was no room in his life for a woman like me.



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